

Averse Sefira "Sentinel's Plight"

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Here on guard at the farthest reaches of our lord's
domain
I wait and watch spear in hand in the conquered realms
of the old gods

The sun is beating down
Scorching barren lands
Bringing suffering to life

The long day wanes hanging low the baleful eye of
light
Dusk falls across the land blackening my mood for who
am I guarding?
And for what?

Fiendish desert winds
Whipping up the sands
Tearing at my eyes

Long has it been since we've heard from home
assuring our cause
Is right all that is left to comfort is our final commands:

"Be vigilant and loyal for our goal is just.
The truth is ours to shape, and the world is our anvil."

But is it enough?

Cruel, harsh winds have died
The whipping sands at rest
My eyes no longer torn
The moon drifts behind a cloud the cold is inviting
invigorating
Darkness a placid relief from the oppressive sun

Velvet shroud of night
Blanketing the world
Graven silence reigns

Here on guard scarred by the wind burnt by the sun
Spear in hand I am left with my thoughts anticipation of
the new day brings no relief

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