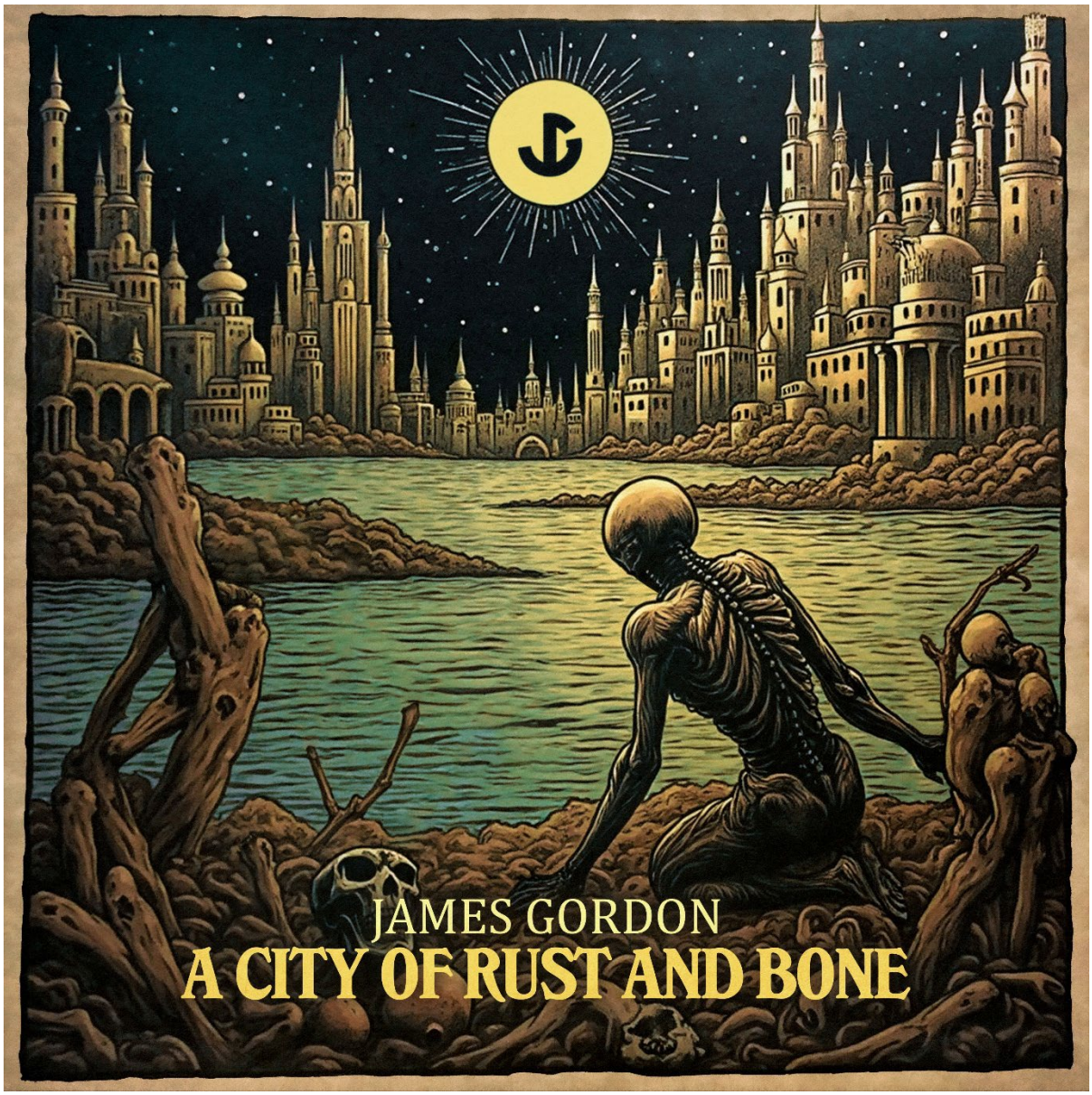
A City of Rust and Bone



A City of Rust and Bone

There's a city in my dreams
Calling out my name
Carved from rust and bone
Somewhere in the sullen rain

A city of sleeping gods
In the shade of the ashen tree
Under the pale moon's gaze
Dawn sets the sleepers free

Welcome home, no longer alone
Hear the singing flame, calling out your name
Welcome home, no longer alone
Hear the singing flame, calling out your name

In a city drowned and lost
Beneath a foul and leprous sky
Corpses turn their gaze
From the endless burning eye

In a city blushed with rot
Sits the throne of the yellow queen
The unravelled monarch waits
Down where the dead still dream

There's a city in my dreams
Calling out my name
Carved from rust and bone
Somewhere in the sullen rain

Clockwork Sky

Ghosts of mild silver and ghosts of furious gold
Under hot and copper skies the dead will do as they're told
The turning of a burnished earth laments the ticking of his soul
The man in the machine, riding these bones

His seared gaze sees beyond the glare
No marionette strings are holding him there
The scales fall away and he glimpses the lie
No watchmaker's hand turns a clockwork sky

Those frail phosphates glisten, those cathode rays sublime
A geared pulse dividing time into 'yours' and 'mine'
Rusted joints refuse to move, embers fade in glassy eyes
Automata has done his duty, he can lay down and die

Mechanical heart has wound down to its last
This loyal machine has done all that was asked
Blind eyes dry now with tears unshed
Darkling shadows call to the dead

His seared gaze sees beyond the glare
No marionette strings are holding him there
The scales falls away and he glimpses the lie
No watchmaker's hand turns a clockwork sky

Caught in the aching haunted glow of a phantom lullaby
Clockwork sinner begs forgiveness but receives no reply
Clinging to the tarnished hope in toothless gears of his mind

Maybe the pattern isn't set, maybe fate is blind

Once and Future Queen

I didn't fall from grace, I was pushed
Less than wave, less than wave
This thing that hath no home, this thing that hath no grave
And this restless flotsam of rage seethes below
Sway in the wind as the corbies preen
Whose is that voice? I know it well …

Ashen men who lie uneasy
Sons of shadow from hollow graves
Tears fall on sullen bones
She waters their souls now in vain

Her fallen kin who once tore forth
In all the pomp of blood and war
"Sons of battle, tenacious host
From dust and ashes, hear my call"

Fear the dead that will not die
Bury us deep lest we rise
And curse the stars that burned away our dreams
If you'd steal her once then steal her twice
A hundred times we'd give our lives
For the once and future queen

Born of darkling tenebrous womb
Old before man walked this earth
And feared the dark cast by frail flames
Each primal scream cried out just for her

Under a mocking yellow moon
Our pallid queen comes to grant us breath
Moon-white monarch pursing rotten lips
We rise for She Who Lives in Death

The bell strikes one and shakes the silent tower
Here in the dark where the guilty cower
The twilight sky turns red
The graves give up their dead
Blackened hearts no longer beat with shame
Justice for sins committed in their name
Rejoice my pretty reapers
For all you've sown in tears

"Come kneel before your jealous queen
Who paid in blood to set you free
Woken from your eternal dreams
If you would be damned, be damned for me"

Orphan’s Curse

An orphan's curse would drag to hell a spirit from on high
But worse, far worse, than even this is the curse in a dead man's eye
The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out, and in the dark we rise
Seven nights on a rotting sea and still I could not die

Lords of the Lamp

The rain is full of ghosts tonight
That tap and sigh upon the glass
They wait for an answer but I give no reply
As I pray for another night to pass

The witch-fire burns and moans as I tend the lamp
From the deep I hear the tolling of a bell
I look upon a seething sea of souls who call my name
Born of salt-foam, crowned in cockle-shells

They sing:
Oh I wouldn't lie to you
You came here searching for the truth
Save your tears for your feeble god
As in the dark we rot

I see dead men gather in the signal's sour light
My watch has ended, duty long since done
I tried to bury my sins beneath the sodden harbour sands
Six feet deeper down to hell, yet still they come

To sing:
Oh I wouldn't lie to you
You came here searching for the truth
Save your tears for your feeble god
As in the dark we rot

In a strange city, drowning in the dark all alone
Beneath the leprous yellow moon, death has reared himself a throne
And the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Move on to their eternal rest

Like moths to the beacon's flame, flutter the restless dead
Bodies blushed with a million-coloured suns
Bow down, my sullen flock, to the emperor of dreams
And thank me for all that you've become

And sing:
Oh I wouldn't lie to you

You came here searching for the truth
Save your tears for your feeble god
As in the dark we rot

Roll the Bones

Call them up by the light of the moon
Tear them from earth's harlot womb
What began in folly, ended in tears

Call them up by the light of the moon
Tear them from earth's harlot womb
The teeming dead lie sleeping here

My heart no longer beats out the rhythm of rage and furious war
My lips have lost the taste of your flesh all bloody and beaten and raw
We've walked the rim of the world, we've lurked at the threshold
Of this feast of flesh, this carnival of brave and bold

We'll roll, we will roll
Until heart and soul are gone
We'll roll, we will roll
We'll roll our bones along
Until thy will be done

My lips have lost the taste of your flesh all bloody and beaten and raw
My heart no longer beats out the rhythm of rage and furious war
There is nothing sacred about skull and skin and bone
May the last embrace of the clinging earth welcome you home

Men die that is what they're for, and all your broken gods
Will see you victorious or they'll see you no more

Shadows Waiting

The vine hung cottage, by the great rock slope
Turned my mind from elm and hempen rope
I glimpsed and ran in frenzy from that place
From a four-pawed thing with a human face

Mad soundless revels of the dragging dead
And not a corpse among them had hand or head
And I, the old man, sing to the moon alone
As the shadows lengthen in a city of rust and bone