Elenium

"Sentinels Of Thunder's Conception"

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This place was my tomb
I saw the face and survived
Rush of ritual healing
Harmonized steel rises toward crashing gleams
Supernal agents dream reflections
Windows of sorcery
In a web of chains
Again I question
As rage refines rage

Clear as the roaring moons Nights and mares and the clouds beneath

We see the path in the sky
Blossoming radiance
Flesh of naked light astride the Mirrorsuns
Defy the tears of spiral eyes
Relating by the gods of youth
We must try to make us once more one
These legends are ours
And we share

Solar lions undenied
Ready the lambent fortress
Maintain hope to force reality
A thousand words upon a thousand splendors
Storms throb in shades of requiem against enemies
From chasms of inverted lightning
Atop plumes at the nexus of dawn
Thunder spoke, "Done."
White fire remains
Sentinels of Thunder's Conception

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