

Withering Indignation

Evoken

Open wide and tell me your tales.
Of secrecy found within wisdom but no man shall learn.
Leaving your pale dying legs frowning upon fragments of life.
Ages on ages have passed over, some have fallen for you.
Poured from the throat, need I ask to be perverse?
Untouched by heart, hand or sight. This crown is for her. Awake from sleep... frightening. Awake to life...
faithless.
Bathe her in springs of serpents only to rise at will... You're mine now, woven from hypocrisy.
Touch the sick hope that mankind instills in me.
A beauty meshed within the spider's web.
A momnet of irony, a year of reflection.
You're mine now, the slime of the garden.
A rose withered a voice from the past.

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