

Moan Of The Grief

Khors

In the mist of cold gloom
You can hear the moan of the grief
Illusive shadows of the past
Suffocating smell of fume.

Salty taste of blood, lacerations
Neigh of horses, breath of death.
Sunbeams burnt the souls
The earth was suffering human flesh

The wind carried away agonal rattles,
Loud shouts, furious moans
The flocks of birds of pray were spinning around in the sky
Life and death become as one.

In the darkness of the night
You can hear the moan of grief
Fury of feebleness, painful rattles
Moans of the burnt earth, divine sobbings