

A Sequel of Decay

Tristania

In decadence I take thee by the hand
Too frail to gain the promised land
Too frail to take your pain away
Too frail a sequel of decay
May millenniums gather
On the mirage of desolated souls
Far between departure
With the sorrow I breed my afterthought
In thy hours of vast dejection's haunt
An angel strays upon my door
So frail and lost within
To weep upon her days of yore
My decadent come in
Her stain and tears upon my floor
The sorrow that she brings
Devotion of the life outworn
In decadence come in
An angel strays upon my door
So frail and lost within
To weep upon her days of yore
My decadent come in
Her stain and tears upon my floor
The sorrow that she brings
Devotion of the life outworn
In decadence come in
May thy lids desorb from emerald seas
A pending solitary
Though thy pain redeems, life it seems to be
A fragile sanctuary

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