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.