Elexorien "Rising Of The Storm"

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...a vast ever-growing world of wondrous beauty, quietly humming with magic and majesty, stretches out as far as I can see, and even beyond the distant horizon the splendour of this realm does neither know nor fear any boundaries.

And yet the setting sun calls for twilight, and brooding shadows grow ever taller.

A distant thunder rolls over the land, as a first and final warning of the rising storm:

There will be no dawn!

By the faint light of the night, Brightened by the shining of a waning moon Remote bolts of lightning fill the sky The hour draws nigh, it will come soon

The distant thunder, the rising of the storm

Shrouds of mist and clouds of black Obscure the howling wind's vortex

The winds are crying out your name Heavens shall weep for you tonight

Sirens singing songs of sorrow Ancient enchanting melodies,

Soothing songs of old, Yet their words are ever so dark No light shines, the night is cold And so it will be like the prophet foretold

Gazing at this lightless realm
In which the sun once reigned
Skies turned to emerald green and darkest black
Primordial wrath sent forth
From death anxiously awaits
The merciless and brutal full attack!

The winds are singing in chorus

A song of melodies so sad

Sirens wailing for their sorrow
Tearful serenades of grief
Mournful songs of times
Forgotten and long gone
No dawn shall rise, farewell to light,
No dawn shall rise, farewell to light

And in the woods the lightning strikes
The thunder rolls and daylight dies
A frightful presence roaming through the night
The storm now reigns forevermore
Unparalleled, this nature's force
Eternally negates all light!

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