Weeping Words

Paradise Lost

Fear this more (the more)
Than the hands of man's (disgrace)
It crushes forth (resenting)
Conquest its planDon't look back, will we ever see your face again?The domination (is in all)
Imagination (space)
Caress endlessly (until we)
Inflame the soul...Faling to return what's borrowed,
Devotion rights to me
I see a summer of winters
Merging gracefully

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