

Ebony Lake

"The Music & Woe Between Horse Thieves"

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Still and almost as if I could not see it, at the foot of the
ocean borne along by the driftwood there it lay and as
the marble darkened the colossal and corpse pile,
arcane within it's being, shuddered it's wings.
As I stared and my eyes engaged it, there were voices
without speech, 'twas the same day the fearful
banished it from the old town, the stairs and the moors.
Then every wild and unseen flower, begged in song
beneath the foulest twist of stench.
Still it lay enveloped in the driftwood, the moon
dripping on it.
In a bid to avoid the swallow of a day by moon, those
with speech bellowed upwards in defiance.
Then were the days when the mornings were grey and
every greying, long and ever longing.

Deep within something so surreal whilst alone on the
isolated savage coastline, I observe tendencies of
deep oppression in offerings that coldly washed upon
there.

And for a brief moment the woe doth seize the
gnawing.

On a steeple a lured albatross did settle, looking at the
creations and laughing.
Whilst the gallant ready'd for Europe deep with
warring.
Frame this moment, paint upon it and cherish it fully,
for when the clouds turn to red, then the water we feed
from will crush our lungs... behold the creation;
Behold the music and woe between horse thieves.

Never did the sparrows gather in threatening flocks,
and never before did they dine uon the village.
"It dwells unseen in the air, something immense,
unfinished" bellows the eldest of the old of gold for his
theories.

I often watch my love whilst I hide amongst the caves
and without fail she would appear followed by the
wooded moths, head fixed down looking for things.

I remember day when the moths tuned against her,
shredding her flowing her.

But aside from the hustle and the bustle of the crowd,
it creeps with strength and with vigour, it goes unseen
and without a sound.

Whilst alone on the savage coastline, I observe death
before my sore feet.
Cometh the fiour, come forth the day where the whales'
blood stain the whole bay.

Bring forth the years.

And with myself, time has become red and discordant,
of days on the lake with a renowned English poet, the
days I would talk and have him believe that removing
his eyes would help him, to see that if given the time
then his eyes would surely deceive him.

Slowly.

It mumbles in the ears of the demented, promises of
summer and garden frolics,
Of wine by the river bank and of April love in
hallucinogenic red sky teachings,
But again misery palls a blanket of menacing clouds
over the scene leaving no refuge for the fleeing
shadows,
Leaving depression dripping freely and leaving
breathless lunatics face down on the hillsides.

Softly.

"The noises it leaves upon the stairs of hundred, ssh, I
can hear the hooves in the storm, as men return from
the ashes of Herjned with gifts of amethyst.
Sometimes after the rain and between the snow I would
catch a glimpse of it on the cliff, young is it and dead
we are."

A lifetime later, in the base of an oak tree plans were
afoot; beards of long face, of wise - books and scripts
of it - they told me of fire, fire from my fingertips,
before lighting a pipe and trudging out into the
blizzards.
And then never...

Forever.

In this room the curtains move unaided and a dog now

announces our coming.
Behold the recreation, behold the music and woe
between horse thieves.

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