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*Written out of inspiration from an interactive story between two fictional characters.*

**[Red thread]**

Where the mists hold a curse,  
souls forever lost in darkness,  
remember this solemn verse,  
and you'll never be alone regardless.

Two lovers in the land of dread,  
the night is cold needles to our necks,  
and we've long forgotten the life we lead,  
we've long cast of that morbid hex.

Perhaps our paths will be cut inevitably short,  
by the abominations or the endless strife,  
but I will never allow any of the sort,  
or choose to regret any moments of this life.

For you are the flame of my molten sword,  
together we'll carve our own path in stone,  
we'll bow to no king, queen or lord,  
and burn them to cinders shaped like bone.

So we'll continue to entwine,  
in this unbreakable velvet thread,  
and let no unholy powers nor divine,  
erase these words of love I've said.

