

Cronian

"Arcades"

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The illustrious obstructions at the skyline
Keep intelligentials inside their walls
A labyrinth built of gelid brine
Where inclement weather feeds the wintry pall

Here I call out to polaris
Screaming from bone and marrow
The echo should reach even solaris
But seems trapped in passages narrow

No melting, no sublimation at this place
The glacier's crack got it's prey
Like a demon with a dreadful face
Tearing all senses away

I'm trapped in the dark, in the white
Waiting to get a glimpse of the skies
But this cave-like space swallows all light
I'm stuck in miles of ice

Yet the thoughts accumulate
But not those of hope and aid
Cause no sane civilisation will reach this crate
Iceolated in mile-spread arcades

I hear the storm howling above
But the sound of breaking ice is louder
Sharp edges with intention to clove
Decorated with nature's cold powder

Broken arms, broken knees
Broken chest, finally peace!

No melting, no sublimation at this place
The glacier's crack got it's prey
Like a demon with a dreadful face
Tearing all senses away

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