Of Splendid Worlds

Hollenthon

The secrets of cities fade The wail of cretins cease Enveloped by waves of shadows As armies of locusts charge Devouring our hell Fateful days lay twisted and in ruins

Morning dew, a dying soul As flowers fade to black Forget-me-not's remember well The call of darkness brought by the lonesome wind Fatal whispers and tears of death

Void, formless, fear-breathing Ill fury Will damn you To never see the light

While the souls of martyrs mourned As the cries of chaos plagued a dying world We stooped down into the depths Of a splendid world Blinded by the haunting depths Hand in hand with sinners Until soon all was lost