A deafening sound echoed through the mist

A warm breeze gave the choice of silence to the wind But the wind grabbed the water to summon the black clouds of the sky

And to open up the eyes of the grieving heaven

Leaving the depths to quench the thirst with rain A drink from the hands that created the past

Rain upsets the cold surface, wakes what sleeps beneath the oce an floor

Tantrum rises from it's tidal sleep to crack the surface of thi s very earth

Water, the bringer of strength to release the wave Storm bursts out from the giant's mouth

When salt danced with the flames, the ocean and the sky spoke with fire

No sign of light at the horizon, Orion has faded, torn from above

Fell down from the heavens to be lost in the storm Descended are the sons of the sky, to repel the assailing wave

The power of two wills divided by hate

In the last minutes of the tide, the hands of the foe held the saviors

Throat.

A gathering to summon the dark hunter

Bursting into flames, cutting their strings from the heavens to fall

Into a towering battle between the stars and the sea Face to face, the hunter stared into the storm