

Pillars of Mercy

Absu

I (still) admire the flow of echoing horns.
Mimicking blows so boldly, I hear...
I stand visibly, high, on this splendid bastion,
To remember a High King, a tyrant of no fear
I am the first son: a commander without a father,
"Fortuitous doom," the last of his predictions.
I'll take advantage by igniting the balusters...
Preparing enraged flames with sweltering speed.
(THESE ARE THE) PILLARS OF MERCY!
Today, I am callous...
Tomorrow, I am king -
Immortal, strong, exultant, and conquering!
PILLARS OF MERCY!
My song and my word are iniquitous -
Gathering assemblies in days gone by!
(FIRE BURNS WITH THE) PILLARS OF MERCY!
My chariot races through saw-toothed hills,
And hurls through every valley and mere!
PILLARS OF MERCY!
Watchtowers collapse before the lift of the twilight,
I am swift in battle-
My voice is heard!
PILLARS OF MERCY!
Frost, fire, and wind are pelting all the columns...
There is no dilution for them to fight again!
Only three chariots are seen on the charred plains -
Through all the throngs and clusters, lambs and stallions!
"If you should speak to me now,
Then I will chamber Tara's pinnacle.
Why my father? Another damning scuffle?
I (still) admire the sound of echoing horns!"
(THOSE WERE THE) PILLARS OF MERCY!
Frenzied vultures gnawed the necks of dead men,
As the sturdy, gilded columns had seethed!
PILLARS OF MERCY!
Enemies' blood spurted like volley sprigs-
The blustery fight was planned, then fought!
(FLAMES FLAYED ON THE) PILLARS OF MERCY!
Their vapid minds were troubled and sides were pierced-
And warlike deeds had been fulfilled!
PILLARS OF MERCY!
We saluted chieftains on the regal Tara -
We hailed the tyrants that governed our waters!
PILLARS OF MERCY!
STRIKE!
There shall be no lack of dignity,
For those who oppose them.
"THERE WILL BE PILLARS OF MERCY!"