

The Vault

Barren Earth

She hides in the nightshades on the bank
Where the soft stream runs far
A vault of no disclosure
Sharp glimmers cast from old tears
Trembling in the cold fire of stars
Weighted and deep

Love is the hand that wrecks my flesh
Love is the eye that stares silent upon my aching wounds

At dusk the calm water turns black
Slow ripples form an aperture
In a receiving ocean

Love is the fire that burns my world
Love is the lie that turns the wheels within my core
As I fly

Love is the breath that rots my dreams
Love is the lie that turns the wheels within my core
In the end

Young eyes shine the fear of father's will
And weep for a mother's kind heart
Tears for the deep