

The Flood

Wolfheart

How to stand one's ground
When the flood drowns
Everything around
Conceals and buries under

How to rebuild and re-design
How to forge as whole
And re-divide
Broken and torn asunder

How to speak without a sound
Without a voice
Utter the words profound
Into the silence

How to comprehend and to abide
How to re-arrange and re-define
The emptiness inside

Cold winds of the north
Black waters and
The frozen shores
Are waiting for the storm

No trails leading forth
No pathway to the woods
Forsaken and forlorn