

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