

Death of the Tyrant

Soulfallen

"The light grew old
and the hour itself reeked of pure finality..."

The air was still, breathing unease
of oblivion's glacial release
And a promise of gravecold serenity

Among the lost, the tombless few
granted a sight, a perfect view
To feast our eyes on a world scale demise

For what were we if not mere flies
upon a storm bound to arise
Set to unfold from the very womb of Time

I witnessed the Death of the Tyrant
sans fear beheld the fading light

Bereft and left for death to take us
'cross distances unseen,
To worlds beyond this ether
on the broken wings of a dream
For the hour is upon us
Cimmerian night unveiled
And all shall be redone
where past creators failed

Lay down and embrace the deathlong sleep
For time has come for this crop to be reaped