

The Majesty of the Nightsky

Emperor

Like the tide, shadows flow towards the shore of light.
The night comes whirling like a maelstrom.
Warring waves of crackling clouds embrace this nightside landscape.
The heavens bleed, through open wounds, the dim light of the Moon.
The winds are crying mournfully and tears fly with the gusts.
They whip my clenched faces freezing skin with ice-cold burning cuts.

Too long I have suffered the desert sands of time.
But as I drown in darkness it will release the sign.
My soul will leave this mortal coil of flesh and earthly life,
to fly into the mist of night, into the nightside eclipse,
and experience existence on the other side.

As a stone of scorching enthusiasm
I refract the reflecting surface of this unfathomable sea.
Growing circles of grief and pain slides across the land
as an omen of the horror yet to come.

The strength of a thousand fire-breathing demons
breed in my infernal, sinking soul.
And as I reach the surface once again
these powers are under my control.
Now I am one with the night sky majesty.