

Epoch Of Unlight "The Nobility Of Night"

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A shadows retreat at first sign of light, the balefire
slowly regains its glow
By the arrogance of another, so again burns the pride

Once more I ride!

"Be for me and only me.
Was what she said unto thee.
No go forth and saddle beast...
For tonight we strike!"

Like the pullof the moon to the flow of the tide
So I again feel her call to meet those who would try.

Flashes of the fleshy cumulus as all is made ready

Time is time and in its stream
The paths of those long gone
Cease to mark the others fall
As sapience fades away

Like the pull of the moon to the flow of the tide
Others try to lay claim led by her elusive lure

Shadows of my former self before I championed night

Forces en masse
Forces unmasked

Unmasked in the black yet star-bleached sky, without
grace of her guide
In the southern pass beyond the barrier foothills
forging the claystone divide
A foolish party, enrapt to she, would seek to claim her
spoils
Delectation for the one, as this scene in time unfolds.

From the north we move as three
In motion under one

One third to lay the channeled net, one third to flush
them out

One third to block any escape or return them into route.
A wider entrance with narrowed neck closing in the gap
With me alone at gantlet's head to lead in the attack!

And so it begins again.
As vessel to her will!

"Oh, the splendor of the machine
Fueled by flesh of the fallen
Moving ever forward with gauntlets raised
Into the night"

The final vociferations, as the last falls.
Decaying murmurs in melee's end, silence in the pale

Moonlight!

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