

## To Higher Climes Where Few Might Stand

Xanthochroid

Beyond the feeble reaches  
Of conscious memory  
A voice long forgotten  
Echoes through the chamber of my thoughts

I cannot recall  
The speaker or what was spoken  
Just a whisper now  
Still it's crying, screaming, wanting to be known

As dawn greets dew-wet grass  
(A brother returns at last)  
Seven years in patience passed  
(Long since have laid my dreams to ash)

Ohh, rekindled flame  
Dare not speak his name  
Ohh! Unfettered son!  
(What gifts you were given  
Why then did you run)

As night draped silted shores  
(No laughter is heard anymore)  
Tales of terror and of war  
(Hang heavy in the dampened midnight air)

Ohh, recall the dream  
Hungers rising scream  
Rays of glinting light  
(Glancing off dew-wet blades this night)

(I was there  
Where once our father rood  
Beyond this mortal coil  
Toward that precipice of stone  
Which stands unchanged uncaring and old)

Countless wonders I have seen  
Endless, endless skies of emerald green  
Minds can never idle be  
When magic... magic stirs beyond the trees

You know the things of which I speak  
Secrets, secrets buried deep beneath  
Still eclipsed in jaded truth  
By the nameless wonders of my youth

Ohh, recall the dream  
(In dreams we cannot die)  
Hungers rising scream  
(It calls us to it's side)  
Rays of glinting light  
(Glancing off dew-wet blades this night)

Come with me to better days  
(To higher climes where few might stand)  
And never shall we trade again

(On silted shores, on blackened sand)