

## **Ordo Draconis "Wreckage"**

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STILL afloat: persevering at each shore  
That may seem, would I comply,  
To render me ensconced... the voyage to draw  
Beyond the compass,  
And what is more it's buoyancy to sustain,  
While dashing billows the old sails try  
Life's vigil to conclude with life's refrain-  
The calm before the storm.

Untimely night.  
The pond'rous fetters of the storm  
Cling when untethered  
Upon the floor they smite.  
Thus given vent sways the storm in revelry  
And brazen mockery.

Why plunge into a wat'ry grave  
And wreck upon sea's edge  
Never to reach for which I crave  
And my very soul might pledge?

Against the waves the vessel was matched  
And intermin'bly, when overcome's the breach,  
From high upon the breakers launched and dispatched  
Until at the craggy beach,  
Where shattered rest the carcass,  
Now subject to decay,  
And scattered tangly slivers of wood,  
Bound to rot away.  
What holds is but of brittle bone,  
A canopy of curved boughs,  
Neither grave nor engraved stone,  
In oblivion to drowse.

Lest of the cliff the mere base be the end,  
Do I scale the precipice  
Without wings which larks from ether suspend  
While gapes below the deep abyss.  
But vertigo alone,  
Though precarious th'ascent remains aloft,  
Cannot tip the balance nor respite prompt  
Nor win the last moan,

But comes another, the tone still soft.

Then trees recede and lend me view,  
A glade remote, briars piercing through  
A mossy couch a singing lady's made,  
Until again they cast their shades.

So did thoughts: suggest to me still  
The quiet of a dark repose  
And at the same time inspire will  
The primrose path to oppose.  
Either way I will proceed.  
Why slacken a sluggish pace,  
When toil may very relief concede  
I can well-nigh embrace?

Since here is not where I can rest assured  
That to rest my lay be laid,  
Since proximity has ardour restored,  
What can me dissuade?  
But, should I leap at the wall?  
The timeless cauldron gape I saw,  
The void in which to drown my cares  
And stifle my but hoarse-worn call,  
When yet again I wash ashore.

"Dissemble not  
The wincen stirred by wry convulsions:  
Recuperation's near.  
"Wretched convalescent,  
Stagnant are the ancient waters:  
Redemption's here".

Of what green's that sheet of moss  
With which my bed she drapes?  
Nothing more but the amb'guity  
Which consuming decay or growth shapes,  
A sheet with which to smother me,  
Makes me argue the self-imposed toss.  
Have I thus wrought a shift of aim?  
Non sequitur.  
What mysteries does she hold, or hold  
Divulged, but me against my will?  
How can beauty that's static and cold  
Yet lose itself, and lose me still  
For I am resolute?

"Like a wolf in sheep's clothing,  
Illness assumes  
Recovery's guise.  
"Is even willingness no

Salutary elixir?  
Beyond resilience your headstrong  
Fever carries on".

No and even so yes  
This selfsame state, once the port  
Now the sojourn, one of call,  
The height has crumbled  
Or have I in this:  
Disharmony  
Bent and snapped the tight-stringed neck  
As to the heart,  
When no string can life uphold,  
Numb and stale within a wreck.

The question dawns upon me,  
Whether the encounter I might have created  
As such without authority  
Or I was the Proteus.

Still afloat: the isle receding  
Into the distance, as level upon level was closed  
In mists the hindsight impeding,  
The tide of aurora has another day posed.

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