

Axamenta, The Midnight Grotesque

(Atlantis, 10.500 B.C.)

Under the wings of synthetic nightmares
Ravens uncloaked madness upon crimsoned shores
A malicious seduction entangles the womb-withdrawned
As he divulged Pandaemonium in deranging tongues

Daylight will drown in shadows of eve
Lands atrociously plundered, suffused, besieged
A last cast to be shed on Atlantis' pale crystal flesh
Spat upon the raging tyrant in th emidnight grotesque

! The doors to her splendor spread their limbs
The massmessiah draws fires from ruptures aloft
Sweeping light away-into the scythed abyss
Obeseing heavens-torment the unlit nebulae

Silence fell in an overwhelming heathen urge
Seething shadows creep towards the verge

Sepulcure lights were smothered
Skies' last eyelets latticed
All eyes looked to the waters
Ablazen with fire
Infernal merlons rose
Riven from Poseydon's tainted
Tongue luting, fear-laden
Veins with nighest death
Clashing all hope to certain stain

Annihilate, desintegrate, rape the lands to a tattered fate
Deprivate, deteriorate, the pride of Atlantis is stained
Hissing commandments, armageddon enraptured forth
As the screaming gyres grew to succumb

Daylight is drowning in shadows of eve
Lands are atrociously plundered, suffused, besieged
A last cast is shed on Atlantis' pale crystal flesh
The tyrant stands tall in the midnight grotesque