

## Sirens From The Underland

Mechanical Poet

Lay your head on a feathery moss  
Freeze your mind and drown in doss  
See the places you have never been  
Let the magic begin..

Bountiful gilt  
Stained the green  
Never-ending wilt  
Covered the scene  
Fanciful shades  
Gathered on the glades  
Wheezy summertime slowly fades

Mummified grass  
Cloaked the lanes  
Faint ruddy brass  
Coloured the plains  
Deep in the haze  
A pristine race  
Is beginning to sing witching lays

Wonderful ballads are lugging away  
You won't be back if you leave the way  
Sometimes a well-known voice can be heard in the choir  
From a nebulous mire  
Are they contented or just magnetized?  
Enfettered and still mesmerized