

Moving amongst the many pathways of the aether  
The silent one, the harbinger of woe  
The oracle of sorrows yet to be  
The unnamed foreshadowing

Marauder!

Like the carrion-crow that circles the charnel-field  
He knows his moment is soon

"Render ash Unto Them!"

As the penumbral darkness lengthens  
And the layers of quintessence are pierced  
On void-trails of scorn he descends  
To sow the seeds of this world's decay

Crawling and cowled  
Oracle of the End, the doom-sidhe

Watching... Waiting  
Watching... Waiting

Stands unmoving upon the blasted moor  
A sightless gaze that sweeps this reality  
Ghost-white fingers bring blight to flesh  
As whispering words strip life  
From the very landscape of men  
Reaving the soul of the Earth