

In Deep and Wooded Forests of My Youth

Xanthochroid

I know the place
Where Memory sleeps
And secrets hide

It is not far
Or hard to find
Or too ancient to recall

A sighing stream
This endless forest's dream
Are you still too blind to see it?

The force that feeds
Our endless need
This deep and wooded dream that is my heart

But night will fall
And trees once tall
Will bend to his will

That scorching Raven's smile
Writhing, putrid, vile
His sharpened tongue
A spear to kill

A song of soil
The vine's exquisite coil
All but faded footprints of my past