

# 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