

## Funeral

### "In The Fathoms Of Wit And Reason"

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At the marvels of shredded flesh  
Unfolded in tormenting beauty,  
A stone fell to the heart  
And all was in vain

From ancient crypts arose  
That sibling of despair  
Spread like plague inside  
'Till all and hope was slain.

Icy black  
The beacon of this riverside.  
Thread the crust  
With childish glee.

Draw night from the domes of heaven  
And step gently on the porch of death.

Soon all stars will shine and play  
Merrily on our skeletal keys.  
There will be silence and night  
Like none had ever dreamt,  
Even in the fathoms of wit and reason.

So lay to rest  
'Neath crying pines  
When dusk brings rain.  
Copper tongue, it must be death  
Flooding, my mouth and muse tonight.

Your time will come  
In cryptic images.

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