

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