

# Enslaved, Smirr

He sees his world through the crystal state of departure  
The hooves echo the approach of the third coming  
On it's back a goddess with shining black armour  
The steel that will separate the will from doing  
Closing in as he falls to his knees, surrounded by  
Plasma of dying chapters  
Life succumbs to silence, desire alone to the dying  
Of inner banes  
His hands no longer grasping contraction as he laughs

Winds play their mourners dirge through heaps of corpses  
The hooves thundering the arrival of the final coming  
Carrying forth the seeds of eternal night  
So that the Shadow may sleep, eternity weeps  
While we laugh and remain forever

She feels the cold floor giving no comfort as she fades  
The hooves echo the approach of the third coming  
On it's back the faceless her Elder Ones saw  
The agents of microcosmic change shattering the megalith  
Stories told, divinity unfold  
She passes on, yet remains in Smirr  
Cold remains scattered in dead void dreams