

The Levelling Dust

Marduk

High on it's hill, the white house stands,
Like a mosque of silence on the cliff of demise,
An eastern outline against the light of the sky,
With the glare of sunset in the autumn night.

Behind Death's angel, the Sunset-glow darken,
Shadow thickens under oaken leaves,
Soon the last power streams of summer droop,
Around the dwelling of fire in the City of the Dead,

And as an echo of the Black Death,
Still lingers forgotten under the Song of the Wind,
A mossy remnant of the Dark Fates,
That the scourge of the plague us once bestowed.

Behind Death's Angel, the Sunset glow darken,
Shadow thickens under oaken leaves,
Soon the last power streams of summer droop,
Around the dwelling of fire in the City of the Dead,

And as an echo of the Black Death,
Still lingers forgotten under the Song of the Wind,
A mossy remnant of the Dark Fates,
That the scourge of the Plague us once bestowed,
The Plague Cemetery, nook of cracked stones,
Close by here slumbers in the place of centuries,
The Whisper from the Past Converges,
With the Temple of Death in our own time.