

Lunar Ride

Aphotic

Time to wave your spirit goodbye
Treason to blame, don't even try

You transgressions turn form smirk to mirk
The Faustian years your lurk and shirk
To reflect you drink and think
With all at stake your insides ache

Turn the light to drop
Twist and turn to stop

Strike the flowing ebbing tide
With the lunar rise to ride
Here creeps along a penurious stream
The mirror like surface to see leam

You wished to vanquish light
Now it is I you fight