

# And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead, How

And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead  
Miscellaneous  
How Near How Far

Looking back in time  
Through verses set in nursery rhyme  
At oil painted eyes  
Of muses left behind  
I swear I know not why  
Those eyes have always left me dry  
She stands with arms stretched out  
Towards the mountains & the clouds  
Oil painted eyes  
Blind yet hypnotized  
I swear I know not why  
Those eyes have always left me dry  
(How near, how far, how lost they are)  
I've rendered every line  
Every contour of a muse's eye  
Painted in my eyes mind  
On canvases of time  
I swear I know not why  
Those eyes have always left me dry