Infernal Summer

Primordial

Her skin, so pale... shrouded in black
I drew down the veil, I wanted her back
I am at one with what never lived
I'll draw down the veil, and offer up what I have to give...Shall you try and poison my words
At a summers funeral, I woke to the light
Shall you lay my bed with thorns
And clutch at me like you have done to life...?Shall I be the chief mourner, in your procession
No stone lays unturned... (Rest in your grave)
I can no longer hear, silence calling your name
Or the choirs of ruin, lamemting your pain

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