

In Shrouds Decayed

Triptykon

I am your shrine
I am your womb
You rest inside of me
My flesh shall be your tomb
Your words decay
To foulest rain
A shroud of mildewed lies
En-wrapping your remains
Your body draped next to mine
Exposed to all unless they've chosen to be blind
You caused my sweat
To drop as blood
Soling this meager ground
Of desecrated mud
Your mind depraved
You've crucified yourself
Upon my barren grave
My fingers tenderly
Caress your face
I shall preserve my hatred
Until the end of days
I've conceived you, I've destroyed you
You were stillborn inside of me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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