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from the mystic dreamland

what speaks to you
from the mystic dreamland
is another voice
from another time
of ages forgotten
of ancient stars
that willingly surrendered
so many years ago
the earth itself
has lost its count
of days unnumbered
of eternal nights
of a sleeping madness
and a gentle fright

only with the moon
and the distant stars
its song is heard
calling closer
and dimly heard
of another aeon
just barely stirred
out of the darkest place
rised a grave
opened, a flutter
of wings and fangs
to decimate and take away
all your future days

to walk forever
these distant fields

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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