

# Upon An Oaken Throne

## In Flames

"I see then nightshade grow", he spoke  
And southern hounds awoke at dawn  
Sought for the ever liquid of our craving  
Caught by the all embracing nightly sun  
Admass, I laugh at your feeble lies, trash  
Hatred in my eyes and in my blood  
A scream across the fields, the rivers weep  
A vanquished lord upon an oaken throne  
Grief inside my flame, grasp at my existence  
The seal of dawn is broken, fury  
Wildfire  
A windswept thought  
Out in the perimeter where laughs are  
  
No longer heard, screams no longer seen  
And life is always lost  
Gaze into the skies for they are blind  
Blinded by the nightshade of our lust  
Grinded to dust  
The wolves are here  
The beast of the savage lands  
They drink my blood  
They feast upon my remains  
The tears in their eyes betray  
Wildfire

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