

Raventhrone

"A Night Among The Ruins Of Basra"

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fading in moonlight
the darkness of night
across someone's dream
of cruelty and fright
the nomads of somberlain
stalking ignite
the fire that burns
in disdain and delight
a weary man's head
now lays down to rest
directly amidst
a serpent's cold nest

a dark robe of velvet
weaved of despair
the gown of the weak
for the weak ones to wear
the day to rest it
now finally goes
the enemies of order
the holy one's foes
aligning the planets,
constellations appear

to announce the arrival,

the chosen ones here...
basra, in darkness,
the jewel of the night
my somberlain beauty there's
no need to fight
the veil of deceit around
you if flows
my dagger is drawn
now pay what you owe

from far and wide disciples draw nigh
to praise the birth, the coming, the rise

now that the prophecy
has finally come true
the witches of earth

realm brew a strange brew
to poison the lands
and blacken the soil
for the growth
of disaster to bring
chaos and toil

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