

Euphoreador "Lackluster"

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I did think all things started to muster
There was light in my eyes
That now seems so lackluster
Hearts bemoan
Underneath the grinding stone

So we wailed against the wind
No one gained and no one dared to rescind
Even now with spring
Unfurling her cling
(Dancing into the rite of spring)

Clever

Another endeavor
Well not planned
Everything was hard-pressed and I
Wouldn't try to reprimand
Courses daring where I stand
In the arms
Of the waters of oblivion
I never shun
One by one
We would fall
Each and every person
A roll call

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