

In Vengeful Embrace

Disillusion

There was an echo, an old sore,
A bewildering reflection.
No winds, but cricket chirps
alongside to the trail.
Traces before me.
Something flitting across.
Maybe a shadow, a famine imagery.
A pasture on the left repeals my worry
That no soul had been here before me
As at this glimpse of joy appeared
A long lost fiend who spoke to me: Welcome, brother.
Welcome, traitor.
Welcome, ever longed-for Intimate.
Repent and atone in vengeful embrace.
In vengeful embrace. I was seized with mere fear
As at his words I did recall
A face, a name, my frailty.
A tragedy in december snow.
And all turned into rampant
Tendrils entwined about my neck.
A mist gathered where suns would be
And again he did speak to me Welcome, brother.
Welcome, traitor.
Welcome, ever longed-for Intimate.
Repent and atone in vengeful embrace.
In vengeful embrace. She burdened me with her kiss
Bedecked garment in the clear
Yearned for her in fetters sweet
That were never meant to release.
December's virgin snow
A tender touch at ease
let luster grow in her eyes
At our chalet in conceal.
And she burdened me with her kiss
Bedecked garment in the clear
Yearned for her in fetters sweet
Never meant to release.
When luster passed from her eyes. Again there was this echo,
an old sore torn wide open,

This bewildering reflection.
I did repel, but never repented. Oh brother, traitor.
Ever longed-for Intimate
Woe betide you
For you stole what was mine.

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