

Morgion

"A Slow Succumbing"

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Behold, i am your deliverance. look upon this nether steel: tearing away your soul, relentless. i am the dark night you fear.

Seek your ruin before me, upon this earth your blood shall stain. a reckoning beyond all reason, hear the cries of your brethren,

Lament. a thousand score i did fell. no spear did render, or axe did cut. your women shall carry my seed; forsake your children

To the wheel. upon the frost shadowed earth, lay the keep i shall homage. within i shall bury my riches, to count for centuries

Here after. waiting and watching...watching and waiting. even after the last morrow i shall ponder, in a madness of my own

Design. after this body is time, worn to dust, the nether blade is still mine forever.

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