

Ghosts of porcelain waste  
The innocence in faith  
Through translucent eyes  
In shifting shades of pale upon pale  
Writhing across the never, nowhere  
Haunting reflections of the mirrored void  
Is this the end of everything we love?  
The wounds of life weaving the loom  
Dwellers in the deep, worlds entombed  
Of all the fragile, their desolate veins  
Ravenous hearts, euphoric suffering  
Poison of the well, where the black tongues sing  
Intra Venus quickens  
A curse of life  
Bequeathed, gorging, sanguine like cancer  
They prey for blood, wretched are the gods  
For the stillborn suns of never  
They are the severed  
The lifeline to end forever  
Lanced, earthen flesh of enslavement... intravenous  
Descending liquid shadows, all entwining  
Their distant sights weaving the loom  
Dwellers in the deep, drift below  
To the ferryman's drains  
Seek, seek a cure for the pain  
The end of all we love and lust  
In tainted flesh of doubt and corruption  
Is it too late? Will death be my lover?  
Will death be my lover?  
And into ribs... crib, cradled, caressed  
A moment between black talons, blessed  
Consciousness, a breath... regret  
Clarity come forth, is there salvation?  
Haunting reflections of the mirrored void  
Is this the end of everything we love?  
The wounds of life wield the strength to rise  
Dwellers in the deep, dream of hope, only hope