

# Of Petrichor Weaves Black Noise

## Ne Obliviscaris

Swan of pale  
Of porcelain white  
Her halo, a bloody sun  
Framing a Botticelli face  
Of petrichor weaves black noise  
Where her frame disfigures  
Pale of the swan, painted... Dying  
Wilting in red ribbons  
Lashing black sails, a tattered mane  
Her mouth, in a death's head smile  
Tongueless choirs and baited breath  
Ever watching... The angels beheaded  
Bleeding this heart, come clarity  
Resonance...  
Of petrichor weaves black noise  
Light draped, ephemeral  
Her stain glass horizon  
The house glass shattered  
Glacial starfall memories  
Caligari haunting...  
Within this cabinet of change  
Upon flutter eye wings  
In efflorescence, the shadows' sarabande  
...An silence was her name... The silence so loud... Time... Cleanse these severed hands of time  
Rain, rain again  
Wash away this pain  
O moon kissed flesh  
New kingdom come of earthen vast  
Liberate me...  
Rain, rain, earthen...  
Shine, shine  
New kingdom, shine  
Shine on... Dreamer, I  
Dream of dream  
Dream, follow me afar  
Weep, come kingdom come  
(ohh) hope... Liberate me...