

Mysteries Cosmos

Khors

In the twilight of the battles that are dying out
With ashes and clotted blood layer,
With fragments of great cities
The former world has been covered.

Stars, dying away, having cast their last look.
On epoch's decline, plunge into the gloom of chaos
The Earth has fallen asleep under the icy cover of eternity.

Only thought and memory
Are moving through the frozen darkness
Conducted by avidity and greed of knowledge
Of the latent space mysteries.

Lengthways Yggdrasil to the source of destinies
And further into the gloom and to the space of an icy flame
Where the death keeps the secret
And grant it only to the strong.