

Solitude Aeturnus, Destiny Falls To Ruin

I sat upon grassy linen
Looking far into my thoughts
Among deep and dark forests
Lining a hazy grayish loch
And there inside foreshadow dealt
A vision to perception
A prophetic form of imagery
Manifest in shadow obscure
And destiny falls to ruin
No discourse but archaic filterings
Of black and cryptic signs
None helping a bleak understanding
Of things not yet to come
In the misty drizzle
Entranced so deep in mind
I saw an image foreboding
Of the world which rests outside
I saw the sea of tranquillity
At rest in the arms of the storm
And destiny falls to ruin