

Ramrod the Destroyer, Pt. 3: The Cease to Be

RAM

It open the gate to reveal
A darkened cold landscape
Shadows of those who once lived
Pass straight through the seeker

Over meadows and hills clad in grey
It follows a strange feeling
Over bridges and through hallways
In dark it strides on determined

In these realms where all is dead
There is something to be found
A source of meaning that is alive
It feels in its soul

The journey is long, it is hard
The dead world unfolds its horrors
But the Ramrod refuses to rest
Refuses to be defeated

It feels that the hole in its chest
Is calling out for something
A connection begins to emerge
It sees a structure before it

A labyrinth temple
With statues of men bearing fire
A test of the spirit
To see if it's worthy to pass
It lowers its horned head
And charges straight through the walls
To the inner chamber of steel

Inside the black, steel casket
The source of his strife lies gleaming
A living flame of black fire
The rod picks it up in awe
And puts it inside its chest
And feels the whole world transforming

Suddenly everything is clear
It knows all there is to know
It leaves the ruined temple
It has all the keys to return
A rage starts building inside
Now is the time for vengeance

Then from the dark skies above
A figure swoops down in silence
A skeleton draped in a robe
With glowing eyes and a scythe