

Sundown (The Flock That Welcomes)

Glorior Belli

Under the pale, lies-strangled skies
Night rises from the horizon
Life stops running without reason, It seems;
Therefore rejoice! Ye that dies
It relieves briefly those who fast,
The sun defiled and dazed within its flames

Thus revealing all things we overcame
Meanwhile the herald says, "At last...

Unlawful spirits and worn-out fools,
Though still hostile that is certain!
The accuser is unrestrained and whole
As night restores the starless realm,
Thus we wear this draft as our curtain,
Bewitching shadows, dense and dark
Where light is mended in secret ploys
That no delusion can destroy"

And near the abyss, old tunes play on
For the flock that welcomes sundown

The aftermath of this vision
Will lead to cosmic excision
Life stops running forevermore, indeed;
Therefore triumph! Ye that swore
Allegiance to an old outcast,
That god rebuked and voiced as a madman

Thus covering all frauds and wicked plans
In the midst of the mournful past

Sundown!

Irresistible Night, establishes your reign;
While an odour of graves
Through massive darkness spreads
And on the depth's margin, will our enemies tread
Upon unseen creatures, and the wrath of their strain

Sundown!