

Edge of Oblivion

Forefather

Edge of oblivion, heads in the sand
Wolves in the fold raping the land
Shadows of men by meekness consumed
Weak willing slaves marching to doom

Dire whirlwinds growing, the craven fall deaf
Seek no compassion, mailed fist you will get
Standing defiant, the bold brazen few
Storm-battered monoliths, guardians of truth

Edge of oblivion, bewildered they fall
Madness and chaos darken the halls
Powerless servants basking in woe
Headlong to nothingness, gladly they go

At the final hour they see the chasm opens wide
The feckless fall into the void

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