

Illuminata

"Arnediad Lor"

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Lashing on the black Asturcon through the deep cold
wood,
Stormy wind beats her long hair in her pale face,
At times she tentatively turns around, in her hand a
guarding rood,
Feeling the force's breath in her neck,
Attempting to flee raising the pace.

The ban has twisted her around it's finger,
Like a fathom it tows through her whole existence
He foraged for her like a needle in the haystack,
He found her in Venns Gate.

Brigde:

Crippling fear straps her feathery throat,
A daunting cruelty is clawing for her flowing coat.

She puts spurs on her weary stallion to elude mischief,
The dreary trees are flashing by,
She will never feel the sense of delight because of this
thief,
She only perceives the sensual breeze on her thigh,
Her heart is delirious with pain.

Semper celerius obviam scopulum equitat,
Saltus in libertate dicitur parare ei exsolationem.

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