Mercyground

Faith and the Muse

Air-built madness: unfamiliar charm
Hides in the softest eyes
And ponderous smiles manifest denial
But heavy heartless conscious of our load
Hurled by dreams into a separate world
We dig the thoughtless earthWith fingers lighter than the breath
Of lifeless minds awaiting death
On this Mercyground
What may transpire in this stagnant posture
Tradition multiplies where repetition reigns
And the air smells of age
And prayers of sightless blind us to the earth
Disenchantment sings in voices fortified
Our sleep is justifiedProne and weary from descent
Our eyes reflect empyrean
On this MercygroundSafe inured we lay to rest
Pinioned by our helplessness
On this Mercyground
Empty smiles drag us down
Until we softly kiss the ground
And all movement is lostSilently we all sink down
Embraced within this Mercyground
And all movement is lost

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