

The Ancient Prophecy

Adultery

Tell me, the gloomy window, why we are growing weak,
Why all spells are passing.
A thousand years of damnation passed and something is
Coming back - the eternity must survive.

My power cannot be broken, I cannot be dethroned,
There cannot be such strength and there will never be any.
Everything is burnt, except for the little hope and an ancient
prophecy.

Only I know the prophecy though, there are no fairies,
There is nothing any more.
They were drowned by the guardian of the sword. Is that true?
I saw it on my own. I cannot be deceived,
There are neither fairies nor anything else.

Only black hearts and tears of those who survived remained.

A thousand years passed. You are sitting, having a feast,
You are conceited and keen, but Ambloque never forgets anything
.
I am leaving but I will come back and it will prove if the prop
hecy lasts.