

## Waves Upon Their Graves

Crimfall

Abeyant winding way  
Cascades sheltered in white  
Lead them far astray  
Where shrouded frail may hide

Pursued is ones prey  
Onto trackless ground of frozen grey  
Flight to river marmoreal  
Where cold-blooded winds of north them flay

Streams blind and old  
No sin or virtue here avails  
Tede them nameless holds  
Berths beneath thine waves

March onward unmarked trails  
Horns underneath bay strident wails  
Upon coiling spine  
Shed ice-white blades of serpent scales