Visions

Faith and the Muse

I walk with phantoms and leaves are burning at my feet.
I walk with phantoms.
Sometimes they rage
Sometimes they fade.
Some must watch while some are
Singing
Singing the hum of the walking dead.
Singing
I walk with phantoms and leaves are ice at my feet.
I walk with phantoms.
Here is the truth
Seven wonders.
Seven wonders and the will to live.
Singing the hum of the walking dead.
Thinking of every word that you said.

Singing as garden walls ripple with the blur of bees,
Sweetly singing as sunlight streams through the aching
Trees,
Voices trampling the exhausted wilderness,
Singing the hum of the walking dead.
Burning like the gaze upon a faithless friend
Burning down the lonely trees always in the end
Voices trampling the exhausted wilderness,
Dragging the heels of the walking dead.
Dragging out every word that you said.

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