

# Night In Gales, Tragedians

bark! we are the tragedians, we march abreast,  
onward to our inmost, forever exploring the heavens to claw at carrion,  
to cloth our hearts in thorns and our wounds in robes of salt.  
tearful darkness, me! for yours is an inmost of scarlet tears,  
and likewise is mine of mournful origin was the herald of the sun,  
as its marrow drowned in us, the hordes of pain,  
laughing within the flames of a veiled and fevered tale,  
but ashore the threshold to our very own tragedies  
our eyes cannot move the firmament of grievance,  
holding the essence of all naked limbs,  
so sore but yet heading for other tales  
from the blazing valleys in our midst...