

## Destiny Falls to Ruin

Solitude Aeternus

I sat upon grassy linen  
Looking far into my thoughts  
Among deep and dark forests  
Lining a hazy grayish loch  
And there inside foreshadow dealt  
A vision to perception  
A prophetic form of imagery  
Manifest in shadows obscure

And destiny falls to ruin

No discourse but archaic filterings  
Of black and cryptic signs  
None helping a bleak understanding  
Of things not yet to come  
In the misty drizzle  
Entranced to deep in mind  
I saw an image foreboding  
Of the world which rests outside

I saw a sea of tranquility  
At rest in the arms of the storm

And destiny falls to ruin