

Lucius's Monologue

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"Do I deserve the greatness I gained for my misdeeds?
Do I deserve the ire of those who gave me my iron?
For I am not surer than the hale storm or the warm wind.
As for my life, so brief,
Why should the sun's brightness bring me no repose?

All the promises were broken, all blood was spilled.
I am the last of my kind, a witness to our crimes.
A stain upon the greatness of my land.
Will you wash your hands in my blood as well?
Will I in yours?
Will you ever feel remorse?

Have I not given you enough?
Have I not bled enough for you, my God?
My country, my city, my home?
You have no equal in either pride or scorn.

I deserve the hate of every heart.
For I was not brave enough to stand.
Only to walk the path the others laid.
Will I be brave enough to fall?

I bear the shape of a man, yet I am nothing now
But the steel sword I hold in my hand.
Do I deserve greatness for my accolades?
I am the last of my kind, a witness to our crimes.
Let those vows be forgotten.
Let me be broken."

Mourning the Moonlight

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First Circle

In ancient of times, you sailed through a river divine,
A vast, silver eye, of a perfect design.
The ghost of my dreams.

A beauty second to none, the paler sister of sun,
The silent jewel of night, she was undone.
A cold light I cannot hold.

She was stolen by hate, of those who ceased to create,
Mourners left to forget woes of the sky desolate.
The dark of the past.

Second Circle

I walk under the Ways, tired steps on ancient land.
Grinding bones and minds to dust and sand.
All empires fall.

As the heart leaps to defy, true peace is destined to die,
To the spirits unleashed Canan is but a gilded lie.
Still bound for eternal tide.

Third Circle

No ground remains for me to build my home upon,
Only whispers of dead deserts and sunken tombs.
A past I cannot change.

My protector above, witness my call!
O king of kings, in fear of greater fall!
Let me share in your sight!

I am forever faint of faith and weak, lost and alone,
A guiding light I seek, for treacheries of past I would atone.
Give me the strength to defy.

Fourth Circle

The Red One spoke, in wisps and echoes never meant to last,
Its flame a searing serpent, closing on me fast.
A vessel of its voice.

"You cling to the wave, Abaris, but forget your chain," it spoke.
"In your haste, you speak of those none shall invoke.
You summon death.

O friend, I know you well to carry faith in your intent,
Your ceaseless lament made even me relent.
The gates of memory shall carry you away.”

Fifth Circle

So in memory you will rise, from the silver sands of night,
My home, my tomb, my throne, unseen within light.
On the Sun’s sacrifice.

A vessel of time, a testament to days forever gone.
We are the children left behind to stand alone,
It shall be left untouched.

Final Circle

In ancient of times, you sailed through a river divine,
Through veil of night, and blazing dreams, now go.
As long as memory shall be.