

Held In Hollows

Be'Lakor

Through tainted mass
A scourge unseen
Brought three winters forth
And set between After these hundreds of years
The embers and fate will collide
Her rotten heart has burst
And shattered through dead wood When they drank from the earth, the end was near
Tracing paths that once ran alone and pure
Suffused within, the blighted decay
Now snapped into dust, their splinters fall But a tithe to the wind, his frail grasps
Clawed for the moon then came undone
When all hope fails in the last broken bough
Her strength will be gone Churning ash and husks in the bitter winds
Crack the earth and burn the sky
A wry procession of hubris
Where nothing remains But everything changes...
In destruction she will create Arising in glory, the searing gaze
Crimson-handed specter of death
Under the blood eye of furies
Bury their feeble hearts

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