The Depths Of The Past

Astrofaes

The end of the earth the glacial desert scorched with the thousands of hooves

Smell of burnt out fires in the air the endless ocean have claimed the horizon.

To gaze into the mirror of waters yet finding no reflection.

Ash turned into blackest silt, aspiring from the depths of the forgotten consciousness,

Awakes the frozen memories.

Buried in infinite waters once,

Still left in the mist of the burnt eyes of the skull.

the tar has turned to darker stone,

And wails have turned into the coldest breath of northern wind.

It would be swallowed by eternity and thrown away by the land

The still would get rusted, the wood would turn to rot. It would be abandoned by the ancestors and found again by the descendants.