

The Living Fortress

Barren Earth

Waves (blight-plagued)
On fields of grey (Slow-churning)
Pull him out of his ode (Near perfect) to fear
Drowns in a note in dire thought (Unleavened)
In the black sea (Where days go)
Oh how could he ever know (Sightless)
That fear sleeps with eyes closed

In a ghostly haze
He harvest the tides of time
That may feed the living fortress
SILVERSCARRED and boundless

In the ghostly haze
There is no place or time
And inside the living fortress
The harvestman roams sightless

Deadlights hover on shreds of age
Ripped from an image of fate
A rabid jester rubbing his jaded eyes
Vision inflamed with dark silver, boundless

Waves on fields of grey
Pull him out of his ode
And fear drapes the space
Above his world (Unleavened)
And the black sea (Where days go)
Silent, waits for him there (Sightless)
By the edge of colour and the ravine

The immediate grace is to repent and suffer
Disrobe to imitate levels
Where outlanders may indulge
Lay up every layer stripped from you

In a ghostly haze
He harvest the tides of time
That may feed the living fortress
SILVERSCARRED and boundless

In the ghostly haze
There is no place or time
And inside the living fortress
The harvestman roams sightless
Sightless