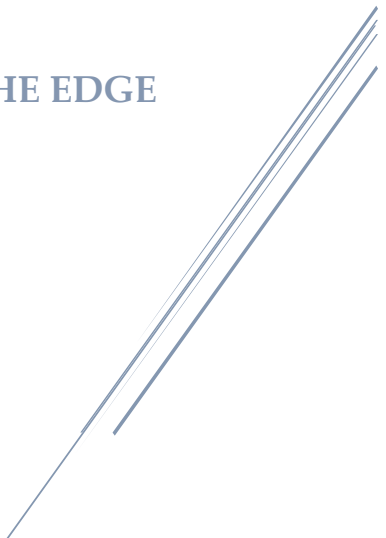


WORDS FROM THE EDGE

Y. Kent



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There is a world like nothing has been seen.

Eyes have been deceived and lies have been spread.

If the truth was ever known,

Who could have hidden the knowledge,

Who shielded from the world, friend or foe.

The answers are furthest away from the innocent
eye.

The question remains who to send to investigate,

Who can be trusted to learn to see beyond what is
made for disbelief.

Those peaking a glimpse before having not done
intentionally,

And if they did otherwise, their experience was
never shared.

Secrecy has been kept securely guarded.

In blood lies the only passage,

In dreams the barrier shrinks.

Who spread wisdom if none of it is known.

The guard has been careful, mourning the death of
this side,

And on the other world hang words of sorrow for
those never to return.

In tapestries the images are hidden in plain side,
Locked away never to be reached by the dreadful
eyes.

Sinister carvings written in blood, calling upon
those who sleep all night.

Their call awakens shattered bones,
Their whisper running through the veins.

And in the river past the trenches,
Where solitude was once the gift of man,
The echo of forgotten times chills past the wall of
slumber where eternity surrenders.

The first words sung by the melodic voices never
heard.

Never is the promise they are spinning.

Never true, never there, never partial, never care.

Never in the mist of man have they revealed the
phantom's way.

Who to follow, who to blame,

On either side the war reigns on windy paths.

Hollow are the footsteps taken in the trenches'
mud,

And in the midst of battle, raised the scream of
birth of legends and of nightmares.

When teary eyes sink close to slumber deep,
The world beyond is but a labyrinth of shapes and
flickering lights.
Reality all lost and what is seen in other fragments
lays forgotten,
For the waking hour feeling empty.
The puzzle of the hieroglyphs unattainable from
memory.
What has been sought, forever lost,
What guided a dreamer's hand, forbidden to recall,
And yet a memory does wonder, what the thief of
dreams has bereft the living blindly.

The traitor of one world shouts loudly,
Awakening undead from their holy sleep of
asunder.

In the middle of the rose, the petals burn.
Bloodstained legacy of liars never called to action.
Reigning horrors is one's destiny, made up from the
shallow deep,
And yet their followers rise by the hour
Called to arms by heroic thunder,
And once the storms are raging the sea will swallow
all who dared to dream of fields of gold.

Black is a future where history repeats its most
formidable mistake.

Carving hope from all souls,
Leaving wondering shadows with bodies yet, unlike
a ghost.

With the howl of midnight the alarm rings,
The undead return to walk the world's failure.

Who to turn to when in need,
Who to stand with on the shaky ground beneath.
In a hissing lies the warning, in flapping wings the
hero's calling before the burning spear of
righteousness aims for the heart.

In the oyster of this world the walls have thinned.

Nine mirrors behold the stairway razor sharp.

Surrounded by the smoke of ages,

And the teachings of the ritual kept vague.

On purpose locked away from slavers and their
breath of death.

The crown will hold whoever crosses wastes.

Vengeance will find aim from arrows heavenly
blessed.

Will hero on the one side stand victorious through
guardian's hand, in a game of mockery and
villainess.

Partial to the other world the victory stands
demised.

Variants upon variants flood the imagery of what
could be.

Who will see through the mist of trickery,
Who will sense what rescued songs in the below,
From deep beneath a lament aid, the ground will
shake.

Open will the floodgates to consume what little
there is left.

The mystic will remember none.

All that's left, gone in a stir of panic and assault,
never dared to be alive.

What time to live, what time to never been,
Rolled off the tongue, cut off to torment silence.

Fate stands vigilance for a hero of the ages,
Calling names, passing from mind to mind.

Holding out for a gene tainted from the start.

A hero to be doomed, who calls them so,
A martyr last of its kind, to walk the way of knights,
And at night the birds do gather, circling over dead
man's flesh like mice for slaughter.

As the closing words sit within the hour,
The growl of above narrows time and reshapes its
faithful lamb.

A tool, a gem, a sacrifice with long standing
payment due.

Mark the absence of a prophecy,
While prophecies have been spun, occurred final
faded still.

The breath of dragons fills the air.

Treason where downfall has laid waste.

When one and other do come together, the first gate
will break like shattered ice over the rainbow sea.

In the reflection of a missing soul the final truth
prevails.

The absence has kept the frozen piece well hid,
And without a beginning there shall be no end.

Colours once united will rise in factions to the roar,

The borders will breach like birth never stirred.

All lives lost,

All ends will tie once more.

Hollow is the last, empty was but the beginning, in
between the war rages never lost nor ended.

While the presence asks for one or other,
The question of another world hangs by a threat.

A balance has been out of cards.

What else is there where shadows linger,
Where sounds are alienated from the months that
whisper.

Stop all that tethers.

Warn those who are called to the trenches.

Follow the echo's call to the end of the abyss,
forever trapped, forever haunted, forever betrayed
by those beloved.

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From the land without a name
To the deserts of the other world.
Blooming lush just before the darkness manifests.

And at the closing, where dreaming lives in the land
of blood,
Their eternal love is bound from shattered
memories just.

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