

Pagan Lorn, Gone... And Forgotten

when time meets the end
names and deeds are forgotten
when time has buried all your memories
a soul loses its value
when living becomes surviving
when the forthcoming belongs to the past
you will kneel down
and pray to the horizon
to get a nightmare instead of reality
someone has given
and will take away
in a time of weakness
strength and discipline measure your life span
separating guilt from innocence
beyond help you face the truth
a triumphant procession into execution
combine your smile with honour
remember a day
different from the others
it is the day we will fade away brilliantly
then out of a sudden
through the lines of confusion
he breaks unharmed
unequal to everything
ever known
ever imagined
no one knows where he came from
or where he will go
this obscure
fearless
and blameless being
and for a last time
the old guard rises
to investigate
under the heros command
the dark stranger will
rip up your eyes
and blind you with your blindness
things are long done
your duty is to pay
for our faults
to die
but who cares
in the last hour
knowledge followed by decay is senseless anyway
in a rain of purification
a new belief is injected
existence is an arena
our death the sensation
acceptable perfection finally is reached
ride the passage with the brave
there will be no addition
while perishing
would you carry his honour
could you speak his name
will you accomplish the last order
filled with calculation
and glory
without regard
marching into a new area
while a black phoenix will overcome
any dream
and blathering
is imprisoned

in a mental cage
any weakness
any emotion
is sterilised
because acceptable perfection has been reached
the time has come to end this
the time has come to be gone and forgotten
to save lustless feelings of yours
someone has given
and will take away
in a time of weakness
strength and discipline measure your life-span
separating guilt from innocence
beyond help you face the truth
a triumphant procession into execution
combine your smile with honour
remember a day
different from the others
it is the day we will fade away brilliantly
he has disbanded another part of infinity
he will go on with the flow of another time
and while his spurs resound
and fill a dead world
one will know
he taught to die with a smile signifying nothing !