

Hortus Animae

"Chapter One: Furious Winds / Locusts"

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Time for the burning...
Wings that smolder all futures, with no respect for all
beings.
(They) Seethe, like rivers of loathing and foretell the
end of mankind.
The verb of rape is spread.
Of torture, scorn for lives.
Burnt grounds along the path where emptiness is
found.
Naked trees so lifeless are left by with a dead walk,
devouring all the flesh of frail, tears are dried by loss.
Soul-less' sorrows for the worms, carcass is the dwell,
left alone, all will is gone and now the earth's undone.
Time for the burning...
Humanity next to death row, then pace to holocaust.
You, grinding creatures moldy, in the void your cries
are gone.
As furious winds here come the locusts, the demons of
the war.
Decay is now the keyword and it's time for the burning.
Time for the burning...
Wings that smolder all futures, with no respect for all
beings.
(They) Seethe, like rivers of loathing and foretell the
end of mankind.
Time for the burning.

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