

I am the dust of desert dunes and the chilly wind of death
I am the waves on the oceans of blood, and the knives and sword
s to shred
the just
I am the time, the withering and the withered, as well as the t
horns,
burning and sharp
I am the rain of lust that wets the chaste, and the torch that
ends your
life
I am the one whose name still the hearts and the silence their
breaths
I am the one who speaks your name, weakens your fall into my co
ld arms
Just waiting for that kiss of my scythe

"Both fool and the wise,
one thing is certain - that life flies
one thing is certain and the rest flies
the flower that once has blown forever dies"

I stand above you whispering low
you know not what into your ear
of my strange language you all know
as there is not a word of fear

Azrael