

# Howl

## Barren Earth

I taste the broth that seeps down through the gorge  
I wipe the blade I once wrought from the forge  
The taste of flesh, the ash of oaken fires  
I bide my time by the mire until it dries

To me the world is a heart  
No chambers void, some shallow  
And when the light prepares to depart  
A pulse for my breath to follow

I sense the throes of twilight born anew  
I fear its wrath as all my brothers do  
Though life turns dark and movement steals the night  
I rejoice in the spoils at morning light

To me the world is a heart  
No chambers void, some shallow  
And when the light prepares to depart  
A pulse for my breath to follow  
Retrieving senses dormant while daylight reigns

The eyes of dusk ignite  
A promise of teeth and claw  
Revoke my bones from sleep  
Upon my tongue a feral howl

Stars!  
Watchers of the dark  
Blood drips from my wailing plea  
Stars!  
I seek your blessing  
To paint the blood of my hunter  
Upon the weapon that reaps my prey