

In The Fathoms Of Wit And Reason

Funeral

At the marvels of shredded flesh
Unfolded in tormenting beauty,
A stone fell to the heart
And all was in vain

From ancient crypts arose
That sibling of despair
Spread like plague inside
'Till all and hope was slain.

Icy black
The beacon of this riverside.
Thread the crust
With childish glee.

Draw night from the domes of heaven
And step gently on the porch of death.

Soon all stars will shine and play
Merrily on our skeletal keys.
There will be silence and night
Like none had ever dreamt,
Even in the fathoms of wit and reason.

So lay to rest
'Neath crying pines
When dusk brings rain.
Copper tongue, it must be death
Flooding, my mouth and muse tonight.

Your time will come
In cryptic images.