

Sad Theory

"A Torch Spreads Its Coldness"

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By the time he was by himself at Stragon's shore,
With imperfection, like a maculated glass, his hands
gathered water toward his face
An once naive movement became desperation, while
He had been told by the wind's howl about the
presence of Musa, the Wizard.

- "Aue dominus" ! There had been a sad struggle by
the forest. Shall I ride you home, foreigner?
- Shall I be abulic? Take your "vitae" out of here.
"Adieu" my friend!
- my "vitae" has brought this world hope and truth for
the weakens.

- take a look at me and wonder if what you have just
said is really acurreted!

There were honest words, though truth is not made of
good will
As his defensive spells are not much stronger than a
whisper.
Like a battering rum, steel broke into his fortress
At that time, he had sealed an endless marriage with
the Pagan.

Hiding his actions, covered the man within the land.

The "Requiem" .

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