

# Nightfall

## "Armada"

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Led by my own will, I ruled !  
Traces on a muddy path, I ruled !  
The soul of a tree I got  
Paroxysm, megalomania, all ended so sadly.  
The ictus of the last shovelful on my coffin's  
Wooden breastbone  
..won't be my death  
As a man ; as a soul ; as a king never begged  
Mine is the beauty of the earth  
Mine shall be the end...  
..and I'm gone  
Kiss my icy lips at last,  
Idem still am I  
Burn these icing flowers for the past that has  
Gone  
Still, it has been cried far from the heyday my  
Star

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