

Dead Fields of Woolwich – Album Lyrics

To Those Who Flower In Darkness

Beneath the hollow clouds of Autumn

Picture perfect misery

Dancing toward the end of a tunnel

It's heavy but it's so serene

To feeling forgotten

And to thriving in never

To those who flower in darkness

To those who are lost but need not found

You need no sun

Only the dark inside

It helps to calm you

Knowing everything has its end

May you behold

The beauty in this suffering

Tragedy can turn to joy

When the void is offering.

Midnight In The Garden Of Earthly Delights

Dead evening leaves

Fall beneath me

Passing through winds of eternity

A reflection falls across your eyes

A mirrored image of my own life

Moon stained words that speak completely

In the devils silence so sweetly

Held hostage under a sun

Bewitched you are the only one

I'll take you to my grave

When the day has fallen

You lay there compared to none

It's your heart i crave

Your heart i crave

Enchanted by cold Decembers

Flames that grew

From the embers

Night, a chance to dream

A chance to be

Before cruel dawns

Slaughter the sleep

Awoken by these golden reminders

Dew drenched bed

In which I find you now
An evening doused in flames
Where the worms know are names

31 Days For 31 Curses

A perfect time
For a haunting thought
Blessed be the cold wet air
From which this time is brought
Undoing reality
Battles lost but fought
Cold heartless days
Of wondering why
Have you been chosen for pain?
As the days goes by

Ignite the scent
Of the dread
And all its silent screams
Be forewarned
From this
it's just matter time

Pull closed the blinds
Its 31 days for 31 curses
Born to the earth
From a doomed revelation
That was inked in blood
Its no wonder why I wander
From here to ever vacant grave
Push back the sun
And shield your eyes
It's time for 31 curses
Such a time of beauty
But such a tome of loss
Leaves love time and life
All hammered to a cross
Paralyzing anxiety
Runs full force inside of me
Natures cruellest joke
Instil the will to survive
Only knowing that you can't
Make it out alive

Casualties Of Circumstance

Heaven was never made to be found
Just the ashes of another realm
Deconstruct the soul from within
The exiting process starts to begin
One by one you see the failure of a lifeform
Its hooded shape and crooked neck
Dust the leaves off from the ground
Spare me the heartache of all the earthly bound
Reunite soul to the air
What it takes and claims it does not care
Once again the sunlight shines just right past you
It lets you wallow in what never really mattered
In gods cold deep heaven
You never even stand a chance
Were all casualties of some circumstance
Press your fingers on the glass walls that lay behind you
Feel time floating away
Indiscriminate in every way
Far between the clouds and fire
Always chasing moments you desire
Bitter sweet things amidst life and death
Ever changing sullen emotion
Cracked mirrored sky

Shining old devotions . The stubbornness of this human life

Winter's For Poets

What will your memory of me be when I'm gone

An old desk full of stain papers

A discarded bottled of ashes

Watered down with my own tears

A broken lamp that shines with distain

Forever lighting the winters way

Say goodbye to well-planned summer

Because winters for poets

I'm glad you could be here

Gather your strength from the night

And hold your arms out to the sky

And say it forever, say it loud

Winters for poets now

What can be said about this isolation

The colder the air

The faster my ink flows

Writing songs about desolation

Impending fear

Of the dead sunrise

Help my eyes focus before me

The enemy is this vacant page

Winters for poets
I'm glad you could be here
Gather your strength from the night
And hold your arms out to the sky
And say it forever, say it loud
Fuck the daylight

I've Made It To Hell

Freezing days told cold truths
While the summer told warm lies
Have you ever felt the need
To know what it means to be
By yourself this time
Waiting by fire
Watching the embers burn
As red gives way to grey
I'll let you know
When I've made it to hell
Safely and forever
And just so you know
That my last thoughts
Were of you
I'll let you know
When I've made it to hell
Curse drawn face and crooked smile

Searching for a

Different grief

One where I can be content

And only known to you

As sure as the black eyes of the moon

Traversing an empty a void

Such a silent selfish place

Waiting for someone to find

All these memories of mine