

The Mountains Are Mine

Mourning Beloveth

I have tasted it many nights upon my tongue the foreboding that worse lay in the dregs as I await some Stroke of Doom From a corner of this weeping earth ,my thoughts unfold onto this world and leave me cowering for refuge from torment and pain In silence I weep for lost memories so deep that I have torn all ties with the physical So let me build a wooden bridge to the moon and I will rip the heavens apart with my thoughts and my anguish

Linger in forgotten mountains all alone Cold beneath the moon Seek me and you'll find me Licking dirt from the ground

Mountains are mine Fountains of fine wine Never will you find For they are buried in my mind In silence I weep My loneliness so deep For they are buried in time Realised in your mind

Overwhelming anguish seeps through these veins turning my blood to ice,never to flow again Under innumerable stars in vivid brightness my mind was naked for all to pick Now free to roam across the jagged pieces (of heaven),wrapping myself round pieces (of heaven) Thoughts start to creep around my heart in vivid brightness,in vivid darkness

The cold night draws in and the children are skulking With fear of reprisal,but the Mountains are Mine