

A brutal banishment,
A condemnation unfeeling,
Compels me to wander,
In dreadful isolation
Why?

Why must I leave behind all that once was mine?
Ahead lies only an eternity of vacuum
No life awaits here amongst the forlorn soils of the Malediction Fields.
A people lost,
A tribe without spirit tethered to a land that no longer remembers,
Trapped within valleys that scream without mercy,
Prayers to a long-dead body go unheeded and unheard.

The ghostly cries of the abandoned carve ruin into the fabric of my senses.
Yet my back is turned,
My heart stone,
There will be no return for one such as I.
For I am but a man,
Fassible yet free,
Purity and principles scattered to the harsh winds,
Stoic beneath waning skies swollen with the promises of pain.
Descending spirals of a withering storm-scape,
Echoing the chaos that roils within the fragile stem of the Earth.

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