

As Buried Spirits Stir

Fen

And I watched the sun cross the sky
A thousand thousand times,
From within this tomb of earth,
Waiting patiently for the sign,

To be called by those who would summon us forth to wander once
more,
Under the waning moon across the bleakness of the fens.

Once, many centuries ago, we were kings,
Of an age now forgotten,
Our dominion absolute,
Our realms bound only by black seas and cliffs of ice.

By sword and fire, blood and honour, we exacted our rule,
Commanding the landscape with dread force, bereft of mercy.

Now, we can hear the calling of desperate souls,
Who have stood and watched these ancient fields raped,
Scars run across what once was ours.
Through the dust of ages, rage stirs us to walk once again.

To stride unbound and unfettered under a shroud of twilight,
Our pale eyes surveying the rotten remnants of a once-
proud kingdom,
The winds howl, the trees shiver, the harriers scream.
As our deathmarch begins again.