

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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