

Agathocles

"After The Battle"

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I stood, all surrounded with gloom, there was only
black shadows around me
The moon rose over the horizon, and the stars
reflected in my eyes
And listening I had a feeling, the earth is choking, the
smell of burn
And sweet'n'sour taste of death, the moon reflects
bloody gleams
In the quiet of the silence, no solitude shall be
For here are buried forever, those whom one shall not
forget
Their souls piercing the skies of black, the icy moon,
the sea of bright stars
Fills night with it's deadened light, of rays of pain and
fire
The time of prophet's visions has filled my spirit
The thoughts that never can get ease, like a blood
wasted steel
A wind, the sigh of Stribog, the hill is the name of the
fallen
Black mist in the high, the mystery in the dark of the
world.

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