

Wrecked In Ruins Of Solitude

Kozeljník

...through the cold breaths
once called: the living!
Abandoned the carnal shape of mortal
- into light-path...
Darkened by the shades,
strong virtue (S.A.T.A.N.), majestic...

Once...
forsaken man - believed god,
in own plague arise and fell.

Where voice of yours echoes through the mist,
a deaf listener awaits
And he, behold, poorly tries your words to serve,
as they never appear..

Glorifying, seeing you as highest,
the trace without a reach
Yet stabbed you cry,
tragically remained...