

Horna, Sword of Darkness

I have bestowed pains in lucid and timeless graveyard harbours by my own sea.
One stone was cast in it's glass waves...
Disharmony, infection.
I sighed a storm that drowned them.
Bare a foot upon my shore illumination.
Tombstones...
In the calm of the water.
Shine of unholy options, mirrored by wintermoon.
Choose and I may not...
Bare a hand upon my shore illumination.
Darkness.
Life is not the answer.
The hands are rotten.
Fool's reflection, vanish now.
I am still the disintegrator.
Lucid ultimate pain, dissolver.
In the years of brightness
until my hateful victory
the garden grew...
Withered thoughts and vivid words.
Vanish now.
I have cast the firemist
for those in truth
shan't bare the illness.
We are of His flame.
... The Revelation.