

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