

Falconer, There's a Crow on the Barrow

There's a crow on the barrow
saddest of figures in grey.
Guardian of the royal grave
ancient legends say.
There's a moan from the upon hill
clad in a silvery light.
Dweller of a forgotten tomb.
Dormant heathen might.

Croaking at the autumn sky.
An accolade in the wind
carried to the ones up high.

There's a crow on the barrow.
Silently spying into the dark.
There's a crow on the barrow.
Secretly scowling into the black autumn night.

There's a present calmness so dense
a bower of eternal peace.
Vague shadows in reverence
like breezes through the tress.
Echoes of the ceremony.
Flashes of silver and gold.
Offerings of beast and slaves
while odes and legends told.

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(x2)