

Carrier of Echoes

Fen

Keening...

A reflection of all that was

The bell tolls...

Throughout the perpetual passage of infinity

I was born long ago

My form fashioned from the primordial rock

Storm-winds seared the umbra and my verdant spirit

The essence of an era forged by the elements

And millennia have passed

Frail flesh teems with memories

I watch with spectral eyes

The knowledge mine - and mine alone

Ancient paths that sear the landscape

Ley-lines scouring a wounded earth

Where long-forgotten shades now wander

Beneath the glare of the cold moon

The very soils imbued with a sense of longing

Beneath my tread teem myriad memories

The essence of so much now lost

Entombed in within the catacombs of a history forever buried

Yet I know not what lies ahead

No secrets unearthed from my time in the aether have I

No keys to unlock the myriad entangled strands of what will be

Behind me, a wake of unending despair

Ahead, a formless void as yet unscarred

Waiting for the Echoes of the dead to come