Armageddon

Darkwell

Lines of time, drawn to an end/constants of fate, never thought to be bent/the fields of destiny already are prepared/failure and glory are not to be shared
In the eyes of an angel a heavenly glare/on the other side a demonic stare/the wings of light face the winds of time/the wings of darkness in a blistering line
The armies clashing at each other on the plains/twisted features frozen on an angel's face/demon's corpse dissolves in a blaze of flames/good and evil disappear in a void
The human's spirit is now free/forever gone all agony/all rules are crumbling to dust/absurd beliefs gone in a gust

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