

Desolation's Harp

Inter Arma

In your dream-spun kingdom the rains never cease
They transform your low roads into stagnant, murky shallows

Dotted by the odd limb of timber and unsinkable refuse
They keep your high roads in states of perpetual disuse
Camouflaged from sight by sodden overgrowths
Of sinewy briar and serpentine vine

Shielded in a musty refuge high atop your flood water mansion
You pluck your harp against the deathless echo of the driving rain
Humming a joyless mantra not a single soul can hear

In your dream-
spun kingdom you seek a solace only the rains can lend
A deathless echo to drown out the whispers of a fraying lucidity
A deathless echo to drown out the clamor of every tramp and knave
A deathless echo to drown out the sorrows of the barely living
and the freshly dead

You'll forever pluck the strings of desolation's harp
Longing for a soul to share in your oblivion