The Church, Dream

Washed into a sentimental gloom Loneliness about the Battle-clad Byzantium commands And these dark cards look nothing like my hand

Lightning strikes a second time Songbird knows just when to die Emperor cries immortal from the grime Sun is in the hole in the sky

Interest builds up with perfumed pride There's an enemy cruising on the plain tonight years it's lost and then it's Don't know how I'm so far off from my bed

Memories of serpents in the drain Melting like ice in the rain As my self grows closer to the grave