

The Foolhardy Venturer

Glorior Belli

When Earth in its young prime languished with
grotesqueness
Where solely wicked chimes loudy would resonate
A challenging saraph whose chants force hearts to break
Had divine glory found in sordid depths unknown

He reached a place so down he felt his wings perish
Crawling through desperate lands, not knowing night
from day
For so long he remained dormant in such grey lairs
But never will ignore the essence of his strife
Painting a mournful world, by fierce natures engulfed
And from that brave journey a very beast was born
Sometimes he asks himself is truth still deafening
But then he laughs in panic of delight Satanic

Howling by the moonlight:
Father, I've raised you to renown
And laud your thousand names to despicable crowds
But had I wished to bring you down, revealing your
secrets
Your shame would surely match your questionable pride
And without fame you'd be but a fool to deride!
Then thought no more, for suddenly his logic failed
Silence and utter night has become his temple

When Earth in its young prime withered with deviousness
Where solely blatant chimes would resonate
A confronting seraph whose chants could enlighten
Had divine glory found in a darkness that burns