Of Petrichor Weaves Black Noise

Ne Obliviscaris

Swan of pale
Of porcelain white
Her halo, a bloody sun
Framing a Botticelli face
Of petrichor weaves black noise
Where her frame disfigures
Pale of the swan, painted... Dying
Wilting in red ribbons
Lashing black sails, a tattered mane
Her mouth,m a death's head smile
Tongueless choirs and baited breath
Ever watching... The angels beheaded
Bleeding this heart, come clarity
Resonance...
Of petrichor weaves black noiseLight draped, ephemeral
Her stain glass horizon
The house glass shattered
Glacial starffell memories
Caligari haunting...
Within this cabinet of change
Upon flutter eye wings
In efflorescence, the shadows' sarabande
...An silence was her name... The silence so loudTime... Cleanse these severed hands of time
Rain, rain again
Wash away this pain
O moon kissed flesh
New kingdom come of earthen vast
Libera me...Rain, rain, earthen...
Shine, shine
New kingdom, shine
Shine on...Dreamer, i
Dream o dream
Dream, follow me afar
Weep, come kingdom come
(ohh) hope...Libera me...

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