

Garden Of Shadows "Lovely Cold"

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Dust flies through the air.
The Weightless strings scintillating reminders of
unknown struggles.
Antediluvian fields caked with crimson.
Encased in frigid air Swallowed by northern ice.
Within the glacial rocks their message still lies. Resting
undisturbed,
In a permanent state of torpor.
Primordial civilizations vast in scope.
Diminished by a fatal flaw.
Competed for dominion. Their fate-unobserved.
Their warning-unheeded.
Artists and philosophers achievements,
Musicians works of art Cast aside by lust.

What they were now is lost. Consumed by time, sealed
for eternity.
A frozen catacomb their sole legacy.
The haughty creed of vanglorious lords.
Locked their fate in the lovely cold.

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