

# 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