

## The Chasm

### "At The Edge Of The Nebula Mortis"

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The long cold voyage is reaching the end,  
And destiny that can be forged as well as faded into  
the

Pestilential mists of spiritual profanity.  
My eyes are eternally searching the winds, the  
Apocalyptic windsthat ride over the majestic ruins,  
Finding the past, unseen and enormous, a time of  
repent

And glorification,  
Learning from the ancient black dawn of the thousand  
Beasts, all breathing fire and blood, all breeding the

Most supreme race of volcanics entities, in my veins, in  
Their veins the magma of wisdom floats as the hate  
and

Revenge pumps in our cold and relative hearts. But the  
Journey is still far from ending, still painful odysseys  
Are coming...

(The most valuable yet the most agonizing is the one to  
Reach the root of my damnation...)

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