

## The Dying Stars

Fen

From the utmost depths  
In blackest earth-flesh entombed  
I have arisen again

The bedrock cracked by celestial vengeance  
Mountains cleft in twain  
Forests cindered by starfire  
Stir me from this greatest slumber

Blood runs once more  
Blood of the forgotten seers  
Blood of those buried of mist-shrouded loss  
Veins pulse  
To banish millennia upon millennia of oblivion  
To unleash a howling keen of new knowledge

Knowledge

Ichor-smearred eyes bear witness to a firmament of turmoil  
My vision clears, my purpose hardens

Ascendance - thy gift sears  
Burned by the embers of the dying stars

It was once said that there is beauty in destruction  
That death brings serenity  
In the final exhalation of eternal peace  
Yet this thrashing conflagration of ending  
That scours all senses and purges the mind  
Brings only desolation  
And sorrow and woe

Beliefs now cinders, credos in ruins

A cold wind brushes the dead skin of withered ideals