

There's a Knocking at the Gate

There's part of me, hidden from the light
I hear a whisper, calling me into the night
I feel a summons, though I resist with all my might
There's a knocking at the gate

I can't follow fate's nimble sleight of hand
The walking shadows beckon though I'm not theirs to command
I fear the heavens high, the oceans deep, the forests grand
There's a knocking at the gate

The harsh spotlight melts the wax off from my wings
Autumn leaves form from young buds of spring
Yesterday I was a warrior, but today I am king
There's a knocking at the gate

I lie awake, until the end of all my days
I thought this was my path but it resembles more a maze
When I touch the ancient tree all the roots start to decay
There's a knocking at the gate

All shall give thanks for my glorious ascent
All shall give praise until all praise is spent
They sing me songs of honour but I only hear laments
There's a knocking at the gate

Instruments of darkness paint the skies in blood
I wash myself in gold while all the others bathe in mud
The wooden arcs set sail as the red seas start to flood
There's a knocking at the gate

The sirens sing their truths but their intentions are not pure
The animal within all men throughout the times endures
Growing is a sickening plague for which there is no cure
There's a knocking at the gate

Beware the idiot's tale
The dragon's scale
Poison'd entrails
I laugh to scorn
The warrior's horn
Chance may crown and fate may warn

All my kinsman now deceased
Death rises in the east
Once a flower, now a beast
The knocking stops

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