

The Forbidden Words

Edge of Sanity

Let no man breach the gate
To this most blasphemous of halls
Lest bitterness and chaos be
the harvest they wouldst reap
For he must never become a slave
To this Child's beck and call
For she must never waken
From her Crimson Sleep...

The monastery stood towering
above the ruined city
It shadowed all the new
Emerging settlements and homes
To look down on the ruins
Was to sympathize and pity
All the suffering and heartache,
All the graves and broken bones
For buried there a testament
To the evil of a queen
A misery that spread across
A weak and stricken land
The crimson birth that swamped the earth
In dark and deadly dreams
And all mankind did bow beneath
The power of her hand