

Mel Kor

Forest Stream

Far away beyond the blackest ocean of blood on the boundless scope of lost
mainland of
Nameless Horror under pale nebulas united in mysterious runes I've found the
thing I've been
inspired. Night wind is bringing mournful sounds of bell, I count the
strikes - three times in
six, someone's will thickens the mist for me to step the ground where all
the sacred burn. No
beast, no bird, no even shade appears to sign the flow of time fang-shaped
towers of
hollow torment stand embraced by crimson flames. And I am coming into this
palace I see
the light I've never seen before, I am here to proselytize and stay forever
in this world of fire
and ice. I smell the frosty of ghostly halls on the rising stairway to the
abandoned throne,
and then saluting thee oh Winged One crowned with seven stars I hear "Kor me
o antie tae
taeirny!". New souls have to be born despite the curse we have been blinded
for the long
dark time in this realm of damned we are condemned to grief like gods of...
sorrow... I
came to seek the wisdom no one have ever got through chills of times and
land I came to
watch, yet here I dwell for winds of destiny persuade my mortal being to
stay forever with
this beauty... And in the apogee of the great triumph surrounded by their
ugly spawn
Heartless they'll find their logical end to disappear from life until the
Time...
(... So the powers were gifted to him to rule sway the destinies and to be
the part of all alive...)

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