

# Solstice, Cromlech

Lend me your steel moribund man  
For three suns drown a kingdom (of dusk)  
And (as lost portents) three moons wane  
The soil drank our blood with insatiable thirst  
A mute ocean sleeps behind dormant eyes  
The warrior (that was I) a shadow in stone

I was the wrath beneath the heavens  
In ebon forest, upon oaken throne

I was a liege at the end of light  
By alchemiculture, petrified  
Circean substratum (a conflux corrupt)  
Invictus (I fell to Cthonian touch)  
Heinous megalithic ruins yet stand  
Carvous flesh reigns in my wake  
Sapient, lorn, pariah to all  
Three suns would see me still unborn

(Hail, Hail)

Lend me your steel moribund man  
For three suns drown my kingdom (of dusk)  
And (as lost portents) three moons wane  
In righteous forged fury, I'd slake my thirst