

Lethe

Naikaku

Give me the drink of the fluid
That disintegrates
And lend me the sweet balm and blessing
Of forgetfulness, empty and strong
 Lethe
 Oh, lethe

Hold me near, unravel the stars
As I speed through the heavens
 Speed through the night
For you are my blade and my rope
 You are my lethe
 You are my all

 In currents of cobalt
You storm through my heart
 To sever, to puncture
 The memories that burn
Let sweep through the arteries
 In sharp stabs of pain
Your talon-like fingers to kill me again

Steal me, invade me and charge me again
 For I burn and I shudder
 Burn with each movement of

 So, cleansed through a floodlight
 I appear, renewed and reforged
Caressed by the sweet balm and blessing
 Of forgetfulness, empty and strong
 Lethe

Hold me near, my one friend and guide
As I drown through your fingers
 Drown through your love
 For you are the life I hate
 You are my

Drag me down, in passionate sighs
With the ocean above me

And flames in my eyes
And grant me a life I can live
Without
Take me away

From the life that I hate

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