

The Crown Bearer

Abigail

On (the) windward side of twilight
Following the fire path to eternity
As stars rise in endless daybreak...

I do claim all before me
Shed tears and blood moistened lips
Forged in the furnace of conviction

Hate-bites of the body; fire swallowed them...
My greatest death-fire now winds to the sky
The war-harvest yields its eternal gains

Through fields of blackened ruins
I command the once almighty
To fashion my crown-from their teeth

Neither sickness nor sword can diminish my strength
My cup is vengeful fire, my counselor is war
My authority is final, this crown of teeth!

...Following the path to eternity...