

Malevolent Creation

"Incubus"

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The cold increased with darkness moving forward
The grey ground disappeared in the shadows
Of the night that began to thicken
The light of the fire was swallowed by darkness
The spectre, the nightmare
A black hole in the dark shadow
Keeper of the great secrets buried beneath the
mountains
The days become long and gloomy
Terror becomes anguish
Prayers and kind words are of no use
The steps become heavy during the rest of the harsh
night
Head bent, in silence
Nothing to see
Nothing but the hissing wind to hear
Until the dawn of another of nothingness and terror...
The air is thick
Even a raven cannot fly
A faint spiral smoke rises
As if the fire brooded from within the earth
Distant and threatening sounds
Echo from below
From the subterranean prisons...
Everything around is dark
Earth and sky... the eclipse reigns
The spectres king spurse his horse
He moves forward followed by the dark horde
The rock trembled
Then a great red flash
The light ripped the sky
A blast of livid chain-lightnings
The nightmare is real
There is light at the end
Here, now, only darkness
A voice: "Wake up..."
No one dies
Everyone is born again

