

The Mournful Sunset of the Forsaken

Setherial

As your lungs collapse under the heavy weight of the
final punishment

The burden gets heavier and heavier
As the winged horror grasps its prey

A sworn of avenging messengers wielding blades
Sharp claws that tear your flesh apart

Drag your limbs
Through a delightful sorrow

As the punishment goes on the end draws near

Light fades away, hope dies
Fear and anguish turn into madness
And salvation is now a distant lie

The ones who ruled the land of the light
The ones who built their kingdom on lies
Now feed the hell hounds
And rot in the ground that gave birth to unlife

Virtues and dogmas crumble
Like pillars eaten from the inside
(By the disease called life)

The rotting garden witnesses the coming of the new
master
Light has abandoned the realm

The venomous wind blows the alley of sorrow

The rotting stench fills the air
Gathering into black clouds
That light cannot penetrate
The deadly poison is now neater
For the dreadful creatures
That dwells the realm