

Acheron

Patrick Wolf

There is one end and one ending only to the river you write
It is of the trees you felled in morass and fugue
The larcenous beasts who beseeched you
Of birds who beak fed you the Lethe
Below your demented lull the threnody coils
Chaos begets chaos
Cloud concedes cloud
Violence to violence, the sparks fly upward

No tide, no tide, no black to blue...