

Mould In A Breed

Kataklysm

Beneath the dark earth...
Under the black seas...
Underworld reign in ground below!
In a promised realm lies a race?
Gargoyle beings roam within
The fertile Valley of... Existence.

Their colonizing approach assault the sources...
The Valley torn by the masterful beasts!
The wilderness life potential retrieved from their vitality.

For aeons... The Force had been drained.
Misused selfishness of the center's resources!
Mightiest thoughts? ... Wish an ultimate control.

They developed this new energy.
That occurs to be a malformation...
Among them spreads... The winged gargoyles.

I know power... One of them said!
"i vest-tas..."
He speaks for its kind.
The unawaken part of the race,
Followed the winged ones...
Downward their disastered fear...

The Valley has been marked with death, in Its Existence.
The foul stench of steel, rusted the nature's life...
Rhe Domain's virtues loosing Their colours, fading from
fear...
Their fungus sets in the Valley of purity...
By bruising the clouds above... Deep below the world!
Underearth!

A hopeless mass obscured by thousands shadows...
Crushed by the ruling winged masters...
They... Who simultaneously banish themselves!
To raze their everlasting Underworld...

The Essence oft the Existence wasted to immortal
destruction...
The Exploitation oft the infinite well ofn resources?
... Dying, but closing Itself upon the gargoyles...
Over Earthworld!
The claim of the Valley... The claim? Life.
Death! Death! Death! Dead.

You'll stay like a being...
You'll suffer among yourselves...
With your new replenished energy!
Reversed effect on my soul...
Your bright plunged world of doom!
... Doom!

... Gargoyles falling winged ones, flying for the clouds...
Above... Below, smash retreat deep in their well of ills...
... Gargoyles lying small ones, dying on the ground...
Below... Rise, above the clouds, the Valley feels...