

Old Mans Child, Born Of The Flickering

Enthralled into the dustwind
Crusaders of a lost battle
Warned by a thorn of war
Jeweled in their own blood

Yarns of fugitive elements
In distance to the thorncastle
Empire bricks thrown to the soil
Sharp and poisonous thorns

Pure it is, like defenseless spring births
Unpleased by a sudden nightfall
Turned its back on love and life
And made it all unpure

Lovesongs of the dove, seen through
Time of what he song
A messenger of the nourishing light
Were attacked of enemy ravens
So therefore, it song no more

Pearlgate servants, in the end you gather
In the clouds beyond clouds
Foundation walls of the raising temple
Prisoners of a time that was

Promised sentences long before years
Came to join the hearse that rode
And will always ride
In the hearts of them, historical plague