

Born of the Flickering

Old Man's Child

Enthralled into the dustwind
Crusaders of a lost battle
Warned by a thorn of war
Jeweled in their own bloodYarns of fugitive elements
In distance to the thorncastle
Empire bricks thrown to the soil
Sharp and poisonous thornsPure it is, like defenseless spring births
Unpleased by a sudden nightfall
Turned its back on love and life
And made it all unpureLovesongs of the dove, seen through
Time of what he song
A messenger of the nourishing light
Were attacked of enemy ravens
So therefore, it song no morePearlgate servants, in the end you gather
In the clouds beyond clouds
Foundation walls of the raising temple
Prisoners of a time that wasPromised sentences long before years
Came to join the hearse that rode
And will always ride
In the hearts of them, historical plague

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