

Rossomahaar

"The Forlorn Existence Of Soul Divine"

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Alone and sorrowful, the divine essence crawls
Along the dying remains of heavenly kingdom
Once adorned and now forlorn,
Questioning anything, but meaningless and painful

Bitter memories of past apocryphal superiority,
Flesh and soul now departed in more than racking
way...
Necromantic lust for vital pleasures and devilish
desires,
For precious taste of blood and sulphur throne of
wisdom...

Sinful and infidel in spirit,
With bloodstained sword
It once joined the battle for the Divine's triumph
For salvation and a glory of the Heaven's Lord...

Forgotten and betrayed, it wanders through infinity,

Alone and tearless...
Enchanting odes from the distant woods so vast
Cherish it's neverending pain, encircling in oblivion...

Detested is the dying surface of the earth
Surreal and naked is it's torturing tristesse
The mournful silence is so sweet...

"And then the martyr-soul descended
Into the very depths of Heddenah's gardens
Through the enflamed spheres it ascended
Lusting for revenge...

Countless centuries will pass
And some day the betrayal is avenged
For every sin shall be atoned
For every pain shall find it's rest..."

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