

# Enslaved, Enemy I

It was here I was born  
While the stars held their breaths  
After ages of pseudo-presence

I climbed the final steps  
Up from deep beneath the shores  
Eieth no longer sleeping gal

Thus alive and the stillness  
Only to be broken by whispers  
Towards the moon

Bloodred from the Unborn Ones cries  
That will not be silenced or rest  
Forever more and awaken not

To paint in blanks or wither  
Beauty blinding no more  
than the whole is less now

We see clearly what was not there  
The prey become predator  
Slaughtering not raging blindly

Through tunnels of sorrow and lust  
For solitude and peace of mind  
Says it is time to unmask and face

Behind lines - that is Enemy I