

## The Dead Stare

Enslaved

The Juggler stares  
To quench the thirst  
Upon the brow  
Within the hand  
It cracks and seeps  
The seer weeps

In flickering light  
The wounds are served  
Screams from below  
A shadow in chains  
Feverish images told  
In mirrors of old

The eyes they all share  
In this tragic court  
An empty seat  
The river runs dry  
Nothing said  
Words in red

Behold the druid  
As the stones fall  
Known aloud turned  
Backwards around  
Reverse the loss  
This never was