

Solstice, Only The Strong

like a moth to candle
the summerlands made home
a hollow shell, our utopia
now empty lies his oaken throne
veiled in mist, true revelation
secrets of this blessed realm
through life and death, commiserations
in struggle, valour to overwhelm
each day, another pain
each dawn I die, at dusk we pray
empty dreams in midnight clouds
cloaked in doom, the darkest shroud
sleep the years hind walls of silence
safe in cairns of deepest black
weary of strife, the rancour
strength of conviction, now flowing back
cast in iron our resolutions
the melting mirror would not show
reflections of a weaker side
only here are we all
I shall not drown in his golden tears
save. these truths for the weaker man
nor lay my head at his feet
to tremble as the meekest lamb
kiss me now for I have sinned
upon my brow a crown of thorns
ease this doubt with whispered promise
as I open my veins to greet the dawn