

Remnants

Be'lakor

Embedded in fertile plain
Snared in pulp and stone
Confounded being emerges
Surrounded yet alone

Surging growth in vigour
Morbidity at bay
Hale deceives the advent
Of cycles in decay

Winter's first marrow cracks
Mother bides the spring
Ne'er evade the hand of death
And coursing pain it brings

Matter broken, times expire
Eternity's division
Peer across the fatal pass
Terminus initiation

Ills that never truly mend
Breath which seldom draws in ease
Pulses often miss their step
Somatic ever in disease

Embedded in fallow plain
Consumed by pulp and stone
Confounded being expires
Abandoned and alone