

Epicurean

"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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