

Lord Kaos

"Golden Winds On Red Streams Of Ocean Lightning"

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Thunder which is not heard
Rain which covers the underneath grounds
The creation of night
Image that transforms with gazing of sight
Leaves that break after they fall
With the sorrow at the broken skin
Abyss that is dark and moist

I travel where colours do not appear
I see the realm from where it stands on its own image
of before
Through the gates, charms of howling sacrifices
Tortured from the soul that is not there
The warmth of the winter flame
Mesmerises the sleep mortal as the Golden Winds

Blue visions of protecting
Who's strength has not blossomed into a black
powerful flower
Kingdom for blood that has shed blood
Grey nights surreal as the red stream
Of ocean lightning that surrounds it
Turmoil at the scales
Which it protects black winds hades of spirit
Music that mortifies every feeling of that I have always
been
Guardian of the third night where Raven fly
To the greater form of evil
Red in my eyes
Closed as the being of not born in fire

Cathedral of light, which looks within itself
Before the dark it creates with its wing of serenity
Tide of towers, the gift of night
Ride the oceans of red tide
A vessel through the womb, it takes your orchard
Petals fall for the hunger
Sings of weeping light as it is swallowed by the
mourning bells
Ancient unsilent

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