

Given To Dreams Of What Shall Never

Fear Before The March Of Flames

(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 and gently pressing its head to her heart...)
the devils in the daughters roomthere will be no second knife
(i will look into his eyes)
there will be no second knifeshe reached.....
for a dream.....and he smiled as he watched her she was ever so beautiful in sleep
like father (his son made in his image)
her eyelids gently closed the 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 it breathes its last)spilling
why
spilling
why
spilling
why
spilling...

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

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