

In A Time Of Honour

Drowning the Light

As the leaved turn to rust in the crimson decay of autumn
After the summer rot the chill starts to set in
The storms start to brew and the rolling thunder in the distance
e echos through my soul...
These times I feel at peace and at one with all
Away from the insects, worms and societal sheep
Alone and lost in time
The night falls and the sound of the rain mesmerizes my being
I close my eyes and get taken back into another era
The fire burns through the night and as the sun rises
I awaken to the sounds of battle

The ravens circle the fallen
The dead cannot be mourned
As the blood is still slowing
The stench of death intoxicates my nostrils
Steel against steel in a time of honour
This is where my heart belongs
This is where I want to be.