

The Father Returns

The Sun has fallen yet again,
Routed by the cold mistress of the night.
His lofty throne was lost to sin,
His subjects left to mourn his dieing light.

The moon, she marks his frigid grave;
A reflection of his glorious reign.
Stars rejoice in the blackened nave
And twinkle applause for the Father's bane.

But short is life and shorter death,
And that which was will again come to pass.
An eastern glow gives living breath
To the trembling trees and cowering grass.

A battle churns in eastern skies,
The tainted mistress slowly loses ground.
Victory greets the sleepy eyes
Of the Father's flock, to which he is bound.

Westward she flees his fiery wrath
To dwell for a time in shameful defeat.
The faded stars follow her path
As the Father takes his Heavenly seat.