

The Oaken Throne

Empyrium

Within the mist
The arms entwined
By moons enshrined
and softly kissed

The boughs so old
With leaves of gold
In autumns cloak
-The endless oak

Deep within the forests heart
The oaken throne
An ancient soul, a wooden guard
The tree of old
Centuries have seen its rise
Years thousandfold
It reigns upright, without demise
The oaken throne

Roots that touch the fire
of the earthen core
A crown that rose so tall
to where the eagles soar
Seat of kings alone
The oaken throne
Wisdom has been sown
The oaken throne