

A Hymn To Mortality

Aeveron

For aeons the "worms" have been pursuing but one target: imortality.

But this phantasm, thanks to thee, fulfilled never ever shall be.

Praised thou shalt be
O' precious mortality!
Cleansing the earth
From the weaklings of the wormian race.

Through death, thy employer, thou weakest favor among the "worms".

Every single one is reaped by this sharpened scythe.

I can hear the "worms' " death knell resounding in my mind.
I glorify thee for thou dost decimate their arrogant kind.