

Meadows End, All Of Them

In a peaceful dying.
I know the throne was meant for me for a peaceful dying.
Vigorous hearts for angered masks.
It's common trade in the Somber Nation during faith in the season fall.
The season falls in a masquerade.
Hails in the name of deceit.
Hails in the name of the fallen me.
Greets my perfection at heart.
Smothered by earth's embrace, makes earth's embrace suite a death parade.

Life is lies and forever you will be marked by that in soul.
So know that when you clench your teeth you suffer forever, in this hell for mortal souls, and count

Order of worlds went awry, scorching the sky.
Conquering the nimbus so old.
Guardians of Somber Nation falls.
Pioneers of nature, those are the few.
Dead in the stories, those that we knew.
Order of worlds are in chaos.
As we breach walls.
All of them!

Leave this somber world behind.
Shows no pity.
Let the fallens lead the way.
For the bringer of wounds.
Stronger psyche than anything.
A curse and damnation so foul.

All the remaining souls, clenching their bare fists in fear.
Fear of staying on these grounds.
Carved like in stone as we leave them behind.
All of them!

Conquering the spawn.
Returners seldom care.
An usurper, that might die, now the answer for their cries.
Brought from the dead to become bringer of wounds!
Brought from the dead as the...

...order of worlds went awry.
Scorching the sky.
Conquering the nimbus so old.
Guarding the purgatory of gods.
Worlds built in order, so in this cell.
Natures restrictions force dead to dwell.
Rekindling a soul once anew, sending the heathens to their doom!
All of them!