And the Maiden Spoke

Nevermore

She was born in 1617
She tasted like the wind
Always chasing her dreamsShe was a tortured soul in pain
She whispered this dark refrain
"You are not alone, so never be afraid
We are the cold and beautiful, you are the blue insane"Sometimes she moves the chairs downstairs and runs away
Sometimes she makes herself known to those unawakeAnd the Maiden spoke
In stuttered streams
As if her soul is dead
She spoke of nothingShe is the infinite
She is the deranged
Her sorrow drips the blood
Of the unfortunate and painedShe was a shameless soul stranded in the rain
Her redemption never came as she slowly went insaneSometimes she whispers in my ear
"There's nothing to be afraid of"
Sometimes she moves the chairs downstairsAnd the Maiden spoke
In stuttered streams
As if her soul was gone
She spoke from the land beyondAnd the Maiden spoke to meSometimes she whispers in my ear
"There's nothing to be afraid of"
Sometimes she moves the chairs downstairsAnd the Maiden spoke
Inside my shattered dreams
As if her soul was gone
She spoke of the land beyondShe was just another system slave
Just another system slave
Being led to the grave

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