

Gathering the Stones

Fen

Here... Down within the dead pile
Down amongst the dead
"Down within the dead pile
Down amongst the dead"

Calling... Nameless... Rootless

Currents, ply thy lash
Scorched and drowned
Punished and forgotten
Left to oblivion's embrace

Dwell... Eschaton

Carry this rock, our testament
A memorial etched in stone
(For each of us outside) - one tablet
One vessel, one guide, one totem
Whose roots dwell far below

At the depths

Who amongst them shall bear the names?
At the dawn of the ending?
When the crimson window opens
To flood all with the rage of the firmament?
To name is to remember
To remember is to summon
To give form from memory
This keening is sounds forever

Thy back stoops low
Under the weight of these stones

Where upon the judgment of the end-time
Will be laid bare upon a blackened canvas
To honor the litany of myriad of past worlds
Immortalized, crystalline
To be dissolved within pyres of subjugation

And there will be no sound
Silent are the funerals - For circles wreathed in ash