

In The Arcane Clasp Of Unwritten Hours

Tyranny

Like a bliss of malaise this tainted air compels me
The unwrit hours pass again unheeded Stillness, like a cold vengeance, no life shifts...

Grey ghost painted to the halls of ennui

Falling dust weaves bleary torpid scenes through a bleak day

In this drifting miasma sore eyes staring through the weary schemes of death Strain of a stranger will bound me
from within

Grip devoid of strength and the weight of dying stone Forlorn, torn wisps of malady seethe... and entrance me
This picturesque scene fragile or so it seems, still unchanging beyond endurance. Vagrant shadows tire of motion
and abandon the empty halls harvesting the decay of the centuries past Arcana of darkest kind this bleary
sentiment unceasing like lying awake without will dreaming without dawn.

And the strength slowly drains, lay still and cease in the strenuous grasp of sloth

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

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