Titan Transcendence

In The Woods...

One week have passed, my weary widow
- Perfume for the harbour-boat
Relieve me from your neck of marble
Release me when your limbs afloatFollow yours and catch the diamonds
Before all hell reveals to thee
I cannot strive for understanding
As there is nothing more for meI will never feel one moments sadness
For the days we never shared
As I have left the grip of changes
With you, my everlasting madness

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