

## Epicure

### "The Irreparable Loss Of Sons"

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Gemini, brought down in flames  
To serve the lords of terror.  
Irreparable, the loss of sons  
Our kin destroyed for nothing.  
Retribution, the only way  
We shall have our vengeance.  
Suffering, like none before  
Your villages are burning.  
Like the Ravens of the North  
We know your every movement.  
From the North we come for you  
Our knowledge is your ruin.  
The fire of terror  
Has burned up my son,  
Hatefully ravaged  
From our world.  
Free forever  
From the threat of shame  
Never touch him  
The taint of disgrace.  
How could I beget  
Another boy  
Who should be held  
The equal of his brother  
What can make amends  
For the loss of sons?  
What compensation  
Pays for such a death?

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