

Swallowed by a Buried One

Old Man's Child

Invisible freeze in the blood-wet grass
Combatants lying by their weapons
Feeling the warm blood
When the air turns cold and no one remains

Freezing the warm blood
And eating its way through and reigns

Men from the desert lands
by the sky-high forsakened hills
Erased by the passing of man's creation

From the cliffs they have watched
over the thousand seas
And witnessed the decay and desperation
As illness and plague have caught them all
No one could heal, no one knew, for no one
had ever the knowledge

Few could they count by the elfin kings
That had seen what beauty had been raped
What ancestors mad with their healthy hands
What erected and what was formed and shaped

The finest art one had ever seen
Spectacular admirement of these mystic lands

One stood there alone, the only one left
Strong enough to survive
He was built by death, he was known by death
And he sings the victorious song

Simple deeds, destruction hands
Defeating its material self
We have left you now,
you will never be found again
Feeble fortune and rotting food