

# December Moon, You Can't Bless The Damned

Villages died without survivors, death erupts in my eyes  
The cattle roam, aimlessly, across the countryside  
Crops rot in fields, for lack of hands to reap  
The dead are thrown over Christian walls and lie in crumpled heaps...

In transit plague is held by mist  
This hellish deed now they have kissed,  
Where bodies fall in faith defeat,  
The sacred ruin of Silent Street...

I'm overwhelmed by notion, my story thus unfolds  
I gaze upon the obituary, a scroll to disenshroud  
Mordibity of centuries, was never tolled  
This pestilence manifested under a vanquished lord...

To the sounds of solemn prayer,  
The deathbringers they came  
Unfortunate laws of nature - leave us naked in the rain  
No words of spells or act of strength,  
Could lift the damned nor sway the stench...

Little comfort for mind or soul in an era so surreal  
A place I dream a mortal trace,  
Calls from the dark, I see a face,  
It's pain, it's fear, without a doubt I learn the past,  
It's reaching out...

Rats run wild onto the street,  
Strong escape, sick cleansed by heat,  
Urban fire burns to the ground,  
The hand of fate spreads through the town...

In light, things bear fruit and thrive,  
In darkness, decay and die,  
Remember, to retain insight,  
What use are the lords of light...

White souls you'll burn !