

His numb fingers clenched around infamy  
The blurry transparencies of misty dreams  
Washed his atrocious soul  
Praised for his vaulting pride and sinister hubris

Betrothed to a doomed song of  
darkness stronger than god himself  
He disavowed his soul for ages  
hoisted the sails when the storm  
started its mournful lament  
He stepped forward, silent, lightnings in his eyes

The sons of men on the brink of death  
How much they suffered looking at his mysterious glare  
And the heavens in their eyes faded, the day darkened  
The shadow swelling casting its black wing

Like the flame fluttering in the wind  
Panting with bitterness  
Entombed in a smoking urn  
He descended into the dark abyss of spectres

Dimmed are the sepulchral candles  
With a cunning gesture of his crooked hands  
Immune to the stare of those piercing eyes  
The king of chaos merges into gloom