

# 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