

A Looming Resonance

Wolves in the Throne Room

Staring onward,
As time stands still.
Devoid of tribulation,
While time stands still.
Starlight breaks this darkened haze,
Filter through decay.
Moonstruck children indisposed,
Malignant culture thriving on.
Defile the sanctum,
Of this place.

Winter now converges,
Drenched in all its blackness.
The last stalks of light are devoured,
Shadows
And so they march on hallowed ground.
History repeating,
Behavior that has been burned into the bone.

When time stands still.
A thousand years of fruitless searching,
Object of desire beyond the reach,
Of old and brittle hands,
with bated breath, anticipate the end.
Voices of the vanquished echo in the dreams

Where is the fire
That dwells inside,
Darkness returns with cold embrace.
Staring onward,
When time stands still.
Devoid of tribulation,
Time stands still.
Staring onward,
Time stands still