

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