

Carrier of Echoes

Fen

Keening...*
A reflection of all that was
The bell tolls...
Throughout the perpetual passage of infinity I was born long ago
My form fashioned from the primordial rock
Storm-winds seared the umbra and my verdant spirit
The essence of an era forged by the elements And millennia have passed
Frail flesh teems with memories
I watch with spectral eyes
The knowledge mine - and mine alone
Ancient paths that sear the landscape
Ley-lines scouring a wounded earth
Where long-forgotten shades now wander
Beneath the glare of the cold moon The very soils imbued with a sense of longing
Beneath my tread teem myriad memories
The essence of so much now lost
Entombed in within the catacombs of a history forever buried
Yet I know not what lies ahead
No secrets unearthed from my time in the aether have I
No keys to unlock the myriad entangled strands of what will be
Behind me, a wake of unending despair
Ahead, a formless void as yet unscarred
Waiting for the Echoes of the dead to come
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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