

# The First Rebellion

Thulcandra

Winged with red lightning  
All born from rage  
Clad in midnight black  
The invincibles stand  
To win the throne of god

The shout of battle  
In the clash of arms  
The legions led in fight  
Where wounds of deadly hate  
Have pierced so deep

A fear of things to come  
All flesh is burnt  
And pain first felt  
In this worthless stride  
For the apostate's demise

A glimpse, a moment now  
A clarity in sight  
The architect of a kneeling death  
Visible through this horrid maze  
All is lost and all is won

Gathered under banners raised  
By thousands ranged for fight  
The rebellious cast of shattered saints  
Out to march for revenge well earned

Though this may be born in defeat  
The demiurg now stands unmasked  
In the crown of creation webbed  
The sealed fate  
Of torment not to last