

Serpent Bride

My serpent bride was taken by the night.
Begged her not to leave. She said she'd be alright.
I still see the gold white heat light in her eye.
Now I pray the Lord for his swift sword to fly.

We wed in the wood where the reckless winds hushed.
I knew her by scent and was known by her touch.
Slept in the caves so no one could harm us.
She gave me her skin and I made a promise.

Now I search the dark for her long hymnal hiss.
I can taste her still from our very last kiss.
I watch the sky for signs and the dirt for her trail.
Has my serpent bride consumed her own tail?

When my grave is made I'll be calling out her name.
Though my bones turn dust they will blow about the same.
As the days wind down all I see is her face.
Death to the thief who has emptied me of grace.