

The Warprophet Dreams

Throes Of Dawn

Under the constellations of ruin
Under the cruelest crescents to witness
They march with the pearly tearflow
following their path
Hollow troops of Yersinia pestis
Natures own misanthropic art
under the circle of the stars

The warprophet dreams
of triumphant of desolation
the dreamswarm of locusts
the armada of dragonflies

Natures gift
the sweet kiss
of the death elemental
Perfect design
for human demise
in the warprophet's dreams

"There they come...
the Assailants of tomorrow
In silent rows they ride
Wearing the emblems of sorrow
Despairs shadows falling
from their eyes
empty as their black hearts
Their armours hammered
from the fallen stars
This the bitter battalion
of retribution..."