The Darkest Flame

Primordial

You... gave me strenght to carry on
You... pass all wordly troubles unto me
You... gave my time meaning
You... left your sorrow for my soulI love you
I need you
I want you
I live you
I am youI... layed a thousand souls to rest
I... could be a martyr in their eyes
I... wished only for them to see
I... embraced where I once dwelled
I... lived for you"If rape, arson, poison or the knife has
Wove no pleasing pattern upon this
Drab canvas we call life, it is because
We are not bold enough." (Baudelaire)

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