

Solitude Aeternus, Seeds Of The Desolate

Shifting silent shades
of seething thoughts abroad
Amuck in shallow graves
not of solid Earth
Silhouette charades
of cascading shattered walls
Confusing conscience craves
but we must not fall...

At the first sign of light
We approached the once closed door
A gaping hole to that beyond
Where men should go no more

Descending stairs of icy stone
Carved by man himself
We built these frigid cavern halls
Where limbonic lives have crept

The seeds of the desolate
Sown in the blood of ourselves
The seeds of the desolate
Have we forever failed?

We stepped into that swallowing void
Exchanging life for death
Descending downward ever intent
Taking life from our fellow man

I speak to fragile forms in moving mass
To men with intent awry
To solid forms of Earthen mind
Whose burden equals mine