

# My Dying Bride, The Blue Lotus

Under the darkened, ancient oak  
Gentle in the night's breeze  
I stop and stare, rest a while  
With hands upon my knees  
Through jaded leaves, bush and scrub  
I spy my journey's end  
Black it looms, silent gloom  
The castle called Avend  
On I trot, past forest eyes  
Past horrors of the night  
Through the dark, I see a sign  
A gentle glowing light

Upon reaching the castle I ascend the ivy  
Towards the golden window  
My heart pounds, my breath is rushed  
As I fight both brick and branch  
The ledge is mine and over I sweep  
Silent like the falling snow  
Quiet, I slip across the polished floor  
Tonight, I will dine with chance

The Blue Lotus, a legend, I thought a myth  
Old poems and stories gone  
A beauty of unimaginable lust  
Both men's hearts, and Gods, were won  
Skin like milk, an angel's face  
They say her smile could kill  
Her hair the blackest of all black  
Stories I thought though, still

So there she lay sleeping upon the bed  
Half covered by fantastic silks  
Her breast I see, moves with her dreams  
A sight I will always recall  
A single candle that showed me the way  
Through forest, river and hills  
Glowing upon that lovely skin  
Shadows dancing around the walls

Closer I creep, toward my prize  
The Blue Lotus lies before me  
Her lips are full, red as blood  
Moist as they invite me  
Stoop I did to kiss those lips  
In that glowing room  
When suddenly, she did awake,  
Her eyes filled with doom  
From silks, her hands were round my neck  
Escape there was no hope  
A brief flash of teeth is all I saw  
And gone was my throat  
Her blood lust deep, she swallowed me  
Red was all I saw  
She drank her fill and watched me fall  
Gently to the floor

A league away my death is found  
By locals who tens this land  
Who lay me down in shallow earth  
A single lotus placed in my hand