

The Poems Evil Page

Rhapsody

The silent willows keep the ancient stone
hidden behind that cryptic door
Rituals of terror quake all the ghostland
the bloody line now paints the cold floor
The evil pages are almost written
with the dark poison of flesh and bones
Fire is raining on the grey mountains
Waters are waiting for the last oath
The way is open... now they are coming
called by the blasphemous words of the lord
and finally the violent waves announce their arrival

and blood will soon be painting the beloved lamenting
ocean
The way is open... now they are coming
called by the words... the words of the lord
Ethereal harmonies spread through all the air
the unreal calm before Elnor's end...