

Persistence of Frailty

Ashent

She asked to the Lord in dream
Why he left her alone in this nightmare
So she spoke to the croaking crow
But it chattered only a word
She laid down on a beach full of dreams
And she closed her eyes just waiting for the dawn
But the sun sick and worn out
Will it ever rise again for her?
And the thoughts got lost in the air of the morning
Light waves from the great earthquake of the others awakening
And they followed the traces on a well-known road
Directed toward the beginning before all time
And as a child he asked of the priest
But he taught him for ceremony
So he spoke to his father in sorrow
But he answer was only silence
He laid down on his bed alone
And he closed his eyes just waiting for the dawn
And he saw her face again
Brimming the empty space every moment
And the thoughts got lost in the air of the morning
Light waves from the great earthquake of the others awakening
And they followed the traces on a well-known road
Directed toward the beginning before all time