

## **Ebony Lake**

# **"On The Eve Of The Grimly Inventive"**

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Soar with you, soar in vigour.  
Washed with an old vessel, smashed, surging up to  
The Andromeda to cascade down on the architecture...  
easily visible at the glacier even.  
A path was found, a way to the lungs of an  
overwhelming all-conquering orchestra.

A hall of unearthly woodwind spews down from the  
Master.  
My angel beats her wings in the void of his garden.  
The waves clash up forming a sculpture of a  
renaissance, this being the eye of the gallant and the  
grimly inventive.

Summoning.

Suddenly an essence clasps me that I have yet never  
felt.  
Sickening things that were hybrid and hostile, breeding  
in our gardens.  
Things that would walk from the carvings in amber,  
prey on the things without wings that were burnt in the  
ashes of Herjned, the settlements of the lords...

And as the climatic pages of a classic novel are blown  
across the water at the Lake Geneva a masterpiece is  
now lost in their minds forever.  
Now let a marble fist descend and smash the earth;  
bring forth lesbian ghosts, let us slip and romp through  
the snow whilst being watched by the scholars of old,  
recording our movements for people to come.

Washed in with an old vessel, smashed, surging up to  
The Andromeda to cascade down on the architecture...  
easily visible at the glacier even.  
A path was found, a way to the lungs of an  
overwhelming orchestra.  
On the eve of the grimly inventive.  
Rushing to me the history of a unique spectre-full hour.

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