

The Kindred of the Sunset

The Vision Bleak

Like a drapery falling downward
The dark spreads out in exquisite elegance
Melancholy reaching climax
Betimes you feel its wraith in all the elements
Aflame – the heavens seem to burn now untamed
While the earth is clad in a luscious blueish dress
Ignite – these candles need to burn now
The night unveils its echoing spook of death!

We are the kindred of the sunset
We are – to fade
We seem like a blackened silhouette
We are the children of the sunset
We know – we are
To burn – a blaze of night ahead

We are the kindred of the sunset
We are the children of the sunset

We are to fade – we seem...

We know – we are to burn...

Nocturnal haze coming forth
A ghost... devouring my secrecies
Gliding over fields as mist wailing grievously
Extinct! The heavens seem to burn no more
The Earth is clad in a funeral dress
Elapse! The hourglass got turned once more
So pleased we sip the elixir of death

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