

The Keep

Solstice

Who watches the watchers upon lunisolar shores
Of grim forest lake, in telluric angor
(Awake) yet I dreamt, as three suns had abade
Of wyrm-tongued, lurid, ill-sired scions
Who watches the watchers, who sought of their truth
A leering abyss that beckons to fools
But black pennants fly in a suffocating night
Atop a keep of lore, where hope yet shines
And black pennants reign in a suffocating night
Atop a keep of lore, where hope yet shines