

# Hollenthon, Homage - Magni Nominis Umbra

A gentle rustling assents  
to gusts of fury south and west  
Foretelling of the nearing guest  
of rapture and of doom forlorn

Behold the streams, the undesired  
Beneath the shadow of his wings  
Descending in his silent power  
Majestic being the tempest brings

The desert sands may bury deep  
Enigmas that were once to keep  
But true to legend past engraved  
Continueth the search for prey

Behold the streams, the undesired  
Beneath the shadow of his wings  
Descending in his silent power  
As guard, as executioner

As dew bites dust to bitter end  
And ivy breathes its deadly breath  
The roving minstrel, troubadour  
Intones his eastern song of yore

Behold the streams, the undesired  
Beneath the shadow of his wings  
Descending in his silent power  
A grinning child in wretchedness

An aria of howling pain  
An ode to torment and distress  
A grip that holds beyond demise  
An empty stillness in his eye

From whirling sands and heightened sun  
To heightened moon and gusts of wind  
As guard, as executioner  
Beneath the shadow of his wings