

## Held in Hollows

Be'lakor

Through tainted mass  
A scourge unseen  
Brought three winters forth  
And set between

After these hundreds of years  
The embers and fate will collide  
Her rotten heart has burst  
And shattered through dead wood

When they drank from the earth, the end was near  
Tracing paths that once ran alone and pure  
Suffused within, the blighted decay  
Now snapped into dust, their splinters fall

But a tithe to the wind, his frail grasps  
Clawed for the moon then came undone  
When all hope fails in the last broken bough  
Her strength will be gone

Churning ash and husks in the bitter winds  
Crack the earth and burn the sky  
A wry procession of hubris  
Where nothing remains

But everything changes...  
In destruction she will create

Arising in glory, the searing gaze  
Crimson-handed specter of death  
Under the blood eye of furies  
Bury their feeble hearts