

Citadel

Inter Arma

As the seasons turn and spoil
A crooked axis guides my way
Down unsung paths that burn out
The most hardened of drifters

Still I wander endlessly
Through houses turned to graves
A stone in the eyes of humankind
Forever at bay
Held captive by untold wounds
Of corporeal and psychic root
Aloft in a storm of unseen anguish
Where joy and sorrow entwine

Can I shake free the detritus of these countless, vagrant years
?
Can I harness the wild flame that lays dormant deep within?

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Aloft in a storm of unseen anguish
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A fire burns deep in the citadel of my weary heart
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I will break free from captivity
I will weather the storm
I will shake free from detritus
I will harness the wild flame