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The Song of Aktush

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College of DuPage

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Knightwright: The Song of Aktush

know my story.

Know every single round loaded
and every single bullet fired.

I'm not going to let you
close enough to take that away from me.
Close enough to hurt, abuse, or betray me.
I'm not going to let you
close enough to want me.
Close enough to hold, cherish, or need me.
I'm not going to let you
love me.

The Song of Aktush

Alexander Knightwright

Vengeance stalks a blasted heath
The silent hosts in rank beneath
A silent ruin of crumbling walls
And from the sky, the raven calls.

O'er the silent moor-lands deep
Their silent footsteps softly creep
Their faces drawn with ghastly palls
And from the sky, the raven calls.

Silent rank by silent row,
A silent host of silent woe.
From ivory tower, the Monarch falls
And from the sky, the raven calls.

"The King is Dead, long live the King" –
Their silent voices blaspheming
Those silent towers, those silent halls
And from the sky, the raven calls.

Before the silent throne they stand
The silent lord of silent land
His eyes twin scarlet blazing balls
And from the sky, the raven calls.