

## Swallowed by a Buried One

Old Man's Child

Invisible freeze in the blood-wet grass  
Combatants lying by their weapons  
Feeling the warm blood  
When the air turns cold and no one remains

Freezing the warm blood  
And eating its way through and reigns

Men from the desert lands  
by the sky-high forsakened hills  
Erased by the passing of man's creation

From the cliffs they have watched  
over the thousand seas  
And witnessed the decay and desperation  
As illness and plague have caught them all  
No one could heal, no one knew, for no one  
had ever the knowledge

Few could they count by the elfin kings  
That had seen what beauty had been raped  
What ancestors mad with their healthy hands  
What erected and what was formed and shaped

The finest art one had ever seen  
Spectacular admirement of these mystic lands

One stood there alone, the only one left  
Strong enough to survive  
He was built by death, he was known by death  
And he sings the victorious song

Simple deeds, destruction hands  
Defeating its material self  
We have left you now,  
you will never be found again  
Feeble fortune and rotting food