

Sirens From The Underland

Mechanical Poet

Lay your head on a feathery moss
Freeze your mind and drown in doss
See the places you have never been
Let the magic begin..

Bountiful gilt
Stained the green
Never-ending wilt
Covered the scene
Fanciful shades
Gathered on the glades
Wheezy summertime slowly fades

Mummified grass
Cloaked the lanes
Faint ruddy brass
Coloured the plains
Deep in the haze
A pristine race
Is beginning to sing witching lays

Wonderful ballads are lugging away
You won't be back if you leave the way
Sometimes a well-known voice can be heard in the choir
From a nebulous mire
Are they contented or just magnetized?
Enfettered and still mesmerized