

# Vash Taravi(my beloved)

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*I don't know why I can't write about anything other than rot and loss.  
But that's how it is, so deal with it.*

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[http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Dr\\_Postal/19846/Vash-Taravimy-beloved](http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Dr_Postal/19846/Vash-Taravimy-beloved)

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# 1 - Vash Taravi(My beloved)

Vash Taravi.(My Beloved).

How should I feel  
My scars have healed  
But blood beneath my skin congeals  
As rot creeps through my veins

Sitting here in bloody rain  
Minutes passing  
Soaked in pain  
Lies are fading, all in vain

Do not leave me  
Here to die  
Underneath, the moonlit sky  
I am weak, and you are strong

I cannot endure for long  
My beloved  
Is far gone  
And I am weeping, with this song

Soon the fading  
Will begin  
Clang of bells  
And death within

Step away  
And hold your breath  
Lest your lungs  
Draw in my death.

All that I do.

Without you  
I am nothing  
Without you  
I am broken

Without you  
I am half-complete

A meaningless drop  
In an endless sea

Without you  
I am blind  
Without you  
I am deaf

Without you  
I sink beneath the waves  
And choke  
On my own breath

Without you  
I am fading  
Without you  
I am lost

Without you  
I lose my way  
And find  
That all is locked in frost

But with you  
I can breath  
I can see and touch and hear  
And with you

My beloved  
I am free  
From my endless fear.

Dreams into Life.

Blindly groping  
Shriek and crawl  
As it skitters up the wall  
Fingers twitching  
Arms spread wide  
Like a mockery of life

Mouth sewn shut  
And blood runs thick  
From its awful, screaming lips  
Eyes of black  
No warmth within

And the group is fading thin  
One by one  
They take away  
All those for whom my life does pay  
Leaving broken

Those who live  
In the forests  
`Midst the trees  
And the roaring of the sea

Always running  
Never safe  
They are relentless  
Best to fade.

Behind this mask...

I am a liar  
Practiced and tried  
My tongue is gold  
But not inside

Inside it's acid  
Mixed with rot  
Its touch is poison  
Sharp and hot

Don't let it burn you  
I'll do quite well  
To condemn you  
To my private hell

You can't be sure  
If I'm telling the truth  
For spinning lies  
Is part of proof

But don't despair  
Don't give up hope  
And in the darkness, do not mope  
For if you break, and leave me here

Then who will listen to my lies  
Who will scream and who will cry  
I won't let you leave me here  
That's why I whisper, in your ear.

