

FLESH HERONS

By Richard Paul

Hidden alone in the shadowed places
And of a mood for crafting and creation,
The Prince of Wraiths took skin from slain disgraces
Stitched and shaped by unspoken dictation.

-* = Suggested Stressed Syllables

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CHORUS

Nineteen souls in flesh begirt,
Steel beaks designed for hurt,
Brought to life by secret words,
Nineteen featherless, flightless birds,

CHORUS END

Set loose in his woods, where bandits would dwell,
The Wraith Prince set his children loose to practice.
The knaves they would know, the knaves they would quell,
His heron squires proved adept at this.

(CHORUS)

The tempting eyes they could take at their will,
By shrieks they'd scare the innocent away,
Their father asked for shreds from every kill
And these they brought him every red-billed day.

(CHORUS)

In time the woods ran short of ne'er-do-wells,
Merchant carts once more took up the roadways,
Such a change did please the Wraith-Prince well,
But his herons needed meat; they could not stay.

(CHORUS X2)