

Warlocks

Pray tell who be the warlocks
Who pluck the strings of fate
That woo the fairest maidens
And their hungers quickly sate?

They seem to hold the stars in place
Yet lead their every step
And with their beat they set the pace
And hold the Lord in debt.

They make all hands go clockwise
And cover rocks with moss.
They lay the path of sunrise
And dig the grave of dusk.

I've trod the earth to no avail
And searched the sky in vain.
I've asked the wisest sages
But the question still remains.

So if you hear the harlots
Their memories relate
Pray ask who be the warlocks
That pluck the strings of fate.