

The Lake Flower Of Evil

Equirhodont

My mind is penetrated by a flow of Tones,
Sneaking Death is looking sad,
Bloody breeze ripples the water surface,
The eye of the Lake grew dark.

The Ominous Flower bends down,
The deadly lullaby it's singing,
Delightful verses are luring you,
Come closer, come closer.

Time stopped like a bead of sweat,
Dew drops are shining
On the naked bones of the sleepers,
The Flower of Horror is singing for you.

You're falling asleep.

What a beauty awaited me, what delightful enjoyments. Who called me? It was
the Ancestors of my Ancestors. The Messengers of Reasonable Beings.
Beautiful. Noble. Powerful. Demons. It was Them. How I desired to meet Them!
During my existence I have never met them - and now They have called me.