

## **Ebony Lake**

# **"The Wandering Of Ophelia Through The Untamed Countryside"**

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Ventus planctus caligo fallo suus.

The lilies part gracefully at the sinking of the sun.  
The abandoned silken bed revels in leaves of the  
countryside.

The chess pieces are moved by unseen hands.  
The butterflies gather in a secret place unspoken of.  
The birds are uneasy, the stag darts through the  
woodland.

The water upon the pond clouds as Ophelia's fish-eaten  
garment rises, her soddened garment rises.

A skyscape so heart-melting, the waltz of the mighty  
oak, captured and humoured as their arms tower  
between the stars and past the Plough.  
Whilst close by a vague scuttle of rats stirs the  
undergrowth as she lifts her pale declining head and  
sets to her haunt, run swift Ophelia.

And if I were to turn quickly enough would I see her?  
The fright as she ran, but she ran from nothing but the  
sound of the wind, to whip around her... as if to call her  
back into the depth of the woods, to curse at her more,  
so the earth with it's violin can scratch at her mind.  
The Orion would throw down things of delightful  
devastation.

Cast a keen eye on the ghostly movements on the  
stairs.

And pray do tell what secrets do Saturn and she hold?  
Strange how the birds land on her unafraid, unstirred,  
in a labyrinth of the exquisite, caverns of the surreal,  
domain of the treacherous, place of the fearless.

The sun now in it's slumber and folklore stirring  
fiercely.

A skyscape so heart-melting, the waltz of the mighty  
oak, captured and humoured as their arms tower  
between the stars and past the Plough.

Whilst close by the vague scuttle of rats stirs the  
undergrowth as she lifts her pale declining head and  
sets to her haunt, run swift Ophelia.

To illuminated gardens...

Upon the meadow she shall run, Frayer, face of angel.  
On this eve the sky is not yet black but dark blue, this  
doth happen in the summer.  
Her search will become triumphant, I pledge my soul to  
this...

As an unpleasant array of throat-eaten foxes bombard  
the Manor, my memories of her are laid down and  
torched.  
Run swiftly Ophelia...

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