

Still these lips of ever bold,
Fill them, will them, never told,

You guide your smile so fine and full
Crimson tine for true and trull
Calling out to callow hull
Will you say you still believe

Shimmering this hide of dreams
So gale in the hearth
Howling will we still believe

Simmered wine of valentine
like water into spark
will you drink this to believe

the ides of lies of all
the summer of the call

Of the call

Answers of the dear depart
Followed loss and bitter salt
Shadow in your disbelief
Guide for guiles divine assault

summer the call
the ides of lies

Shimmering this hide of dreams
So gale in the hearth
Howling sighs the vilest grieving

Simmered wine of valentine
like water into spark
did you drink this to believe

the ides of lies of all
the summer of the call

