

## Land of the Dead

### Summoning

Where forest stream went through the wood  
And silent all the stens there stood  
Of tall trees, moveless, hanging dark  
With mottled shadows on on their bark

As faint as deepest sleeper's breath  
An echo came as cold as death  
Long are the paths, of shadow made  
Where no foot's print is ever laid

No moon is there, no voice, no sound  
Of beating heart; a sigh profound

Once in each age as each age dies  
Alone is heard. Far, far it lies,

The Land of Waiting where the Dead sit,  
In their thought's shadow, by no moon lit

Upon the plain, there rushed forth and high  
Shadows at the dead of night and mirrored in the skies

Far far away beyond might of day  
And there lay the land of dead of mortal cold decay