

Tangerine Windows Of Solace

Sieges Even

I. Alba

II. Epitome

"And dawn found him there wailing around
The somber remain of his past"

In days of innocence, in guarded, delusive idyll
Conceit ignited silently, at the burial of youth.

In repentant hours I was looking back
Into the future of a desolate past.

Too many coins thrown in fathomless wells
A wish out of reach:

Vague fragments of meaningless days
Performed in the light of flaring candle.

"And from the dregs of life hope to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give"

Memories fade again as dawn awakes.

III. Apotheosis

In hermitage I may wash away the pain.
Strongholds will ward off apathy.
Children, leave these walls for
Zephyr will look the ebon door.

Tears of dread stain a decrepit face,
Soak the garden and rust the brazen lock.
Morn sees a god in solitude
As torrid skies announce the daily drab.

Maniac laughter escapes a selfish mouth,
Silence is the answer as summer leaves the castle
walls.

Autumn's golden scent perfumes his paradise
Yet northern skies fortell of dreary and darkened days

And the windows still remain untouched and barred,
They hide an anchorite who sighs for his private
apotheosis.

Outside the autumn lord bids farewell, frightened by
the old man's dream
Gives way to winter's icy reign, passing bells
applauding in the haze.

IV. Seasons Of Seclusion (The Prison)

The ambition and transient desires
Breed muted walls of isolation.

Pouring rain soon turned into snow,
Covered the blossoms, a recluse heart
Spring and sun left the old man
Like the children who left with the dawn

Never to return

North wind came all wrapped in grey furs
To disclose the isolation that filled his inert soul
Velvet shades concealing the shadow of a man in
His lifeless world apart.

V. An Essay Of Relief (A Tangerine Dream)

Look far away, so deep within
Through windows of relief, over walls of vanity
Shallow seas drown the tireless rush that hurts
The artless soul, I wish I was there.
Wait by tranquil streams, there's no aspiring thought,
Neither sorrow nor conceit, no desponding word that
We live all in vain:

VI. Disintegration Of Lasting

Old man, is this you hoped to receive
From a life of content?
Look upon your burning world of solace torn
And pride forlorn, nothing remains.

"Through desolate oceans we reach a quiet shore,
Truthless prayers consume our search for lore.
Descend from fictive mountains of content and earthly
fame,
We leave no trace but strongholds built in vain."

VII. Elegy (Window Of Perception)