

Pred Bouri

Avenger

A foot of forked rocks,
Ground is covered with dust.
I am, though, not the first
wandering these paths
And getting astonished by the view

.....My hands are bloodred!!!!

Insane roar sounding from far away
And wind brings more dust.
Is this a foreshadowing of new king's arrival
This monstrous scene makes me shiver.

Suddenly just a strong sound of chains gride
Uncontrolled Impiety awaking inside of me.
Hash of cups, fire reflections.
The blood inside my pressured veins
grows slowly boiling!!!

I love the time, time before storm
between the end of beggining
and the beggining of end
I praise the demons, temptators of innocence
Come, the time of mine comes now.....

....(a moment of discomposure)....

And so I praise the demons, there is no more before or after!!!
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