

Black Storm

In Mourning

A violent suspense above
So stained and blackened
Swallowed by the shifting sands
The burning of shapes adrift
In search for the crossing of lights
Born by the gust from her wings

Rest in the eye of the storm
Devoured and lost
Descending like blood from the sky
Untouched by the flame
Stung by the crooked blade

Born by the gust from her wings
Feeding on blood from a wounded sky
Ascend the mournful kings
Evoked by the singing wind
Forgotten sons forever sing