

Solar Serpent

Conception

A fading photo on a wooden shelf
Sneering in your face
Unlike the memory of the little boy
From what you call "the good old days"

The bitter taste of fall the smell of wet concrete walls
And still you count the cries at night you try to analyse
The solar serpent shines
Reforms the shadows of the past

And evermore the torment lasts
The solar serpent shines
You traced the contours of a union
Where only greed survives

Convicted by the mass
You kept your course
With head held high the victims at your feet
The mission must proceed

There is a higher cause
You said afraid to understand
The solar serpent shines
Reforms the shadows of the past

Eternally the cross will burn
The solar serpent shines
Alone again
But yet not quite so sure
Watch it coming