Dies Ater, The Last Of Storms

Born in haunted captivity as stars bled

Dusk's bringers of storm, a degraded rapture of light

Driven by storm, conquered hazy fields

While fallen emperors were drowning through the night

An imbrued and tortured valley, sweet wounds not to heal

Gleaming in faint moonlight, left for ages...

Distant towers, covered by mighty shadows

Glancing in a feral light - realm of ice

Infernal fires introduce the coming of Hell

Longing for promised victories - resurrection's storm

With raging insanity on the Almighty's side

Swords spilling out men's lives - the battle turns

A wounded, withering landscape left behind

Where carnal statues turn to dust

As daylight sets for the coming of the deciding dawn

A tremendous clash hits the vanquished battlefield like a funeral storm

And finally as dark turns to light,

A memorable solitude of despised souls pushes within sight.

An elemental light-crushing victory for men, so night shades are free to crawl,

Perpetual sounds invoking prayers, hear them whisper and murmur.

An obsessed, even doomed army graced by the devil's mark

A devious hunger

for a disgusting feast, strange illuminations to come

Wounds sinner war breathing fire

Chaos master flesh trembling dawn

A burning throne, absorbing all surrounding delight,

Gifted with cold supremacy

A tearful, dark time under the reign of one king

Thundering down its divinity.

Fierce, unhearted creatures inspired by a gloomy cohort,

Now guarding once tender seashores.

Compassion being erased, extinguished at the gates of dawn.

Tender dreams to follow this course.