

Nightshade "Possessor"

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As the sun becomes crimson in colour
She slowly dies beyond the horizon

And the land of the forlorn has once again
Become a victim of darkness and solitude

Here in these vast fields of the wasteland
An ancient tower face the starlit sky
A symbol of an epoch now forgotten
Once inside this monument of emptiness...

...A shadow dark and mystic in his shape
Swept over the moisty walls in silence
Once a chamberlain who were the possessor
Of this and of many great sorrows

Approached some candles and made them burn
The chamberlain observed the dismal light
And while he stared into the very same
The fire reflected in his mourning eyes

Tired of his deprorable life
He kept asking himself why
Still the mystery of his fate
Remained unknown to himself

When the statue of his life-flame ceased to burn
The grief finally took the advantage

During those crucial circumstances
His life slowly faded away into emptiness

In the land of the forlorn
His spirit is cursed to dwell
For many, many ages to come
In the land of the forlorn
His spirit will never be free
For many, many sleepless nights

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