

Enslaved, Enemy I

It was here I was born
While the stars held their breaths
After ages of pseudo-presence

I climbed the final steps
Up from deep beneath the shores
Eieth no longer sleeping gal

Thus alive and the stillness
Only to be broken by whispers
Towards the moon

Bloodred from the Unborn Ones cries
That will not be silenced or rest
Forever more and awaken not

To paint in blanks or wither
Beauty blinding no more
than the whole is less now

We see clearly what was not there
The prey become predator
Slaughtering not raging blindly

Through tunnels of sorrow and lust
For solitude and peace of mind
Says it is time to unmask and face

Behind lines - that is Enemy I