

Draconis

"The Breath Of A Thousand Cold Voices"

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Within the depths of your subconscious
You hear the sounds of the dead calling
From a different time and place
They are the cold voices of doom

The images they present fill you with terror
The firestorms of extinction will turn the skies gray
With the ashes of burnt bodies
And the only thing left for you
To know is your last escape
Where time and space has become nonexistent

You return to the world in which you thought you knew
Where life that previously existed has been erased
The cold breath of deadwinds
Howl through the abandoned streets

As you walk through the charred wasteland
And see the desolation
You realize you are alone in this decayed world

The remnants of weak human existence
Are reflections of the past
Which is now a fading memory
And all signs of previous life have become
Piles of crimson ash

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