

Relic Of A Darkened Past

Morgion

Ancient is the relic once told
Foreseen in our darkened past
To tell a benign dream
A shadow's memory has cast

Simple is the one who sees it
Fit no wonder to sample
Triple, search through the bile
Sit and develop unthinking thoughts

Now among the old
Forever distant
Feeble, seen above
Loneliness, sold

Triple the search
Trifle the few
Born with unspoken knowledge
Nothing is forgotten, anew
Absorbing the foul, loving the spawn

(in a) crypt of my kept thoughts
Untrusting my inner sense