An Old And Raped Village

Mortiis

Through boughs and leaves and stone on ground.
I feel a prescence of evil, a silent sound...A village old, pillaged and raped,
houses rotten or burnt...
Here are signs of battles of old...
Raided for their virgins and gold...
From cometh this evil air?
This pressing warning of danger?Mayhaps the folk whom once lived here
are now cursing this place, and all who behold?And evil place once lovely and fair...
Its garden are grey now, and sad voices haunt the village...
Houses rotten, fallen roofs... Winds gushing through...I wonder who raped and pillaged here...
And what meaneth the signs painted on those doors
that have yet not fallen to the ground...
Where did the fair virgins go, and what are of them today?Mystic this place is and I fear my questions
will stay unanswered, untill my dying day...

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

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