Given To Dreams

Fear Before The March Of Flames

The devils in the daughters room
There will be no second knife
She reached for a dreamAnd he smiled as he watched her.
She was ever so beautiful in her sleep.
Like father (his son made in his image) her eyelids gently closed.
Lids concealing her dreams.
He stood over her bedOne deep stab kill the hourglass
Let the sand leak slowly from its body
Draw out the time until its breathes its lastpilling(She cried when she found it.
Its feathers were matted and pressed to its side.
Its wings were no longer able.
Still she begged it to fly.
Its body as frail as paper and wet from her tears.
She knelt in the damp grass praying it to heaven.
Gently pressing its head to her heart.)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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