

Canon

"And Oceans"

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This wretched art of time
These wonders without soul
The end of all known values
Can you hear them?

My eyes - unblessed
Will watch your last crawl
Defaced and paralyzed
No one hears your call

Time is passing by
Bearing an orphan child
Unaware of old values
Can you see him?

This vision of mankind
Striding without face
Excessive greed, simplicity
Knowledge forced your fall

Without face
Your fall
Inversion
Complete rewind

In fire and oceans depths
Disaster strikes
As we sow our demise
A thoughtful appearance
All failing to receive

Fright
Barren, lonely
Torn, crying

Mother
Hidden image
Sought extraction

Three days of secrecy
Left his world unrestrained

Ten years and more to come
Isolated, solemn reign

An idle mercenary
Placed on an empty field
Reality foretold
All left beneath this shield

Our days are free of substance
In a limited pulse
All venture on my shadowed side

These words of angels wretched
Our schemes will forever fall
A deceiving well planned lie
Still, still standing tall

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