

# Alchemy Sounded Good At the Time

[Alesana](#)

'Tis the oldest story in the book  
He desires the one thing he cannot have  
My darling queen, I lay myself at your feet  
And I shall stay the hands of fate  
Wind cries out, heavens boil above  
Voicing discontent to my sins  
I have found the way to trick the ferryman  
I have deceived the ancient gods  
Cold flesh lends to me  
Its secrets for a price too high  
I shudder at what I have done  
Each day brings me closer to you  
My tragic victory  
Darling queen, I lay at your feet  
Chills take me as she wakes  
Throat gasps tainted breath  
I've reclaimed you my stolen bride  
Can your soul forgive my crimes of passion?  
I would not close the casket  
I'm so consumed by your pain  
Faint screams echo through the night  
Cold flesh lends to me  
Its secrets for a price too high  
I shudder at what I have done  
Each day brings me closer to you  
My tragic victory  
The pains of death can no longer haunt you  
As the dawning sky brings forth one forsaken thought  
Death can not win for I now dwell in the palace of decay  
And I shall stay the hands of fate  
Night descends, sinews twitch  
My pale queen finally stands  
To taste silent lips  
Now cursed with her love  
Cold flesh lends to me  
Its secrets for a price too high  
I shudder at what I have done  
Each day brings me closer to you  
My tragic victory

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