

# End Zone, Conqueror Night

Welcome inside this coil,  
Mortal and proud, complicated gear,  
This diligent sweat smelt black toil,  
Barren and vain in it's petty fears  
Night comes down and captures them all... fall!  
Now in this noiseless dark air  
Sparks are glares and rustles are dins  
While the warm wind is swaying my hair  
A fright inauspicious begins:  
Here, under this omniscient still,  
Something intensely grows-  
No sound just thrill  
Night- bird of prey who gazed below  
In menacing shape, savagely  
Up on an eminence, quickly saw  
Prey that slept in it's fantasies  
Then apace  
Domineering one  
Finished the chase,  
Exulting in grim fun  
And flew to let the sun...  
Daylight gifted the rays of truth  
Rushing suddenly like a flood  
All the fowlers knew none of course  
They saw no traces but the blood  
A trifling, trifling epitaphic loss  
For those protecting life  
And for those,  
Endless those who raise the Christian Cross  
Against Conqueror Night