

## **Fear Before The March Of Flames "Given To Dreams"**

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The devils in the daughters room  
There will be no second knife  
She reached for a dream

And he smiled as he watched her.  
She was ever so beautiful in her sleep.  
Like father (his son made in his image) her eyelids  
gently closed.  
Lids concealing her dreams.  
He stood over her bed

One deep stab kill the hourglass  
Let the sand leak slowly from its body  
Draw out the time until its breathes its lastpilling

(She cried when she found it.  
Its feathers were matted and pressed to its side.  
Its wings were no longer able.  
Still she begged it to fly.  
Its body as frail as paper and wet from her tears.  
She knelt in the damp grass praying it to heaven.  
Gently pressing its head to her heart.)

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