

# Solitude Aeturnus, Seeds Of The Desolate

Shifting silent shades  
of seething thoughts abroad  
Amuck in shallow graves  
not of solid Earth  
Silhouette charades  
of cascading shattered walls  
Confusing conscience craves  
but we must not fall ...  
At the first sign of light  
We approached the once closed door  
A gaping hole to that beyond  
Where men should go no more  
Descending stairs of icy stone  
Carved by man himself  
We built these frigid cavern halls  
Where limbonic lives have crept  
Chorus:  
The seeds of the desolate  
Sown in the blood of ourselves  
The seeds of the desolate  
Have we forever failed?  
We stepped into that swallowing void  
Exchanging life for death  
Descending downward ever intent  
Taking life from our fellow man  
I speak to fragile forms in moving mass  
To men with intent awry  
To solid forms of Earthen mind  
Whose burden equals mine