

Throes Of Dawn "The Withering Goddess"

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I found my Way into the heart of the forest
where the early mornings dew
still rested upon the sleepy grass
Where the evergreen trees
sleep their enchanted dreams

Echoes of grief and sorrow
in the air of this forest
The taste of your bitterness
in the spring waters
Thy anguish I hear
in the words of the winds
Wounded Immortal
- the withering goddess of nature
Thy glory denied
by those of the light
until the lands bear a rotten fruit
Until the storms reap nations

Every man and every woman is a scar

in thy astral body of goddess
Thy presence was a shadow
on the path of the light
They took thy kingdom away,
But their light has grown dim
Their god has long ago withered
release the darkness of thy heart
Until no man in thy kingdom walks

...and thus, summon the storms of plague,
the winter endless, death the bitterest...

Together we ride to the storms of war
until the storms reap nations
until the lands bear rotten fruits
until no man stands
in thy kingdom of glory

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