

In Mourning

"From A Tidal Sleep"

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A deafening sound echoed through the mist
A warm breeze gave the choice of silence to the wind
But the wind grabbed the water to summon the black
clouds of the sky
And to open up the eyes of the grieving heaven

Leaving the depths to quench the thirst with rain
A drink from the hands that created the past

Rain upsets the cold surface, wakes what sleeps
beneath the ocean floor
Tantrum rises from it's tidal sleep to crack the surface
of this very earth

Water, the bringer of strength to release the wave
Storm bursts out from the giant's mouth

When salt danced with the flames, the ocean and the
sky spoke with fire
No sign of light at the horizon, Orion has faded, torn
from above
Fell down from the heavens to be lost in the storm
Descended are the sons of the sky, to repel the
assailing wave

The power of two wills divided by hate
In the last minutes of the tide, the hands of the foe
held the saviors
Throat

A gathering to summon the dark hunter
Bursting into flames, cutting their strings from the
heavens to fall
Into a towering battle between the stars and the sea
Face to face, the hunter stared into the storm

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