

From Darkness There Springs Light

Glorior Belli

Light is sour blood spilled from pregnant skies.
Frothing & turning, ignoring dead wings as they drift by.
It reveals blood & rust from twisted faces.

Long shadows are the devil & death the cold breeze.
Coughing & choking in the fading night, I smiled...
The fruit of labour grew in the fertile world.

Only to fall and decay among the wings that are curled.
Light is blood spilled above the five-pointed stars.

Surrounded by the dark eye in this forgotten time, I lied!
The fruit of labour bloomed in a scorched world.

And now... From darkness there springs light!
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