

Dagon

"Where Captains Fear To Sail"

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Cadence of hooves in sundry meters,
marks my progress on this long forsaken road.
Would I that their gait should double
a thundering march to be recalled in futures odes?

Anticipation burning
like a fire that can't be tamed.
Driven on by the yearning.
All else falls away in the flames.
I can see it now, my destination drawing nigh.

On my way, to a place shrouded in mystery,
composed of sailor's dreams whispered on the wharfs.
On my way, will myth become forgotten history?
Legends tell what maps deny, secrets lurking in the
north.

Every tavern, every town,
tells its version of the tale.
To the north there lies a sound
where even captains fear to sail.

Sweet nepenthe of the truth,
a liquor of the highest proof.
Vindication is as wine,
in crucibles it's deemed refined.
And e'er it's drunk, a taste divine.

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