

Chasm

"At The Edge Of The Nebula Mortis"

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The long cold voyage is reaching the end,
And destiny that can be forged as well as faded into
the
Pestilential mists of spiritual profanity.
My eyes are eternally searching the winds, the
Apocalyptic winds that ride over the majestic ruins,
Finding the past, unseen and enormous, a time of
repent
And glorification,
Learning from the ancient black dawn of the thousand
Beasts, all breathing fire and blood, all breeding the

Most supreme race of volcanics entities, in my veins, in
Their veins the magma of wisdom floats as the hate
and
Revenge pumps in our cold and relative hearts. But the
Journey is still far from ending, still painful odysseys
Are coming...
(The most valuable yet the most agonizing is the one to
Reach the root of my damnation...)

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