

The First Rebellion

Thulcandra

Winged with red lightning
All born from rage
Clad in midnight black
The invincibles stand
To win the throne of god

The shout of battle
In the clash of arms
The legions led in fight
Where wounds of deadly hate
Have pierced so deep

A fear of things to come
All flesh is burnt
And pain first felt
In this worthless stride
For the apostate's demise

A glimpse, a moment now
A clarity in sight
The architect of a kneeling death
Visible through this horrid maze
All is lost and all is won

Gathered under banners raised
By thousands ranged for fight
The rebellious cast of shattered saints
Out to march for revenge well earned

Though this may be born in defeat
The demiurg now stands unmasked
In the crown of creation webbed
The sealed fate
Of torment not to last