

# Hollenthon, The Calm Before The Storm

No cypress shades the grave  
But gentle violets weep with dew  
Weave on war-torn bones  
Buried nameless in eternal sands

Sound no trumpet of mourn  
Forget not the wandering soul  
One with this brazen earth  
With vilest of worms to dwell

No sunshine reverent  
But stoic storm clouds soak scarlet ground  
Wash the bloodstained face  
Vanished nameless in eternal sands

Listen closely  
Dreadful and grand  
The hush of the null and void  
Slave to fate kings and desperate men

Await the splendor  
Dreadful and grand  
Lingering shadows undead  
Slave to fate, kings and desperate men

Forget not wandering souls  
With vilest of worms to dwell