

## Awaiting

Ethereal Pandemonium

As the evening spells were whispered,  
and invoking words were told  
the flames from the embers arose  
by silent trees which were behold  
then a prophet, a wise man said...

I see a beast, burning down our temples,  
Under a symbol of a cross-nailed man,  
Killing our children, for we're all pagans,  
He's not too far, from where now we stand...

And as Luna hid her silhouette behind the clouds,  
From the dark, a christian stepped out...