

The Sleeping Tyrant

Solstice

Out of reach in realms beyond
All light and truth the hidden son
From bloodied womb father creation
Narcissus high among the suns

Under inanimate lakes of carrion pallor
Where the weight of purity bore him down
Enthroned on thorns of brimstone fury
The thief of always anoints his brow

Legion guide us, calvary calls
Entwined in threads of earthbound lust
The blood of Hubris rising (fearful)
Cast him down, nay cast him out

Beneath sombre forest funeral halflight
And moonsoaked spires of mighty oak
Titans march to summers death throes
Valour gilded hearts to overthrow
(The Sleeping Tyrant)