Twinrova

Defiler

Drowning in the bay of nightmares,
Bleeding the dreams of the moribund.
I am byzantine nothingness,
The silhouette king.
Subordinate construct tombs,
For when you wrest the life from my chest.
And she said,
"i promise the moon that we'll make it back, and we will sleep safely tonight."
But what happens when we take a wrong turn and end up stranded?
Stranded, nothing to see for miles. Does this mean you lied?
Or does this prove my ambivalence?
Stranded, abandoned, lost.
Because nothing you promised is here to keep me alive anymore.
Stranded, abandoned, lost.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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