

Darkwell

"The Crow And The Warrior"

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Once in the silence of the woods
In the shadows of a crescent moon

The eyes scan the beautiful nocturne
The ears enjoy silent songs
"I have seen things and heard talks
Thy eyes are blind and ears deaf to

Words carried in the nightly breeze
Images in the autumnal grass"
Once in the silence of the woods
Under the spiral of oaken branches

Breathing slowly, heart pounding weakly
Shadows floating towards his eyes

"I have heard thee come since the moon was full
The owls knew what thou knew not
Oh thee children, thee almighty creatures
Ignorant are thee of thy width of knowledge

Under question should thou place thy concepts
Of & Uuml; bermensch and Untermensch
For man has never, and will never even be positioned

Hath the words of the crow
Vanished with the echo into the night
Descended dark shadows
And covered the eyes

No sorrow felt the old crow
The secrets he revealed would remain as such

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