

Bones In The Undertow

Thrawsunblat

When she hardened with the cold
we would cross her and marvel in her
winter-white beauty.

Until she awoke
and claimed her first lives, in the spring.
And as they roll on the riverbed below,
Sustenance reclaimed by the neverending flow.

Now she's stolen another soul,
Another captive within her ever
Autumn-black beauty.

And as they roll on the riverbed below,
Sustenance reclaimed by the neverending flow.
And as they dance on the riverbed below.
Nothing but bones in the undertow.

As she creates, so she destroys
Livers of life must always repay.
As she creates, so she regains.
All whom she feeds she must one day reclaim.

Go, Wanderer! Cross this black stream.
Can you smell the distant fires on the horizon?
Can you feel the pull of the unknown mists?
Of the unknown forests stretching into the skyline?

And on this dark day as I cross
This New World Rhine with her own rings of gold.
She will whip me and bewail me with the wind,
To rip me into her depths, and claim me for herself
As the trees on the shore stand silently and watch.

As I stand out upon the shore,
And cry out to the breathing current,
Each and every one 'neath this Maritime sun
Grieves my brother; I must reclaim him.

And so I throw myself to the riverbed below.
Resurrection sought in the life-bearing flow.
But as I roam on the riverbed below,
I see nothing but bones in the undertow.

As she creates, so she destroys.
Livers of life must always repay.
As she creates, so she destroys.
All whom she feeds, she must one day reclaim.