

Against The Grain

In Vain

An outright war
Rage in our lands
As nations collide
For reign and might
Cities set ablaze
By torches at night
Bodies torn by plagues,
Left to rot
Vultures drawing near
In the mountains at night
Wolves howl

Red moon falls on the horizon

Towards the beckoning end
And the wait for redemption at hand
Harvest of dead seeds
Burning crops of disease
Barren soil in the vast landscape
Burning sky
Falling from grace

Families in exile
Leaving broken homes
Plundered by marauders
In the search for gold
Cities set ablaze
By torches at night
Bodies torn by plagues
Left to rot
Doom descends upon our lands
Our outlook is bleak
Wastelands

Flowing with the moving wind
On a pathway to the sun
An incarnation of the icon
Transcend into the atmosphere