

Slake The Earth

Thrawsunblat

Pure April rain
replaced by
dead April heat.
Would it ever rain again?

Black earth cracking.
Scorched by the sun.
The rivers it drained
left us dying in the dust.

The world changes when it starts to rain.
Green radiates against the grey.
And we can find solace from the torch.

But it remained
Sol Invictus,
unconquered idol,
fire orb primordial.

Burning steadfast,
in harbouring skies.
Blistered vastlands
reeked of immolation.

The world changes when it starts to rain.
Green radiates against the grey.
And we can find solace from the torch.

Venite imbriferae ut terram alatis!
Venite nubes ut levamen donetis!

Pluvie, ubi es,
ibi, vita est.

The mist will rise,
in a haze, to the sky.

Iubar aureus extulerat Sol
flabat adhuc eurus...

Then came the rain
and it slaked the Earth.
Spewed across the land
and fed the rivers.

So poured the rain
as it slaked the Earth.
Rising from the ground
an ethereal fragrance.

Pluvie Optime, multas tibi gratias agimus.