

Cursed in the Past

Thaurorod

One time he did not know the tales ahead, the war
awaiting
His eyes were full of life and his thirsty heart felt
only yearning
He walked home through the forrest, wasn't aware of
losing it all
that all he cherished and stood for were to be soon
behind..

..And so it rose the seventh moon and silent was the
land
then wardrums echoed far from villages out of sight
And so bright was his sword that sought its voice,
waiting for battle
the great war that would seal his fate and slay his
dreams

And so there was the battle, moon descended and rose
again
Trees were burning next to him but still he did not
feel the heat
His sword laid on the ground as he walked towards the
flames..

And so daylight struck the land not so silent anymore
The wardrums pounding rose in villages, in the night
And there lied his blood-stained blade with body all
covered in blood
The signs of battle that sealed his fate, vanquished
his soul..

"Swallow your defeat and walk among the stars
Wander through the altar of past, there you shall
witness it all

But don't fall into memories, you can't have them back
Out of sight, out of mind they say
Still forgetting cannot prevent that which must be
..A Stain in your mind you can't wash away.."

There he stood unknowing where the path would lead
He didn't grieve as he sat upon his grave
The familiar face crying kneeled next to him
He realised this land was his no more..

..Once it rose the seventh moon and silent was the land
Screams still echo far from villages out of sight
And so cruel were his deeds in battle once upon a time
In battle that did seal his fate and slew his dreams