

## 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