

## Defiance of Death

### Dark Fortress

Twenty Norsemen ahorse, clad in furs and gloomy armour tread the  
roads of mist  
Among the ancient mountains, passage to beyond the realms of man  
Passing crypts of kings and wizards, of priests and noble leaders

A valley filled with fog, travel without light  
The gate was magnificent, like sculptured of ice, shimmering through the  
misty veil  
With a blue light of unearthly origin

Beyond was another valley, surrounded by an unconquerable wall  
of mountains  
It was of purest, gleaming white except for the sky  
Which was black and starless  
And a pale looming fullmoon hung in the midnightly scene  
Below's a frozen river, and trees like giant, misshapen skeletons  
And the black stone monument on a crystal hill,  
Bathed in the moonlight like a pock wound on porcelain skin

Onward, ever onward...  
With swords drawn the Norsemen stormed into the castle's hall

Spirits of the damned, cursed to drift forever  
Hellish shapes of stone, wicked claws and fangs  
Tearing in bloodlust the flesh from the bones  
The Norsemen were falling like flies

But only the strongest, the greatest of all could climb the highest  
spire

(Atop the highest spire)

Atop the highest spire, stare into the night  
See the constellations black on blackest night  
The burning wheels and machinations, that keep the world on turning  
And the chaos deep within  
Feel rage and madness, boiling hatred and the will to survive

Sight becomes a tunnel, a vortex of unshining stars  
And what remains is silence...