

# Sirens From the Underland

## Mechanical Poet

Lay your head on a feathery moss  
Freeze your mind and drown in doss  
See the places you have never been  
Let the magic begin..Bountiful gilt  
    Stained the green  
    Never-ending wilt  
    Covered the scene  
    Fanciful shades  
    Gathered on the glades  
Wheezy summertime slowly fadesMummified grass  
    Cloaked the lanes  
    Faint ruddy brass  
    Coloured the plains  
    Deep in the haze  
    A pristine race  
Is beginning to sing witching laysWonderful ballads are lugging away  
    You won't be back if you leave the way  
Sometimes a well-known voice can be heard in the choir  
    From a nebulous mire  
Are they contented or just magnetized?  
    Enfettered and still mesmerized

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

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