

# The Trial And The Grave

Hammers of Misfortune

Was it a dream?  
Was it in Hell?  
What is the difference?  
I scarcely can tell  
Is it just I  
Or the world  
That's gone mad?  
This Vision insane, I'll explain, that I had...

Mourning for something  
Something I've never known  
I Search for a headstone  
A Plot with a marker  
But what did I find  
In time?  
Nothing but a blindness inside  
And golden birds in the clouds of my eyes

Then a ghostly waif did arrive  
And demanded:  
"Who will love or listen to me now?  
What lost urchin searches for my poor disfigured ghost?"

And so a Grave I did find  
In time  
Not one of the dead  
But voices echoing in my head  
They said:

Standing condemned  
The trial commenced  
None to defend her and no evidence  
Vaguely aware Of her hands in their chains  
Heedless of all that the chamber contained

The sentence was passed  
The barristers laughed  
When they had killed her they cut her in half

When golden birds flew  
Out from her severed halves  
They trapped them to sell to the gathered riff-raff

All the ghosts had gone unnoticed there  
They haunted  
Every corner of the court and  
Outside in the square they waited

Golden feathers now in their tin cages  
Waving farewell to the shades as they brought her to

This place where only memories can breathe  
She sits sewn together and scarcely bereaved  
Unheard she sings an unearthly lament  
And no one on earth seems to know where she went