Posed to Death

The Faint

I feel a warm resistance
Beneath the outer layer
What once moved living organs
Leaks through a thin veneerBlue blooded royal body
Elegantly posed to death
Not speaking, prince now are you?
Not breathing one more breathJust now the curtain's folding
It falls and lies to rest
So selfish royal brother
You've loved your wife to deathYour ways could not continue
You'd rule with hateful hands
I called you toward the staircase
And I caused your violent end

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