

Thy Serpent "Thou Bade Nothingness"

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In times, when I fain of a season
its chill hold me wist, of an unknown reason
Greyness upon streams parlous and cool
Sheer the light which reflects from Plenilune
Ready to tale stars of wan, as both forwandered,
and loath the ways thee all ran astounded
So did thine glaive rust with wind and water
so terrified of fallow thee roamed to gutte
Perhaps the fragments of thine willing skin
saw no reflections of, what is called a bale king
Neither have Fall's shades descended to leaves

Of no nightbird's ashes belong to mine needs
Together a battle raged between moon,
likely the escorts of an velvet son.
One lode led to forhungered wood,
the frith were dark and thus thou run
As I see nothing but mere piece of meat,
trying to achieve as vision holds lack.
Hanging upon wold, not wist the made plead,
Twisting in gloam, this path fares not back...
Thus...Of no nightbird's ashes shall I devour.
Music: S. Tenetz
Lyrics: T. MÃœensivu

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