

## Semaphore Seasons

Sol Invictus

Semaphore through the seasons  
With these ageing hands  
Drunk with death and lilies  
Twilight in the land

Time is a friend to no one  
And makes it very clear  
The sun is far behind you  
And November frost is here

As the shadows fall  
As the day is done  
Let the clock wind down  
Let the bells be rung

Dead seeds for our harvest  
Mould upon our bread  
Jackals drown out the service  
Three withches by our bed

The pendulums waving  
Looking down at the rocks  
Dance along the black brick road  
Knock, knock on Pandora's box

As the shadows fall  
As the day is done  
Let the clock wind down  
Let the bells be rung