Neither Shape Nor Shadow

Be'lakor

In the space of one night's darkness They have gathered, somehow drawn To where sand and water meet To the place where nature mourns

An army of one thousand souls
Moved not by force of law
But by an end of which they dreamt
Returns to wade once more

In the shallows, but a prelude To the greatest icy depths Where neither shape nor shadow Can persist in one who's stepped

Their unseeing eyes surveying Darkened scenes within their minds Now blissful, soon will falter Laying bare what now it hides

Once submerged they may awaken Briefly grasping moonlit skies But a crescent moon accompaniment Merely ushers in the tide

Beneath horizons megalithic Rays of light's first wonder Shall reveal an ashen shoreline strewn With the prints of those pulled under