

Anathema, ...And I Lust

Stately columns standing in solemn rows
Such empty honours are suitable for those
Whose death erases all renown and fame
And vanquishes their glory with their name
Wandering aimlessly through dead filled fields
Rewards are just, who knows what absence yields?
By the golden beauty of dusk
and the sun low in our sky
By the haunting shadows of trees
and graves, mesmerized am I.
Searching deep inside trying to reach my dreams
I see a face stare back at me... oh, so serene.
By the golden beauty of dusk
and the sun low in our sky
By the haunting shadows of trees
and graves, mesmerized am I.
Those whispering shades... sad, silent glades
But not for those whose superior worth
After death extols them to the earth
I would even venture to assume
That one need not build for them a tomb
By human art, since glory heaven sent
Serves them as a living monument
Pain is a far away land,
Misery, a lifetime's journey...
...and I lust for death (judgement).