

I (Pathway)

Fen

All will fall
All will sink
All will drown
All will fade with time

I scan the horizon
Watching, waiting
To gaze upon the grey spine of the cathedral spire
Piercing the clouds that swathe this blasted horizon
A totem of the permanence within this fog laden expanse

Eternal I am, yet each tread
On these desolate soils
And through these banks of rearing sedge
Enervate me ever further
The ghostly breath of winter enshrouds
Reaper - Harvester
Scourer of essence
The inevitable embrace whispers from an endpoint yet to be

Rotten wings spread with a torpid snap
A roiling howl that promises only a bouquet of woe
Gathering in volume, a colossal choir builds
Unearthly presence bleeds shadow over a broken landscape

Mists unfurl in a tide of unspoken promises
Supplicating embrace of ten thousand forgotten threnodies
Yet I can hear them... each and every one
Wordless these paeans to harrowed incarnation

Silence Raised to a deafening roar that shreds the senses
Eyes and ears forced shut, I revel in abnegation
And let my soul-sense wander

Slithering bent fingers of gelid ghostliness
Probe the blackened slopes of that stoic island
tomb or temple? Only the dead can know
Their unrelenting mantra
unveils naught save timeless prophecy

And still... these wretched revenants whisper

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