

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, unheated
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.