

The Screen

YOB

In the constant search
Restless one
Slowly learning why
It all comes undone
Ancient gifted wound
Ancestral rusted blade
Broken hilt-deep thrust
From before the shroud
Until pain has bled out
Out
Out
Ancient poison
Out
Out
Out
Onto the screen
Rise
Rise
Rise
In this moment
Rise
Rise
Rise
Quantum vision

My oath reaches the shore
Struck upon the chord
Vast chorus of song
Brings my heart to release

Searching seen through
Emptied one
Sensing old death
Sharing no house with it
In moments obscure
That which endures
Vibrates as stone
Flies as flesh
Witnessing clouds
Of millennia and form
From a vast still nature
The still in the storm

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