

His numb fingers clenched around infamy
The blurry transparencies of misty dreams
Washed his atrocious soul
Praised for his vaulting pride and sinister hubris

Betrothed to a doomed song of
darkness stronger than god himself
He disavowed his soul for ages
hoisted the sails when the storm
started its mournful lament
He stepped forward, silent, lightnings in his eyes

The sons of men on the brink of death
How much they suffered looking at his mysterious glare
And the heavens in their eyes faded, the day darkened
The shadow swelling casting its black wing

Like the flame fluttering in the wind
Panting with bitterness
Entombed in a smoking urn
He descended into the dark abyss of spectres

Dimmed are the sepulchral candles
With a cunning gesture of his crooked hands
Immune to the stare of those piercing eyes
The king of chaos merges into gloom