

The Stagnant Pool

Felt

The stagnant pool,
Like a drowned coffin,
Still as a deceased heart,
Haunting the ghost of the noble crusader,

Who recalls pellucid ice clutching the aching twigs,
Never melting,
Never a drop to disturb stagnation.
Oh they say I'll never win
You'll always get beat
And like a drop of blood from the Devil's tap

I'm dragging the crusader behind
Slips purposely down the black hole back to hell
Steps purposely down the black hole back to hell