

mes poésies de circonstance...

meine Gelegenheitspoesie in (D/F/E)

Von Rose-de-Noire

Kapitel 11: Collectors

You're breaking me apart
Ripping open up my heart
Your bloody fingertips
Tracing ancient spells on my lips
Siguls forgotten, old
And eyes so cold
Dark magic feels like home
Chills me to the bone.

One day in a million years from now
I will write our story down
Scarlet letters iron flavoured
Traced in my blood
No inkwell on my desk
But the quill in my veins
Scribbles down the tale
Like angry stitches in rotten flesh

There's no such place
Where angels live
Where silent harps are plucked
Only wings and feathers.
Or souls and debts.
They come to collect.

And in the end we all will have to pay.