

Diabolical Masquerade, Blackheims Forest Kept

In Dewy Fields of an Autumnal yet Springful Age
A Forest was Seen yet Impossible to Gaze Through
Within only a few Trees all Sound Devoured
Even the Open Skies Outside would Lose it's Light
Once the Darkness Could Escape it's Souflight
Winter Crawled Away from Earth to Keep the Forest One Seasoned

The Wolves got Gathered by their Hunger
They Starved since the Day of the Riddle
Into the Trees of the growing Silence
Watch those beams come and go again

The Snow had Always been Falling to Shadows
He'd been ready to see monuments of a few Gallows

One Dominion through all of the Twenty
The Pale Moonshine - The only Light
Winternight - Seasonlight
The Black Elf - The Only Creature
In a Dominion for no Mortals to Reign

[Voice:]</i> "...The Sentinel demanded Solitude, so it had to be Winter Forever..."

Blackheim - The Father of all the Black Elves