

Meadows End, The Final Opus

500 years ago, at the withering meadows end.
A prophecy was told that the saviour wont be...
...Saved!

I cant deny I am suffering through my body and my soul.
The primordial powers has shattered the world to its core.
We are the ones who has fought for nothing.
I resemble the dying dreams, its not a beautiful sight I have seen.

All outer echoes falling from the skies.
Reveals a secret from a world that dies.
Do swear allegiance, my empty promises of hope.
Controls the the power of chaos defined.

Is this my Final Opus?
The flower thrive in thy pain.
I am dying!
My vital force come oozing out my veins.

Of each year a progression towards the attraction that turn us down.
The astral journey towards another day, another life, flickered out the sun.

Ive seen the end of time!
Dark endless years, a reflection of my heart.
My soul departing this life.
With or within retelling.
The bolt of heaven, the heaven took the strike!