

Altar of Plagues, All Life Converges to Some Cen

I was young and you promised that we would live forever.
Now the road is too clear, and seeing makes me choke.
The brother, the sister and the son. All of them are gone.
Who will conduct the ending scene, now that my love is extinct?
Once we have reached the silence, the making of my soul will be extinct.
Slowly lead to a home far from home, with no space between.
Nothing was promised, it always remains.
Horses are rapid and ready."