

Falconer, Halls and Chambers

Victims of the renaissance might
screamed in the dead of night.
The horror, the horror.
Ruler in Machivellian days
stole all their days away
to darkness to sadness.

I still see painful eyes.
I still hear distant sighs
among shadows lingering on.

Gaze up high into the open sky
from these halls and chambers.
To the moon and to the winds I cry.

Souls aglow in the darkest of hue
miseries are still undue
forever and ever.
I caress the thickening
air and all memories it bear
with yearning and longing.

I still see painful eyes.
I still hear distant sighs
among shadows lingering on.

Gaze up high into the open sky
from these halls and chambers.
To the moon and to the winds I cry.

Far behind these castle walls
glories and virtues fall.
Fall for the lunacy.
Deep inside where the time
weep tyranny is fast asleep
in shadows in echoes.

Dim is the bay for the grim and the grey
as destiny's proven unfair.
Fair as a fay is the dawning of the day
at which I forlornly do gaze.

Gaze up high into the open sky
from these halls and chambers.
To the moon and to the winds I cry.