

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...