Awaiting

Ethereal Pandemonium

As the evening spells were whispered, and invoking words were told the flames from the embers arose by silent trees which were behold then a prophet, a wise man said...

I see a beast, burning down our temples, Under a symbol of a cross-nailed man, Killing our children, for we're all pagans, He's not too far, from where now we stand...

And as Luna hid her silhouette behind the clouds, From the dark, a christian stepped out...