

## Death of the Tyrant

Soulfallen

"The light grew old  
and the hour itself reeked of pure finality..."

The air was still, breathing unease  
of oblivion's glacial release  
And a promise of gravecold serenity

Among the lost, the tombless few  
granted a sight, a perfect view  
To feast our eyes on a world scale demise

For what were we if not mere flies  
upon a storm bound to arise  
Set to unfold from the very womb of Time

I witnessed the Death of the Tyrant  
sans fear beheld the fading light

Bereft and left for death to take us  
'cross distances unseen,  
To worlds beyond this ether  
on the broken wings of a dream  
For the hour is upon us  
Cimmerian night unveiled  
And all shall be redone  
where past creators failed

Lay down and embrace the deathlong sleep  
For time has come for this crop to be reaped