

Grenouer

"The Time Spool"

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Down and round and down and round
Fervor blends with minds
Keen-set mood, resurgent hopes
Spirit's striving higher

Shut up in the grave
Malice, gall, dismay
Store equilibrium in sinister confidence
Trial

Look about, portal under lock
Shades flitting by lotus-eater
Signs on the wall, dim candlelights
Cloaks, hardly seen meager faces
Time lingers long
Dust, pallid must
A will to receive comprehension
Mist, heart of stone, dark, I'm alone
Task, gird yourself - croaking whisper

The Sun is chasing folks on Earth
Subterranean shelter
Hermits learn to apprehend reconnaissance stupor
Tribulation

Hands feeding them
Thoughts stuffing them
Guards are watching over humble valets
Knell is revealed, sooth is concealed
Deft and adroit or deception
Haul flashing me, soul pleading me
Blood is waking me - pulsive instincts
I'd go away road and depraved
Niche of some hope, consolation

Posthumous reflections of life
Resistance of nothing to die

Tempter fate reverted disasters
Ventured passions of tremulous prologue
Utmost veto, waiting scaffold
The twinge of coma, vanishing moan

Spinning rolling bloody spool
Time is fraudulent
We are carried to the point running through the debts
of bliss
Leave the payment - your body and soul

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