The One Who Smite

Aura Noir

I am the phantom you please to see
Oh, my precious. Come sleep with me
I occurred beside the magic pawn
Omnious, is this fading dawn
I am the scenary, the one who smite
I was always meant to avoid this light
Wisely, I naturally avoided the lash
And escaped what now is layed in ash
You starvers you have seen
Nevermore will you look upon the preen
Illusionary palace, glory in a curl
Wretched faces of a dead world...
They, the dust, have now gone.
For the lord of them will be the one
that broke their wings, and kissed their horns
Enslaved, and carrying the burden of the thorns.
Beyond this millenium, and milleniums more...
The moving figures
my undressed lust
Their tempting eyes with their silver dust
Mine to behold like the flap of my soul
Dead skin prison.
Dead...
Stiff...
Cold...

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