Eschaton

Crimfall

I see them in the last of stands
Men of virtue with unbarred arms
Weirs poised against the fate
What veracity facing salt-laden storm
Mustering the past retreating in hast
Yet tide waits for no one
As must we march in bain
On eve of brighter dawns to come
Until falls the rain

What was sent fort must now return home All paths will close, all bridges burn to stone