

Faith And The Muse, Mercyground

Air-built madness: unfamiliar charm
Hides in the softest eyes
And ponderous smiles manifest denial
But heavy heartless
Conscious of our load
Hurlled by dreams into a separate world
We dig the thoughtless earth
With fingers lighter than the breath
Of lifeless minds awaiting death
On this mercyground
What may transpire in this stagnant posture
Tradition multiplies
Where repetition reigns and the air smells of age
And prayers of sightless
Blind us to the earth
Disenchantment sings in voices fortified
Our sleep is justified
Prone and weary from descent
Our eyes reflect empyrean
On this mercyground
Safe inured we lay to rest
Pinioned by our helplessness
On this mercyground
Empty smiles drag us down
Until we softly kiss the ground
And all movement is lost
Silently we all sink down
Embraced within this mercyground
And all movement is lost