Mechanical Poet, Frozen Nile

The morning lights
Annealing eyes with cold
A tempest rides
Defiling skies like mould

I see a dream being wide-awake
This world is running mad
A crazy trick that I can't take
When limbo lies ahead

[Chorus:]
I see the Nile entombed in a hyaline case
So clear as a heavenly blaze
The hoary bodies of hippos froze in glaze
Sphinxes surmount with lacteal bays
Resignedly standing at gaze
When croak of perishing toads expires in haze

Palm-trees have bowed to winds
Falling to vitreous sands
Wherries like pointed splints
Stick out of stony bents

Does anyone retrieve a key?
Which devilry we meet?
Uncanny scenes have seemed to me
And overturned my creed