

From A Tidal Sleep

In Mourning

A deafening sound echoed through the mist
A warm breeze gave the choice of silence to the wind
But the wind grabbed the water to summon the black clouds of the sky
And to open up the eyes of the grieving heaven

Leaving the depths to quench the thirst with rain
A drink from the hands that created the past

Rain upsets the cold surface, wakes what sleeps beneath the ocean floor
Tantrum rises from its tidal sleep to crack the surface of this very earth

Water, the bringer of strength to release the wave
Storm bursts out from the giant's mouth

When salt danced with the flames, the ocean and the sky spoke with fire
No sign of light at the horizon, Orion has faded, torn from above
Fell down from the heavens to be lost in the storm
Descended are the sons of the sky, to repel the assailing wave

The power of two wills divided by hate
In the last minutes of the tide, the hands of the foe held the saviors
Throat

A gathering to summon the dark hunter
Bursting into flames, cutting their strings from the heavens to fall
Into a towering battle between the stars and the sea
Face to face, the hunter stared into the storm