

Meadows End, End Of Fallens

What is life?
Burning hungers to be heeded at any cost?
Does it differ?
Surface-time from afterlife?
The passage between the two vast lands.
Guarded by the Fallens hands.
Sublime practised supremacy.

Gods persevere and fall into their own mindflayed cell.
Where the cryings are lost forever, so pitiful they'll be.
Mere denial of dysmal thoughts.

Is this the end of fallens, which these worlds divide.
Ancient inscriptions, in runes, of magic words.
Black-angelic creatures, breed inside of open wounds.
Leave hold of avengers forever?
Is this the end of fallens?
Do hope these runes endure.

So my friends, history, leave a mark in the books as the Council now have freed.
Embers shall fall, on the day that writings die, the son back from Deadlands stride

What is life?
Burning hungers to be heeded at any cost?
Does it differ?
Surface-time from afterlife?
In the world of minds you shelter.
It's your haven when nature fails.
Need a solid mind to lean against.
Being the first to realise.
How to pass the fallens twice.
Enter Deadwalk gates and back again.

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Leave hold of avengers forever?
Is this the end of fallens?
Do hope these runes endure.
Is this the end of fallens?
If so dead magic flow.