

Ghosts of the Flood

Fen

The chaos of life
Calling in the twisting veins
Where lifeblood pumped and the children came to drink
Now blackened and dry
The husk of our existence
Lies parched and cracked on this barren land

Silence

The stillness speaks of nothing
From the blank slate horizon to the ceiling of the sky
Life for life
The cacophony of the carnival forgotten
Only shadows and memories
Lingering in the hands of the earth
Carried on the endless journey of the wind

We call no more
Their mouths are alive with selfish yield
We have no tongue to speak
Drained of being
Once we sheltered in the hollow inside
Now we are spectres
Ghosts of the flood
Some day the rains will come again
So long we have waited
Lost between planes
Nothing but the echo of a perpetual cry
We will dance in the gathering waters
When breath shudders coldly
Through the carcass of our essence
Bringing out throats alive
Drowning stone and dust
We will call again
Call to the eternal, empty skies
We will call again