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