

Throes Of Dawn "Dreams Of The Black Earth"

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We travel into the world of woe
through the portal of dream descent
Of human sorrow I dreamed
a twilight garden of tomorrow
Where torment means living
in this world of dreadful dream

"Behold, all the gods have abandoned the spheres.
Can you hear the Thronerooms silence?
As all of the mighty stars have grown black,
the gods have turned their backs..."

Here rests silence
sometimes the wind brings
weak echoes from times
gone and forgotten
Tragic human voices

yet none can hear them
in this dark and desolate star
since the storms
of new pestilence

"On the shore of the dead earth
I stood with a figure of demon"

From his eyes gazed autumn,
his words like winters;

"Witness with me,
the fall of the foulest.
My farewell to mankind.
Lame is the weeping sun
as it in all fierceness
lowers behind the horizon.
This,
the last sunset on earth
tomorrows dawn
shall greet the moonlike face
...of Hell."

