

# The Art Of An Endless Creation

Dies Irae

They were drawn nigh by void,  
By abyss, tranquility, heat,  
Demise and silence  
The perfect order of death  
The angels of illusion  
Ready for creation  
The grand show of the universe

For great are the forces  
Of fusion and flames  
There, where the bitter fear ends  
Where power grows in strength

For open are the goblets of despair  
And the circlet made of thorns  
Here, in the caves, where  
The illusion and freedom fade

And from their hands  
A fire shall spring  
And craft the suns  
The angels of illusion  
In the act of making  
The art of an endless creation

For great are the forces  
Of fusion and flames  
From their hands  
A fire shall spring  
The suns and the worlds  
United in fire shall last until  
The next creation