

# Halls and Chambers

Falconer

Victims of the renaiscense might  
screamed in the dead of night.  
The horror, the terror.  
Ruler in Machivellian days  
stole all their days away  
to darkness to sadness.

I still see painful eyes.  
I still hear distant sighs  
among shadows lingering on.

Gaze up high into the open sky  
from these halls and chambers.  
To the moon and to the winds I cry.

Souls aglow in the darkest of hue  
miseries are still undue  
forever and ever.  
I caress the thickening  
air and all memories it bear  
with yearning and longing.

I still see painful eyes.  
I still hear distant sighs  
among shadows lingering on.

Gaze up high into the open sky  
from these halls and chambers.  
To the moon and to the winds I cry.

Far behind these castle walls  
glories and virtues fall.  
Fall for the lunacy.  
Deep inside where the time  
weep tyranny is fast asleep  
in shadows in echoes.

Dim is the bay for the grim and the grey  
as destiny's proven unfair.  
Fair as a fay is the dawning of the day  
at which I forlornly do gaze.

Gaze up high into the open sky  
from these halls and chambers.  
To the moon and to the winds I cry.