

The Atavist's Meridian

Inter Arma

Regale us once more
With the tales you used to chronicle
When we were but callow
And all was new
And all was new

Of age old myths
Both formidable and sublime
Of gallant feats
That gripped our fledgling minds
Of a spirited people
And their bucolic wisdoms

From the land in which you grew
From the land in which you pine
From the land in which you grew
From the land in which you pine

An atavist you've always been

A pastoral dream
Swells in your soul
Evoking the spirit
Of soil left behind
A yearning profound
Captivates the senses
Flooding your heart
With lucid recollections
Of burning days
Tending to vine and herd
Of blackest nights
Gazing at the heavens
Cry out for the hills
And their ancestral paths
Weep in remembrance
Of those so revered
The mortal hours are waning
Return to her

Drink from her soundless waters
If you truly wish to sing
Ascend her sun-gilded peaks
If you truly wish to climb
Drink from her soundless waters
If you truly wish to sing
Ascend her sun-gilded peaks
If you truly wish to climb

And when her winds come to reap your earthly vessel
Only then, only then
Only then, only then
Will you truly know you have lived
Will you truly know you have lived

Return, return
Return, return
Return to her

An atavist you've always been