Mercy

Claire Voyant

Holding open time to rest awhile
I am playing in the darkness of warm July
Tryst between the scenes not happy,
as it seems you play with forgiveness
for wicked schemesI know years ago
I know now...
You seem like some devil
You play like some godClean before the stream to innocence you cling
the beauty in the crime is you don't feel; a thingScars we wore years ago hurt now
You seemed like some devil
And you prayed like you were godThese roses form a ring around your cell
in these ashes
we all fall down
Hold on to the divine we'll all fall down.Stars I wished on years ago burnt out
You seemed like some devil
You played like some godThese roses form a ring around our selves in the ashes we all fall down
Hold on to the divine we'll all fall down.

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