

Asmodeus

"Enthronement Of The Sovereign"

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To my old homeland I return again
Enshrouded by autumnal fragrance.
Blood trickling down from bleaking woods
To the drenched soil - squandered - and seeps away.

On the field through accomplished
Cruelty an eminence arise
Strides, scattering ash on fallen heroes.

Is he the spirit of forgotten ancestors
Which takes charge of a conquered land?
Is it in his mind to end up destruction
Which dominated the last centuries?

He should be the comrade
Of our blood enforced with
Honor and strength of old days.

He wields his ceptre, ash eclipses sunset
And commands silence over this decease.
It makes me shudder in consideration
Of this deed of the source of all fulfillment.

I retreat and bow down in reverence
For the new sovereign.

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