

Funeral For A Friend

"The Weeping Tree"

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Dare I dream
Of a sun shackled to slumber's chain
When the seeds of midnight
Sprout a blind rampage of misery
Cutting into my soul
And placing a penance therein
Would the wound heal over
With moss or lican
A symbiote scar of what has come before

Dare I remember
Many moons of autumn rupture
Despair would grow as grains will
In welcome for the coming reap(er)
Strong enough my arms once were
To hold a century's worth of nooses
Throttled tongues spake unanswered prayers
As a harvest moon hung above
An ever watchful eye

Lifeless and sullen, spirited away
My core is empty, dry and rotten
I'm dying in the lea

I've laid down armor
I've cast away my sword
My kingdom lies in eternal ruin
Though I swore to defend

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