

## 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