

The Whine of the Cemetery Hound

The Vision Bleak

Forgotten and forlorn
Graveyard corridors
Remains with mold adorn
Voiceless orators

Been haunting here so long
Observing everything decompose
Tombstones that sink into the ground
until they are gone

Assimilating stillness
into grave poetry
In these vaults so lightless
Being home to me

This is my kingdom
Reich of the Dead
Where shapes sepulchral
In patience outspread

The Quietus
The Fall
O Ruin and Decay

Ash and Dust
Earth and Stone
O gray pits of dismay

Time has no sense
in the realm of the dead
Where silver-tonqued souls
are quietly met

This is my kingdom
Reich of the dead
Shrouded in myth
- the idle imbed