

## The Edge Beckons

Sol Invictus

The windows stare at an empty world  
Above the doors that lead to nowhere  
Home for skulls and wind-kissed  
All these roads lead into the mist

The edge beckons  
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Steel wands have lost their power  
As the rain rusts them away  
Green palms bend beneath the showers  
That washed our world away

The edge beckons  
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Church is empty, cross stand alone  
Grave gardens, flowers of bone  
Caves of teeth, hills of hair  
Gifts from the past fill empty lairs