

## Painters of the Tempest - Part II - Triptych Lux

Ne Obliviscaris

Come forth dark herald  
Bringer of light  
Bourne by the burning swans... and his plague breath  
Creator

Of the dream coil, a halo aloft as hands entwine

Painters of the tempest, with their red hands  
The world their canvas  
Through the mist of the stormglass...

And Bruegel dreamt the angels above  
As Bosch danced in earthly delight

Angels fall...  
Into the canvas  
Reaching for the light  
Heaven is empty  
...And all the beauty is here

Upon this bone palette  
The sway of nine-tails  
Layered lashings of euphoria and chaos  
Triptychs unfold like wings  
As the arms of our fathers bear the weight of what they've done  
Anti-matter-martyrs

Warmth of life  
Where they sing of fire  
Children's eyes... for they all shine  
As tears rise, oceans of flame billow  
When all dreams lose hope...

And Bruegel wept for the fading sun  
Where have all the angels gone?

Angels fall...  
Into the canvas  
Reaching for the light  
Heaven is empty  
As hell below  
And hell below  
Painted by ghosts

Lords of lifeless eyes  
In this garden of wilted flowers  
Vultures spake the mother tongue...

Hear the children  
Breathless sleep  
Where they dream a new day  
Echoing...  
Oh, when they dream  
Ebb and flow... free falling  
Beautiful and calm...  
And fragile, and whole  
Where they dream a new day

Through the coil they course and carousel  
Echoes...  
Hear the lost children  
Hear the children sing  
Through the coil they carousel  
Within this stained glass womb  
They sing with open minds...

Within this stained glass womb  
They see with open minds  
The event horizon and beyond

A wasteland and so barren, haunted by a sea of pale faces  
The city of lost children, raising their death-shrouded flags  
Can you hear the redrum pounding? The heartbeat of many as one...  
Curator, father... what have we become?

Radiance, blinding horizon  
The brilliant sunrise  
Their horizons, where they seize this life  
Our children...  
Painters, they are  
They are, the change  
Painters...