

Ebony Lake

"Within Deepest Red"

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Quietly as it began, spilling then forming.
This rain is so strange... emerald I think.
The owl by my window brings tales of another...
Apparently melting our opal.

We centre around this crying ghost;
Feed it wine and show it the moon,
In it's green fixation.

I am the essence of an evening storm, the fiery
obsession inside me
Within deepest red.

Forever eyes, so tiny,
Disappear into the undergrowth.
Ghostly lights, jade and crimson,
The head of a swan adrift on high seas.

I am the essence of an evening storm, the fiery
obsession inside me
Within deepest red.

The horses await us, several of them, elegantly white.

Lovelorn eyes that search the darkness,
Eyes of the fox I intrigue you.
Misty moors beneath face of night,
Hide yourself before I waste you.

I smell Brasnov yet I do sleep, I dance with her body in
the Arges deep.

The owl by my window brings tales of another...
apparently melting our oceans.

Some see me in the dark, carving shapes into the sand.

Unexplainable sound phantom gathering ground.

I feed your womb, as we wait for the rain and peace
favours us at last and talking is strain and as I await,

the moon turns liquid in the sea.

Blood and snow serenade, immense anger of the
clouds.

Unknown paths of the mind, macabre gut-churning
sounds.

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