

Holland

"Homage - Magni Nominis Umbra"

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A gentle rustling assents
To gusts of fury south and west
Foretelling of the nearing guest
Of rapture and of doom forlorn

Behold the streams, the undesired
Beneath the shadow of his wings
Descending in his silent power
Majestic being the tempest brings

The desert sands may bury deep
Enigmas that were once to keep
But true to legend past engraved
Continueth the search for prey

Behold the streams, the undesired
Beneath the shadow of his wings
Descending in his silent power
As guard, as executioner

As dew bites dust to bitter end
And ivy breathes it's deadly breath
The roving minstrel, troubadour
Intones his eastern song of yore

Behold the streams, the undesired
Beneath the shadow of his wings
Descending in his silent power
A grinning child in wretchedness

An aria of howling pain
An ode to torment and distress
A grip that holds beyond demise
An empty stillness in his eye

From whirling sands and heightened sun
To heightened moon and gusts of wind
As guard, as executioner
Beneath the shadow of his wings

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