

Sunday, April 13. 2008

Sins Of The Father

I dreamt of blood upon the shore, of eyes that spoke of sin.
The lake was smooth and deep and black, as was her scented skin.
A mask I wore as I approached, I was what I am not.
And though the pattern was unclear, it's meaning could be bought.
Drawn to Bacchus's abode, I sought there to conspire.
But it was in the city of the dead that I found my heart's desire.
I spoke to one who smelled of death, he gave me to his ears.
And crosses that were marked were made into a veil of tears.
The road was blocked, the truth was shunned, the white flag had been waved.
Reversal cost me all I had, and everything I'd braved.
And then the night became as day, I glimpsed nature's reddest claw!
The face of fear looked back at me as I gazed into the maw.
My last ally laid to waste, I ran towards the light.
I prayed for one to change my path, to give me strength to fight.
Inside a hidden chamber where I had no right to be,
I found the wheel at last, or could it be, the wheel found me.
And then the wheel went round and round, I could not find my way.
Twelve and three and turn the key, I heard the madman say.
Deep in the earth I faced a fight that I could never win.
The blameless and the base destroyed, and all that might have been.

-- Gabriel Knight

Posted by Rory Brown at 20:14