

The Voice Of The Labyrinth, And...

Mortiis

Aah... How beautifully old you are...
Labyrinthine earth-world, old already as the tower rose,
When the dust and stone rested heavy upon you...
No sound echoed within your silent halls and long,
Empty corridors in the darkness...
For your walls have not been touched or seen
Since your downfall at the end of the age of illusion...
So they say. Aah...
The destruction, the woe we wrenched down
Upon them and their unsuspecting kings and queens...
Mighty as they saw themselves.
We made them... made them grow and prosper...
Ba; thing in their won greed and empty pride...
For how many years did we not see the, feel their happiness,
Smelling their kingly perfumes...
And how we ached for their downfall
Laughed we did, and not seldom,
For what did these puppets know of our labyrinthine
Dungeons far below their jewelled palaces?
How could they know that their fates lurked deep under,
In chambers as dark and cold
As their deepest fears could never dream of fathom...

For I, I created these cities, as much as I hate them.
I created them and their rulers so that I could destroy them.
I made them ever prosper, so that the flow of energy
Would make me powerful on arrival to my workd,
My mind world made earth...

The labyrinth once held hordes of warrior spirits,
The spirits of the kind that roamed the world at that time...
Having been summoned into the earth...
They made the labyrinth, most ancient of all structures...
They took the powers of stone and soil...
And powerful warriors they became.

Aah... Ye cities fell and burnt...
The nights were alive with cries of war
And death echoed the surrounding mountains...
I felt the energy pour into my every vein and nerve...
And it filled my heart... And when all was over,
He pointeth his finger towards the south

Four cities fell... Four kings lost their power...
Yet a fifth and different kind of king
Was still to be sent away - for ever.