

An Elegy of Icaros

Emperor

Icaros, I dare you.
For I possess the wings of faith.
Though, heavy on my shoulders.
No measurement can prove their weight.
Still, a burden are they not to me.
I am the challenger of gravity.
The fear is not the fate I seek.
My destiny will build upon, the mighty turbulence beyond.
If I fall I will rise again
Some of envy, some of fear.
Asmonish by the graves of those who fell.
Praise the fool that pure of heart.
Leaps off your finger, into grace.
Icaros, your voice once melted,
Into the choir of the fallen ones. I have heard,
I have seen, the purity of their song.
Icaros. Your fate embrace. A manifold of angels.
I summon thee from shattered graves, and call upon the wind.
Recieve my bow of reverence.
Then spread your wings, and fly into oblivion.