

Etiam Perire Ruinae

Asgaard

And then rain fell down from the sky
Like a painful wall of tears which
Took away the joy of life from
Every creation with its nostalgia

Then wolf crying standing
Lonely on the top of his dreams
And his tear, like a beautiful winged crystal
At last to disappear in the embrace
Of silent infinity...

Dead silence all around...
Only echos of early days
Were shaking mountain's pillars
Soaken in blood
Of the last flame...