

The Mountains Are Mine

Mourning Beloveth

I have tasted it many nights upon my tongue the foreboding that
worse lay in the dregs as I await some Stroke
of Doom From a corner of this weeping earth ,my thoughts unfold
onto this world and leave me cowering for
refuge from torment and pain In silence I weep for lost memorie
s so deep that I have torn all ties with the
physical So let me build a wooden bridge to the moon and I will
rip the heavens apart with my thoughts and my
anguish

Linger in forgotten mountains all alone Cold beneath the moon S
eek me and you'll find me Licking dirt from the
ground

Mountains are mine Fountains of fine wine Never will you find F
or they are buried in my mind In silence I weep
My loneliness so deep For they are buried in time Realised in y
our mind

Overwhelming anguish seeps through these veins turning my blood
to ice,never to flow again Under innumerable
stars in vivid brightness my mind was naked for all to pick Now
free to roam across the jagged pieces (of
heaven),wrapping myself round pieces (of heaven) Thoughts start
to creep around my heart in vivid brightness,in
vivid darkness

The cold night draws in and the children are skulking With fear
of reprisal,but the Mountains are Mine