

There was an echo, an old sore,  
A bewildering reflection.  
No winds, but cricket chirps  
alongside to the trail.  
Traces before me.  
Something flitting across.  
Maybe a shadow, a famine imagery.  
A pasture on the left reveals my worry  
That no soul had been here before me  
As at this glimpse of joy appeared  
A long lost fiend who spoke to me:

Welcome, brother.  
Welcome, traitor.  
Welcome, ever longed-for Intimate.  
Repent and atone in vengeful embrace.  
In vengeful embrace.

I was seized with mere fear  
As at his words I did recall  
A face, a name, my frailty.  
A tragedy in december snow.  
And all turned into rampant  
Tendrils entwined about my neck.  
A mist gathered where suns would be  
And again he did speak to me Welcome, brother.  
Welcome, traitor.  
Welcome, ever longed-for Intimate.  
Repent and atone in vengeful embrace.  
In vengeful embrace.

She burdened me with her kiss  
Bedecked garment in the clear  
Yearned for her in fetters sweet  
That were never meant to release.  
December's virgin snow  
A tender touch at ease  
let luster grow in her eyes  
At our chalet in conceal.  
And she burdened me with her kiss  
Bedecked garment in the clear  
Yearned for her in fetters sweet  
Never meant to release.  
When luster passed from her eyes.

Again there was this echo,  
an old sore torn wide open,  
This bewildering reflection.  
I did repel, but never repented.

Oh brother, traitor.  
Ever longed-for Intimate  
Woe betide you  
For you stole what was mine.