

## Dagon

### "Blood Of The Ancients"

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Once I was stranded in my pride,  
my vision blind by the scope of all things prescribed.  
Then by the words of a contemplative mind,  
my dreams took flight and the sage within me thrived.

What once with certainty I had considered myth,  
fiction gone amiss, the stuff of the abyss.  
I see as more than tales men whisper in the night,  
the truth will come to flight and proof will come with sight.

To the ends of the Earth,  
to a place where dreams make berth.

I feel the blood of ancients swimming through my veins,  
a call to see what they have seen.  
A faith in dreams and visions in my soul ingrained;  
could I believe what they believed?

Once the envy of my peers,  
my new conviction have resigned me to their jeers.  
I must stand up to my fears,  
lest I be consumed for years, the path to me is clear.

By providence alone ride to the marches and beyond,  
where few have gone I'll travel on.  
Until I find the legends that men have lost,  
consigned to memory, cast aside as Zeus or Thoth.

Onward I ride to the west and to the east,  
to seek the proof I need and my torment's surcease.  
Verities confound me as a stag eludes a hound,  
but I'll have my vindication and tell of what I've found.

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