

Amour & Armor

LOST

A crow's call breaks my concentration,
On the dark years and their desolation,
Warm summer winds scatter my thoughts,
All the things that were not to be.

Cold water splashes on my haggard face,
Of my youth, this mirror shows not even a trace,
All grown up in haste.

What happened to you, I wonder with a sad smile,
Since us there's been a thousand miles,
Through the empty valleys and open plains,
Broken rallies and blood stains,
All the years of ceaseless rains.

Fragile are my feelings for you,
Memories that turn my mood to blue,
How the best things in life always take two.

Do you ever think of me from time to time?
Back when our love was wild and blind,
How we used to shine,
Were you ever really mine?

Demon Sea

Sunlight shined through the solitary window,
On a vacant strait back chair,
Left of us, only blinding memories,
Of lovers from way back there.

I pushed you away,
At the bottom of a spiral stairs,
All our lost yesterdays,
Wondering if I still care.

A mid-July moon shined,
Tragedy played to the final line,
As we embraced for the last time,
A mocking kiss, forever good-bye.

Can I miss you and still be free?
Shadows of emotion flee,
As we're swept across this demon sea,
Can you smile when remembering me?

Rain drips through the solitary hole in my heart,
My existence sometimes cramped by the dark,
Forgotten now, was our tendered start,
As our love slowly drifts apart.

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Footprints of Giants

I walked with giants,
They sang songs only of you,
Footprints of the gods,
Stole you away too soon.

They chanted of your glorious deeds,
The great strength and wisdom that you knew,
Truth against the world was your only creed,
Never a heart so magnificently true.

Beautiful flowing strands of gold,
Hidden beneath a brutal battle helm,
Divinity captured in your very soul,
Tormented by the weight of a lonely crown.

I soared with giant eagles,
They rallied only for you,
Footprints of the gods,
Stole you away too soon.

Dance of the Long Grass

Long before the coming of covered wagon trains,
In the distant hills the Kiowa danced,
The long grass belonged to the buffalo and to the wild
mustang,
Honor was heaped upon a warrior's bloody war lance.

Long before the Pony soldiers came,
The Cheyenne lived upon these lonely lands,
Hide covered Tipi dotted the open plains,
To the south lay the burning sands.

These hills and valleys did not belong to men,
It was a place to linger for the gods alone,
A glorious place to wait for the world to end,
For centuries, the tribes made their home.

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Under the Black

I have suffered great and terrible things,
Destiny dragged me back into the darkness,
Ash covered particles, the only survivors of my
dreams,
My cunning helped me to escape the slavers harness.

As the lights of civilization burned out,
Slumbering giants awakened in the blackness,
My survival instinct murdered my doubt,
Navigational mutineers of my moral compass.

My skeleton hides no longer in my closet,
But whispers of great violence from upon my flag,
Elite brain splatter drips down my gauntlet,
The devil's heroin comes from a pirate's swag.

The pale light of your reason invades my dark haven,
A coward's blade hidden behind your cloaked back,
Blood soaked oaken decks as we ride Poseidon's
waves,
Your terrifying reasoning died right here, under the
black.