

In Pestilence, Burning

Evoken

Where the silence moves with every beast.
Beneath them sits the wrath of their sickness
No Mercy, No Pity, wind swept sands of the blistering light.
Farewell greenfields and birds of flight...

They dream on banks of summer beyond the beauties of the world.
When jealousy shall shadow thou woeful plague.
Pestilence burning seized with the tears of dying children.
I am nothing in rapturous trance...