The Last Scripture

With Passion

Black burns the sky forced to the allegiance of the darkest soul the wound from the crimson sword I am my God, a theory, a scripture you come to me for everything your blood thickens from your suicide I see your shadow everywhere I can see your eyes, so dark, start crying your blood red tears turn to demons your voice, the sound of secrecy I feel my soul bleed through your veins your words turn frail, then silence the black burns the sky.

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