

# The Withering Goddess (Of Nature)

Throes Of Dawn

I found my Way into the heart of the forest  
Where the early mornings dew  
Still rested upon the sleepy grass  
Where the evergreen trees  
Sleep their enchanted dreams

Echoes of grief and sorrow  
In the air of this forest  
The taste of your bitterness  
In the spring waters  
Thy anguish I hear  
In the words of the winds  
Wounded Immortal  
- the withering goddess of nature  
Thy glory denied  
By those of the light  
Until the lands bear a rotten fruit  
Until the storms reap nations

Every man and every woman is a scar  
In thy astral body of goddess  
Thy presence was a shadow  
On the path of the light  
They took thy kingdom away,  
But their light has grown dim  
Their god has long ago withered  
Release the darkness of thy heart  
Until no man in thy kingdom walks

...and thus, summon the storms of plague,  
The winter endless, death the bitterest...

Together we ride to the storms of war  
Until the storms reap nations  
Until the lands bear rotten fruits  
Until no man stands  
In thy kingdom of glory