

Prophecies I - Preapocaylptia

Rigor Sardonicous

Ancient from the east turns its eye to the sky;
Distant journey embarked the travelers succeed;
The moon's change to red soon to be;
Attention to the Frozen North;
As strong winds crack apart;
Lively hood lost to the bittercold

A city torn by inner strife
Legendary heroes fail to rise
Justice sought for lives lost
Enduring drought
Suffering the cost

Light is obvious but the dark fails to see
Eight is the number with no solution