

Sentinels

Fen

From the moss-wreathed skin
A whisper of eternity
The arms of the soil-bound sun

A heart that beats and speaks in dust
The teeth of worship
Spread their message to the stars

The time etched spine that turns the earth
That builds a bridge beyond
These sentinels stand tall
With roots entrenched in memory's blood

With silent purpose and astral intent
Forged in the cycles of ages
Broken for the flesh of tombs
Their spectral tongues reach through the atmosphere
To chronicle the churning of civilisations

The sky is a sphere
The sky is sphere in the burning night
As the vacant trails blaze with life
When voices speak the wheels grind
Now torn away from the storm of time

As they haze through endless motion
As the slate boned pylons mark their course
As ancient knowledge floods the graves
These sentinels stand tall

The gate remains unmoved
A monument to the intangible aether
This message faded to ashes
Their cries are as nothing in the spiraling winds

The gate remains unmoved, unbroken
The message faded to ashes
The door now locked on worlds unimagined
The key is lost, unknown, forgotten
Lost, unknown, forgotten