

Garden Of Shadows "Heart Of The Corona"

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Echoes of the future have filtered through time.
There will be no light... Ablaze within the divine
spectrum.
Remnants of an enchanted past have fallen.
The swollen tides of conviction engender desolation.
Crying into deaf ears as a voluminous portent is sifted
swiftly into dust. Its particles woven into an ominous
tapestry.
Overcast upon our blindness playing the instruments of
betrayal.
Heedless of deception.
Sparks ignite kindling dormant embers giving way
to the fire of comprehension the torch shall be passed
on.
Limitless are the horizons that beckon us.

Upon the path of resplendence as rainbows are
released from the prisms keeping the heart of the
Corona.
Beating until the end of time.

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