

The Chasm

"The Promised Ravage"

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My own ashes have covered the road of a distant past
Buried in a forgotten path
No matter how many consequences have arrived, there
is
never looking back
Always forging onwards
Existence is short, every moment counts
The plagues and pestilence always grow but the wings
of
hatred carry me on
Soaring across the cemetery halls and into the pits of
mourn
In battles for the vision, carry on with this mortal pace

And to ponder with mental incision to witness the end
of
this storming disgrace
The end may be near, but don't throw down the sword
Carry on with this mortal pace, archaic lore is power
and
isolation is the key
And as my fire consumes your so called darkness the
distant ancestor recharges my soul This is the
promised
ravage...
(Burning deadly rage, endless Volcanic-Decimating-
Etherealism)

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