

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

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