

## Divina

### "The Darkest Hour"

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[Caym:]

...And naught was found  
In thief's chest but his curse!  
And loth was he  
To render up the keys!

[Caacrinolaas:]

All woes will follow you like crows or urgent flies  
He cries  
And e'er the oftener the worse shall they become!

[Peter:]

Due west I faintly glimpsed a long dark line  
Alas  
'twas difficult to learn from it for certain  
O anything but hideous hint at death  
But laughing roar around  
'Defeat again most likely!'

...The trail was long cold when I took it up again...  
Would weeper not have suited it far better?  
He'd have ransacked  
And sniffed that ghastly matter  
As no one else would have...  
And none's to blame!

That bloodstained grass did render active all  
Incentives to get shape of holy holt  
I had beheld in all it's splendid horror  
Prosperity in bloom before the dawn

Trees all around me spoke in tongue of pain  
And there was no response!

[Caacrinolaas:]

You cry in vain!

[Arthur's voice sounding from afar & high above:]

My brothers and my sisters!  
Test that seed!

[Caacrinolaas:]  
The acorn as the symbol and  
You'll see

[Arthur's voice sounding from afar & high above:]  
Yield of your faith and wisdom shall arise

[Caacrinolaas triumphantly to Caym:]  
Your livid souls are freed to plunder!

[Arthur's distant voice with Caacrinolaas' growl from  
somewhere below:]  
Rise!

[Peter:]  
All thicket wept and sang this gloomy song  
'The darkest hour is that before the dawn'

[Caacrinolaas:]  
The fault at the conclave  
Had been bearing resemblance with death  
No more faith  
Just before twisted roots got entangled together  
They'd stood holy forever!  
Hallowed be thy dome and thy brotherhood!

[Peter:]  
That bloodstained grass did render active all  
Incentives to get shape of howling holy holt...  
I had beheld in all it's splendid horror  
Prosperity in bloom before the dawn

[Caym:]  
Atrociously I am describing the debt  
So usual in grim and whispering kingdom  
Of your personality  
Nobody met and no one has seen your last will off  
Through the mist of disease silly stranger...  
You will be deceived by that grove!

LiAlveL of TMT: I: 11, II: 22, III: 33

[Oze:]  
Defeat at the conclave  
Is bearing resemblance with death  
No more faith!  
Just before twisted roots got entangled together  
You'd been holy forever  
Hallowed be thy dome and thy brotherhood

