

Withered Earth

"Iconoclasm Disintegrates The Flower Of Mortality"

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Eternally the grim fog sets, to rouse from
a slumber of centuries, screams of malediction
emanate when diabolical procreation overshadows the
meek.

Crumbling fall the statues of Icons
As the infernal deluge consumes the
Landscape, entwined in thorns paralyze
weltering mortality, quickly sinking below the
molten sea.

The winged tyrant took flight
Apocalypticus weaves its trance

The faceless wolves roam unbridled to existence

Chilling winds of the Anu befall all conceived
Brandished by nightfall smother blooming hope
Profane hooves thunder across the ravaged plains

Chaos bleeds from the eye on the throne,
Chasms billowing stench of the kingdom
that once ruled, seven, horrid and soulless. A hunger for
mortals, their frenzy unfolds.
Forever banish to the heaving underworld pits,
Quietly flow the river Styx.

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