

*Estelene was a quiet soul  
she kept largely to herself  
and on a silent night, you could hear her scream  
from her house on the sandstone shelf.*

*The gloom of sunset shone  
in broken beams of red  
and blackened shadows, stark and clear,  
cross'd the bloodstains on the bed.*

*Drip... drip...  
She walks silent as can be.*

*Heavy breathing followed shouts  
to echo in wooden halls  
where room to room her father went  
with leaden footfalls.*

*A sticky clang would hit the wall  
every time the hammer swayed  
in the calloused grip of the sire dear  
whose mind was so frayed.*

*Drip... drip...  
Her feet begin to drag.*

*A trail to follow left behind  
in shining pips and pools  
down the floorboards and upon the windows  
were smeared the ruddy jewels.*

*She screamed, "Please father stop!"  
as he brought the hammer down  
his eyes wide and red as the sun beamed last  
upon her crimson, shining crown.*

*Thump... thump...  
Her heartbeat beat its last.*

*Estelene was a quiet soul  
she kept largely to herself  
and so she stays, hanging from the tree  
before her house on the sandstone shelf.*