An Archer in the Emptiness

Inter Arma

I was born under a summer night's sky,
Wrapped in the gossamer of heaven's vault.
I was raised in the fields of a kingdom untamed,
d in the lore of the cosmos' might.Oh, how I long
For a solitude so pure,
Free from the uproar
Of man's loathsome song.
Oh, how I long
For a slumber so true,
Beyond the ceaseless din
Of man's loathsome song.
As a young man I've ventured far from youthful realm,
Spellbound by the allure of a city never at peace.
Here, in this obdurate heart, I've learned of suffering
And vowed to forsake it all; to roam the stars evermore.Oh, how I long
For a solitude so pure,
Free from the uproar
Of man's loathsome song.
Oh, how I long
For a slumber so true,
Beyond the ceaseless din
Of man's loathsome song.
Lead me to the archer's hold
Where the curses reach no ear.I'd tether my dreams to the crescent of his bow,
And hang my anathemas from the point of his arrow.Oh, how I long to breathe the same breath as the archer in the emptiness.

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

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