

Ningizzia, Spirit Of The Abandoned

Through a forgotten realm,
an endless path of sorrow.

A season of darkness,
among the shadows,
I walk alone,
in desperation I am bleeding,
the cold winter of my soul.

Painted,
towards,
the dying,
sun,
this land,
of eternal,
desolation,
abandoned by ancient wisdoms,
once a glorious,
entity,
now embraced,
by silence,
I feel,
so,
cold.

My hope is fading away,
emptiness covering,
my body.

Here I lay gazing the weeping moon,
in the darkest skies,
so alone,
alone.

If only I could,
feel her embrace,
before I enter,
the world,
beyond,
sinking into eternal,
sleep,
oh my bleeding,
soul.

Sinking,
into,
the,
obscure,
away,
from a,
tragic,
existence,
hear my,
cry,
as I,
die.