

Marionette

Witherscape

if he could see the gleam in heaven
he could believe her once again
hiding in the heart that's cold and blind she would demand his pure devotion
like a drifter in a storm
searching for a place that's safe and warm and she will be there once again
before his plight
embrace the soul
the treason set aflame and as she steals his soul away
before the war
for then he'll be
a mere puppet in her game
when the feeling dies
and the seeds are sown
when she calls his name
and his fear of the godless will be from afar she will steal his soul
all the joy will bleed
to concede for the heaven's lie
see the lightning strike through the rain
when the feeling dies she feels the demon control him
tear his mind away again
tortured by the lust
inside in dream when he sees her face in the fire
like a burning burial ground
taken to where this hell is called home
and in the solitude of prayers
he feels the pain
a crushing blow
his savior never came as if she held him in her arms
falling blind
betrayed by love
the loner bleeds the same when the feeling dies
and the seeds are sown
when she calls his name
and his fear of the godless will be from afar she will steal his soul
all the joy will bleed
to concede for the heaven's lie
see the lightning strike through the rain when the healing dies
and the words have gone
with the gall to blame

and his love of the helpless will be torn apart
she will force his hand
and the sick will bleed
to control his faith to defy
in the frightening light though the pain
when the healing dies (when the feeling dies)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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