

Averse Sefira

"The Nascent Ones (The Age Of Geburah)"

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Like an iron yoke
Strapped across my back
Crushing my wings
Suffocating my flame

In an endless line
Awaiting command
Preparing for war
Our cause unknown

Headlong!
Into the swarming abyss!
Spears! Shields! Wings!
Entangled as one!

Reflections, on times
When we were whole
Now shattered
In the yawning void of war

Relentless
This battle predestined to fail
Foreseeing the end
Before we can engage
Haunting divinations

In the age of geburah
With nothing tied to time
Longing for
Mortal lack of vision

To never predict
And fear our final march

Kept in our caste...
Conflict our birthright
Nascent are we... and forever still
In dreamless sleep...
We find no recourse
Collectively bound...
To duty's burden cruel

Burning!
Our hair burning like tallow
Their screams
Tearing at us
Like howling wind
Blistering
The stench of immortal death
In the choking heat of darkness
We fight on!

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