

Martigan **"The Trade"**

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Hammering pickaxe on rocklike ice announce new light
on endless dark a pair of eyes immensely deep melt
their glances through the falling cover Long hair
carpets a straight staring head that knows of former
centuries freezed in a fraction of a warm September
night in the warm September light

A night and a forest - away from our days the unicorn
ain't but a lie A jasper embraced by its rock someone
giggles A messenger to his ... Salvador! Sun finds his
eyes - ice melts away immediately - they all scurried
away to survive that unique sight to survive that unique
scene who should believe - what they'd seen

A hundred optimistic swords hover above seas of weed
another hundred follow them twisting, swirling
seriously The weed hides heads beyond the lot scared
of facing what's to come the air is cut and gets mixed
up with clouds of dust and bloodwarm breath

Shiny shields and polished helmets race against a gap
in time restless driven brainless armours face the
coming lap of crime like the night that's coming
sudden like a fatal unavoidable due the loss of charm
's to glorify harm and the m

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