

Kozeljnik

"Wrecked In Ruins Of Solitude"

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...through the cold breaths
Once called: the living!
Abandoned the carnal shape of mortal
- into light-path...
Darkened by the shades,
Strong virtue (S.A.T.A.N.), majestic...
Once...
Forsaken man - believed god,
In own plague arise and fell.
Where voice of yours echoes through the mist,
A deaf listener awaits
And he, behold, poorly tries your words to serve,
As they never appear...
Glorifying, seeing you as highest,
The trace without a reach
Yet stabbed you cry,
Tragically remained...

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