

ARCTICA

Beneath the barren icy wastes,
In glassy polar seas,
Concealed within a shield of mist
Where even echoes freeze.

A land of mirrored crystal caves
Glinting from the deep,
Hidden in a dappled maze
Where broken angels sleep.

In shards of luminescent blue
Lie splinters of the past,
Which float like dreams that might come true
If only they could last.

Where waterfalls no longer sing
And memories have fled,
The ghosts of ancient voices ring.
Hear. Everything is dead.

Isabelle