

## 1. When

Red sun rising somewhere through the dense fog.  
The portrait of the jaded dawn  
Who had seen it all before.  
This day wept on my shoulders.

Still the same as yesterday.  
This path seems endless, body is numb.  
The soul has lost its flame.  
Walking in familiar traces to find my way back home.

So there I was.  
Within the sobriety of the immortals.  
A semblance of supernatural winds passing through,  
The garden sighs, flowers die.

The gate was closed that day,  
But I was bound to carry on.  
She could not see me through the windows.  
In dismay, strangest twist upon her lips.

Graven face, she said my name.  
Once inside I heard whispers in the parlour.  
The gilded faces grin, aware of my final demise.  
And I cried, I knew she had lied.

Her obsession had died, it had died.  
When can I take you from this place?  
When is the word but a sigh?  
When is death our lone beholder?

When do we walk the final steps?  
When can we scream instead of whisper?  
When is the new beginning, the end of this sad Madrigal.

## 2. Ghost Of Perdition

Ghost of Mother  
Lingering death  
Ghost on Mother's Bed  
Black strands on the pillow  
Contour of her health  
Twisted face upon the head

Ghost of perdition  
Stuck in her chest  
A warning no one read  
Tragic friendship  
Called inside the fog  
Pouring venom brew deceiving

Devil cracked the earthly shell  
Foretold she was the one  
Blew hope into the room and said:  
"You have to live before you die young"

Holding her down  
Channeling darkness  
Hemlock for the gods  
Fading resistance  
Draining the weakness  
Penetrating inner light

Road into the dark unaware  
Winding ever higher

Darkness by her side  
Spoke and passed her by  
Dedicated hunter  
Waits to pull us under  
Rose up to it's call  
In his arms she'd fall  
Mother light received  
And a faithful servant's free

In time the hissing of her sanity  
Faded out her voice and soiled her name  
And like marked pages in a diary

Everything seemed clean and is unstained  
The incoherent talk of ordinary days  
Why would we really need to live?  
Decide what is clear and what's within a haze  
What you should take and what to give

Ghost of Perdition  
A saint's premonitions unclear  
Keeper of holy hordes  
Keeper of holy whores

To see a beloved son  
In despair of what's to come

If one cut the source of the flow  
And everything would change  
Would conviction fall  
In the shadows of the righteous  
The phantasm of your mind  
Might be calling you to go  
Defying the forgotten morals  
Where the victim is the prey

## 3. Under The Weeping Moon

Once again I've cried  
Unto the moon  
That burning flame  
That has guided me

Through all these years  
The lake from which you flow  
With eyes of fire  
Once unlit but now alive

This energy, sparkling  
Like a morning star  
The morning star  
Riding the fires of

The northern gold  
I've searched the eye  
I laugh under the weeping moon  
I am the watcher in the skies

Nor the emeralds know my mark  
Glisten to mark their presence  
Set the enigma ablaze  
Searching...Finding...

Burn the winter landmarks  
That said I was there  
Burn the spirit of cold  
That travel through my soul

## 4. Bleak

Beating  
Heart still beating for the cause  
Feeding  
Soul still feeding from the loss  
Aching  
Limbs are aching from the rush  
Fading  
You are fading from my sight  
Break of morning, coldness lingers on  
Shroud me into nightmares of the sun  
Moving  
I am moving closer to your side  
Luring  
You are luring me into the night  
Crying  
Who is crying for you here  
Dying  
I am dying fast inside your tears  
Plunging towards bereavement faster yet  
Clearing thoughts, my mind is set  
Devious movements in your eyes  
Moved me from relief  
Breath comes out white clouds with your lies

And filters through me  
You're close to the final word  
You're staring right past me in dismay  
A liquid seeps from your chest  
And drains me away  
Mist ripples round your thin white neck  
And draws me a line  
Cold fingers mark this dying wreck  
This moment is mine

Help me cure you  
Atone for all you've done  
Help me leave you  
As all the days are gone  
Night fall again  
Taking what's left of me  
Slight twist, shivering corpse  
Ornated with water, fills the cracks  
Clasped in my limbs by tradition  
This is all you need

## 5. Face Of Melinda

By the turnstile beckons a damsel fair  
The face of Melinda neath blackened hair  
No joy would flicker in her eyes  
Brooding sadness came to a rise

Words would falter to atone  
Failure had passed the stepping stone  
She had sworn her vows to another  
This is when no-one will bother

And conceded pain in crumbling mirth  
A harlot of God upon the earth  
Found where she sacrificed her ways  
That hollow love in her face

Still I plotted to have her back  
The contentment that would fill the crack  
My soul released a fluttering sigh  
This day fell, the darkness nigh

I took her by the hand to say  
All faith forever has been washed away  
I returned for you in great dismay  
Come with me, far away to stay

Endlessly gazing in nocturnal prime  
She spoke of her vices and broke the rhyme  
But baffled herself with the final line  
My promise is made but my heart is thine

## 6. The Night And The Silent Water

And so you left us  
Jaded and gaunt, some September  
Wilted with the seasons  
But hidden inside the delusion

I saw your eyes, somewhere  
Devoid of death  
The aura poises amidst (the storm)  
In solid tears I linger

A parlour glade, moonlit sorrow  
Lonely resting pools  
Relics of the moon dogged lake  
Whisper: "All your words are misgiven"

Am I like them?  
Those who mourn and turn away  
Those who would give anything  
To see you again

If only for another second  
Your face was, like the photograph  
Painted white  
We did not speak very often about it

What does it matter now?  
Cloak of autumn shroud

I gaze, dim ricochet of stars  
I reckon it is time for me to leave

You sleep in the light  
Yet the night and the silent water  
Still so dark...

## 7. Windowpane

Blank face in the windowpane  
Made clear in seconds of light  
Disappears and returns again  
Counting hours, searching the night  
Might be waiting for someone  
Might be there for us to see  
Might be in need of talking  
Might be staring directly at me  
Inside plays a lullaby  
Slurred voice over children cries  
On the inside

Haunting loneliness in the eye  
Skin covering secret scars  
His hand is waving a goodbye  
There's no response or action returned

There is deep prejudice in me  
Outshines all reasons inside  
Given dreams all ridden with pain  
And projected unto the last

## 8. Blackwater Park

Confessor  
Of the tragedies in man  
Lurking in the core of us all  
The last dying call for the everlost  
Brief encounters, bleeding pain  
Lepers coiled neath the trees  
Dying men in bewildered soliloquys  
Perversions bloom round the bend  
Seekers, lost in their quest  
Ghosts of friends frolic  
under the waning moon  
It is the year of death  
Wielding his instruments  
Stealth sovereign reaper  
Touching us with ease  
Infesting the roots in an instant  
Burning crop of disease  
I am just a spectator  
An advocate documenting the loss  
Fluttering with conceit  
This doesn't concern me yet  
Still far from the knell  
Taunting their bereavement  
Mod round the dead  
Point fingers at the details  
Probing vomits for more  
Caught in unbridled suspense  
We have all lost it now  
Catching the flakes of dismay  
Born the travesty of man  
Regular pulse midst pandemonium  
You're plucked to the mass  
Parched with thirst for the wicked  
Sick liaisons raised this monumental mark  
The sun sets forever over Blackwater park

## 9. Demon Of The Fall

Silent dance with death.  
Everything is lost.  
Torn by the arrival of Autumn.  
The blink of an eye, you know it's me.  
You keep the dagger close at hand.  
And you saw nothing.  
False love turned to pure hate.  
The wind cried a lamentation before merging with the grey.  
Demon of the fall.  
Gasping for another breath.  
She rose, screaming at closed doors.  
Seductive faint mist forging through the cracks in the wall.

I shan't resist.  
In tears for all of eternity.  
She turned around and faced me for the first time.  
Run away, run away.  
Just one second, and I was left with nothing.  
Her fragrance still pulsating through damp air.  
That day came to an end.  
And she had lost in me, her Credence.