

End Zone, From The Distance

From the fields once cleansed by rain
From the forests and lakes
From the hills standing sullen in silence
Which do know no human pain
Canst thou see sombre fog
Tricleth in thy slumberic reign
Fog curls in this place where
Crust covers earth's face on
Dusty shores of Styx
Mud and treasures mixed
Human made maze
Irksome, endless, sick
Fire
With no warmness
Gap filled up with reek
Lightless be all surrounds here
Never they all to be sunlit
This place is forever possessed by the fear
of morn sun to appear
Void will feed its malicious greed
Here the spawns of underworld
Beneath the mist so cold
Single pale spark of the life
Is extinguished by their will
They're self imprisoned in their cells
Self isolated graves
Where every graveworm treats itself
As the Midgards snake
Spark has ripped ashen cloth
Fog has swallowed it
Stoneclouds filled this bottoms sky
Closed the stonecoffins lid
Covered creatures condemned by no doom
And the place of only gloom
Where's no sane seed to breed
Where even earth is waiting to die
Ghost of the city fades
From thy divine place
Here
Tentacles're left
Last spies of that mist
As remembrance
Of unbroken circle
Ugly in this eden
In the daylight's blaze.