

Discount

"Your Prophetic Throne Of Ivory"

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Translucent plains envisioned beyond the horizon, I
hear the flapping of
Wings, the bestoking tranquility of irredescent
spectrum, the birds
Circle around my
Presence, hinting at pale sightings
Of Kadmos, all alone for dust ridden aeons, alienation
your inner method
Of nirvana, there
Is no night, no day - Kadmos
Your preserved brotherhood, the ivory your only
solace, for where you
Sit, in flight we
Persevere into the lights of the
Ivory plains, structures from silence, petals in the
stream, murk above
The dark moor, the
Eastwinds brush the dust from
Your prophetic throne, in lands I never saw, where the
equinox was
Permanent, the elephants
Trunk - the icon of your
Only existence, for their [sic] is nothing else, in flight
we persevere
Into the mists of
The ivory plains, foregather in the
Name of Moros and remember our lands

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