

Ahriman

"Sign From The Empire Of The Moon"

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...riding my black horse I gallop in the night.
From the light of the Moon fire springs,
Which stries my face.
I fall to the damned ones, to my grave.
Yet the sign only burns mysteriously,
As I leave the way of the stars.

Smoke and fog of a dark cavern
Flows into my face.
The way has already been trodden,
The torches are carrying meaning
In their solitude.
I look into my soul's hate stream,
Into it's flowing, calm prophecy.

I am doomed to be a warrior,
For I am a builder of the Hall of the Deads,
I sacrifice my horse with my sword,
To become one with the running infinity of the space.
The underworld posses me.

I change... my face burns and the branches appaer,
Covering the streams of my veins.
I am dying... my prayers gain
No bearing in my brother's eyes.
I yearn... into the grey light, into the infinity.
I calm down... when the immortality bears a new star.

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