



**THE WORLD OF
WHISPERING STRIFE**

TRACK LIST

1.	The Day of Whispers	2:53
2.	Legend Speaks	2:35
3.	Resurrection of Ruin	5:39
4.	Fight or Flight	5:56
5.	Mortal Limits	3:38
6.	Wrath	4:10
7.	Pride	4:40
8.	Greed	5:14
9.	The Dreamland Era	2:52
10.	One's Sacred Story	3:43
11.	Season of Discovery	4:09
12.	The Philosopher's Quest	3:29
13.	Downstream	4:17
14.	The Key to Tomorrow	4:11
15.	Worried Wonder	3:49
16.	On the Trail	3:44
17.	The Philosopher's Plea	4:27
18.	Emerging Experience	5:16
19.	The Emerald Dream	5:06
20.	Sorcery Obscene	4:57

21.	The Price of Sight	6:10
22.	Gloomshine	2:52
23.	Paradise Lost	4:24
24.	Ten Thousand	6:36
25.	The Surveyor	3:18
26.	Fury from the Stars	4:07
27.	Careless Contentment	3:16
28.	The Song of Harvest	3:52
29.	Passive Wisdom	4:43
30.	Roots of Evil	4:59
31.	The Pain of Perception	5:29
32.	Belly of the Beast	6:53
33.	Terror in Tandem	9:30
34.	Fire's Fall	11:23
35.	The Surveyor's Call	6:09
36.	Hue of Regret	3:17
37.	Neglected Truth	3:16
38.	A Long-Sought Lie	2:48

The Day of Whispers

Long before the written word
Eclipsed oral tradition,
War ravaged our world
With unrelenting fury.
It was not until
A different threat emerged
That everything shifted.
As the gods descended,
Man knew fear.
As the gods fought,
Man knew despair.

Thus began the Epic of Old,
When the trials of survival
Spiraled toward darkness,
And death embraced the world
With whispers of release.

On that day,
The elements stood dismantled and twisted,
As if nature itself was corrupted
By the heavens above.
Wind trampled the earth
As the sky bled a torrent of crimson fire.
Light became death.
Darkness became safety.
That was the day the gods descended,
When human frailty
Was made plain to the world.

Thus began the Epic of Old,
When the trials of survival
Spiraled toward darkness,
And death embraced the world
With whispers of release.

Legend Speaks

Mankind's foundations once held high
Fell from grace with terrible cries.
As the war between gods waged on,
Ages of men have come and gone.

These lands lasting a thousand years,
Despite trials of endless fear.
Each age marked by a bloodstained day -
A time of ruin and decay.

Every era, battle begins
Between two gods to see who wins.
With daring sport to pick who rules,
People suffer a fate most cruel.

Rhinesvelt has triumphed, speaks our lore,
With the sworn return of Helskor.
God of darkness throwing disdain -
Through our blood, he said he shall reign.

The Day of Whispers comes once more,
And Hendvlask prepares for war.
Will man last with its scant defense,
Or face death by powers immense?

Every era, battle begins
Between two gods to see who wins.
With daring sport to pick who rules,
People suffer a fate most cruel.

Resurrection of Ruin

Arise, for you are my prized possession -
The essence of my creative passion.
I am your father, brother, and master -
Your destroyer and your liberator.
I am the everything you represent,
You are the fragment of my perfection.
Rejoice in my acceptance of your birth,
Your existence, and your evolution.
I would regret the day I could not dwell
On such pleasant aspects of your being.

I know what tomorrow brings me,
A dawn of piercing reflection,
Blinding light from enchanting views.
Eagerly I dream the insane,
Grand instance of iniquity.
I know what the future shall hold,
And you will grant ascendancy.
I will direct this destiny,
So, rejoice in revelation!
You hold little on your shoulders,
For I shall make the sacrifice!

I carry this burden
As you carry it out.
Freedom comes after death.
Destruction sets you free.
It's the source of your strength,
This harsh reality.
I remain your keeper,
Teacher, and slave driver.
Soon I will set you loose
Into this troubled world.
I can now sense the end,
When your beauty unfurls.

Fight or Flight (1)

The skirmish was like a dark dream
 And my dreams were soon a battle.
 We were sent to take out rebels.
 A band of brigands they were made,
 Against squads holding harmony.
 This music was a first for me.
 We raided the camp of villains
 In what was the darkest of nights.
 No moonlight to help aid our sight
 And no starlight to bring comfort.
 Rainclouds had choked the midnight sky.

Men at arms at the ready!
 Shadows whisper secrets in my ear.
 Memories searing in my mind,
 Haunted by cries I still can hear.
 Fearing excitement, nerves unsteady,
 Wishing I could leave it all behind.
 In the darkest of nights, we ride,
 Through flames and fears we cannot hide.

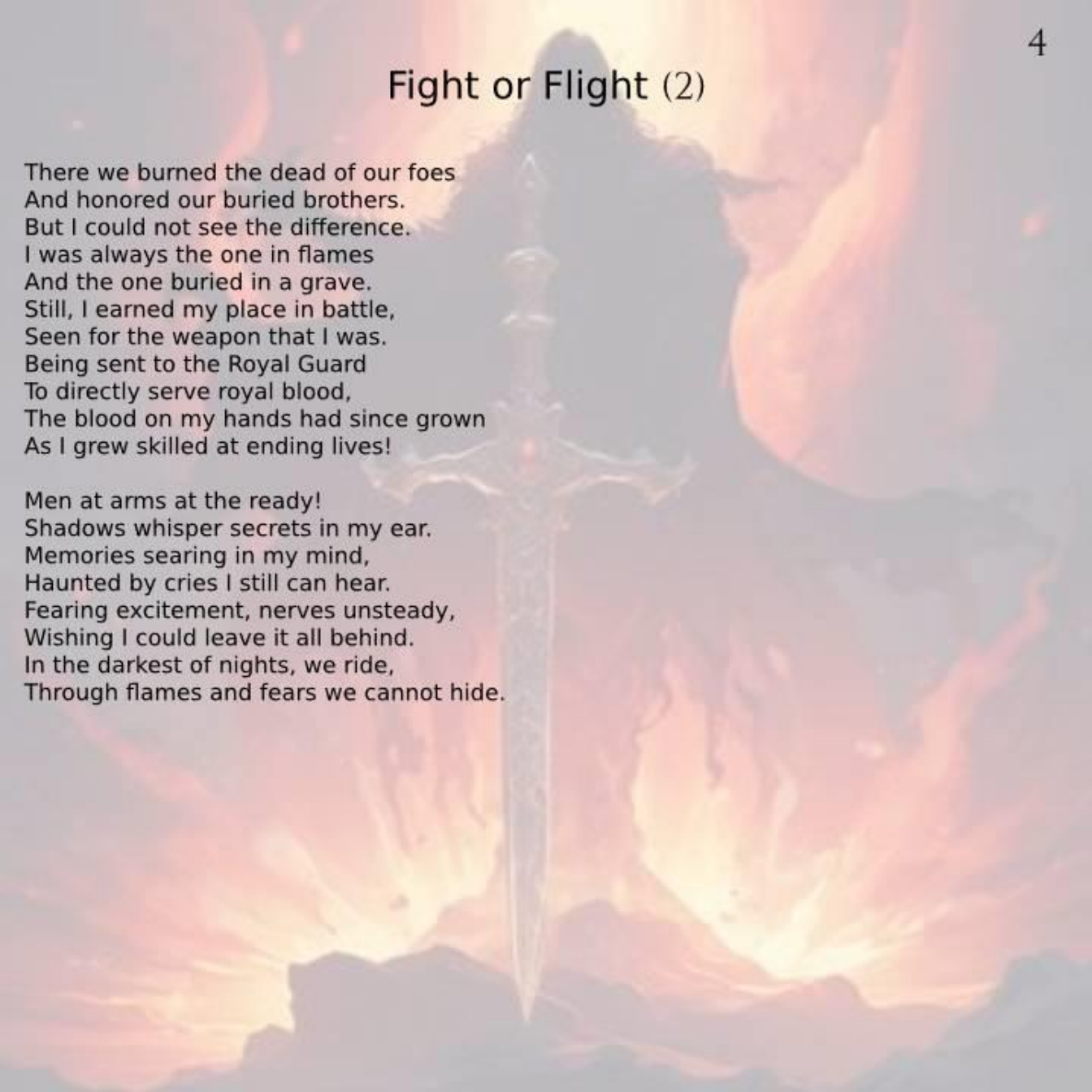
The land vibrated with low hums,
 Greeting the feet of our horses
 Galloping through the swirls of dust,
 Trampling the camp underfoot.
 A rain of arrows from the left
 Aided our beginning assault.
 Now the spearmen from the right flank,
 Circling around the downed camp,
 Impaled all daring to escape.
 Those of us left started to charge,
 Finishing the act with drawn swords!

Men at arms at the ready!
 Shadows whisper secrets in my ear.
 Memories searing in my mind,
 Haunted by cries I still can hear.
 Fearing excitement, nerves unsteady,
 Wishing I could leave it all behind.
 In the darkest of nights, we ride,
 Through flames and fears we cannot hide.

Our torches appeared as lit lines,
 Snakes of light eating countryside.
 The land of night submerged in flame,
 Yet the land was still murky black.
 All around me was a thick mist
 Giving form to the sparks and screams.
 I would see such shapes frequently
 In thought as well as nightly dreams.
 I feared the trek of torches bright
 As the smell of the burning flesh
 Coarsened the air I had to breathe!

Men at arms at the ready!
 Shadows whisper secrets in my ear.
 Memories searing in my mind,
 Haunted by cries I still can hear.
 Fearing excitement, nerves unsteady,
 Wishing I could leave it all behind.
 In the darkest of nights, we ride,
 Through flames and fears we cannot hide.

Fight or Flight (2)



There we burned the dead of our foes
And honored our buried brothers.
But I could not see the difference.
I was always the one in flames
And the one buried in a grave.
Still, I earned my place in battle,
Seen for the weapon that I was.
Being sent to the Royal Guard
To directly serve royal blood,
The blood on my hands had since grown
As I grew skilled at ending lives!

Men at arms at the ready!
Shadows whisper secrets in my ear.
Memories searing in my mind,
Haunted by cries I still can hear.
Fearing excitement, nerves unsteady,
Wishing I could leave it all behind.
In the darkest of nights, we ride,
Through flames and fears we cannot hide.

Mortal Limits

Can you right the wrongs of a past age?
Can a thousand soldiers bring life to the land?
Can a million arrows bring peace to our skies?
When an eternal shadow creates false night
And an infinite light creates timeless day,
Do the means of men hold any sway?

By all means, protect us, O Captain.
Defy the gods to prove your worth to yourself.
Cast your life away for those you look after,
And become the false hero you think matters.
But our true savior will arrive as a fire
And spit flame upon shadow, for it is his desire!

Is there some answer I do not see?
To fight for what is right is all well and good,
But to reach a conclusion that no man could...
Can you trigger tremors with charms of old verse
Or use alchemy to form gold from copper?
Can you work such mystic miracles?

By all means, protect us, O Captain.
Defy the gods to prove your worth to yourself.
Cast your life away for those you look after,
And become the false hero you think matters.
But our true savior will arrive as a fire
And spit flame upon shadow, for it is his desire!

You are made merely from flesh and blood
With a grit greater than any I have known,
Yet the illusion of bravery you hold
Will end with a death I cannot recommend.
You remain the most stubborn of strategists,
But against such odds, how can you win?

By all means, protect us, O Captain.
Defy the gods to prove your worth to yourself.
Cast your life away for those you look after,
And become the false hero you think matters.
But our true savior will arrive as a fire
And spit flame upon shadow, for it is his desire!

Wrath

Suddenly I now ache
In a land of anger.
I'd sweat if I possessed
The adequate moisture.

I can taste the coarse air
As sand dunes are felt
In this dry mouth of mine.
Only thirst awaits me!

I feel the scorching sun
Touching my exposed head
With a system of rays.
Fiery fingers of gold
Marring me with blisters!

I'm caught in a sandstorm
Without means of travel.
The winds now embrace me
And cover my body
With grainy visitors.

A storm of wrath surrounds
With a violent vortex
Showing rough affection.
It is malice made real!

This land lacks in remorse,
But I'd give anything
For a well of mercy.
Yet no such spring exists!

Pride

I am in a desolate world.
There is not much to see or feel,
The ground is cold, the wind colder,
And the ocean's chill could kill me.
I am alone on this snow shore.

I can sense a deafening moan
As earth trembles beneath my feet.
The ground cracks open suddenly
And large columns of ice rise forth.
Like daggers, they tear through the earth!

Glaciers form around my stone form,
Forcing me into solitude.
A whirlwind of snow in the air
Blinds my eyes in a frosted sea.
I am cold inside, my heart still.

The frostbite appears inside-out,
Spreading through my blackening veins,
Contrasting with the pure background.
Reflected on the ice is sin,
The coldness of my heart within!

Greed

There is little more I can take,
These past few nights a bold revelation.
I am afraid to rest, to sleep,
Yet as I drift, I sense something shining.
I am in a place of splendor.
Before my eyes lies a vast treasure trove.

A canvas of jewels above me,
With a sky of amethyst nebulae,
Sapphire stars overspread ahead
With quick comets of turquoise flying by.
As crystal clear waters flood in,
I now stand in an aquamarine lake.

As I gaze at the gaping sight,
A thought of desire overtakes my soul.
I find myself sinking below
As my hands grasp at the cosmic grandeur.
Blackness starts spreading through the lake
Until obsidian darkens the waves.

I cannot wade through it nor swim.
I'm weighed down by what I cannot remove.
Underwater and losing breath,
I struggle as I sink to the bottom.
Falling, splashing into nothing,
I appear to have sunk toward a new realm.

A dark sky of gray cyclones throbs
With sprinkles of faint light descending down
As small globes swirling in the air.
My body slowly ceases its sinking.
I land on a floating island,
And there are hundreds of these drifting rocks.

Debris flows in complex patterns,
Circling around great pillars of stone
Piercing the dark void below me.
From what I gather, I am Nevermore.
An unsupported wish brought me,
My urge to seize the heavens engulfed me.

The darkness within my own soul
Is overshadowed by this vile abyss.
My actions award me nothing.
My desires grant me continued despair.
When free will holds no lasting worth,
Oblivion is the clear conclusion.

The Dreamland Era

Let your weary form heed my mercy.
Your heart still hides a space lacking faith
In a future of lasting virtue.
Your fate is sealed in tablets of stone
Holding records time cannot erode.

In my realm, you find eternal rest.
From me, you will find restitution.
Your old self will be shorn from this realm.
The winds of change will smother your soul,
As you lose yourself within my world.

Observe the ending of an eon.
To those that work to form the future,
Seeing such a sight is pure pleasure.
With revolution wrought through trial,
Change is as certain as your failure.

Free past flaw and embrace perfection.
Evolution is your sole escape,
So, embrace your life in the dreamscape.
Improve your view or view your demise.
Only what I deem real can survive.

One's Sacred Story

Once upon a time,
I used stories to explain
What I could never hope to achieve.
While alone amongst many,
I sought for release.

These stories defined
What I would come to call dreams,
But such miracles never found me.
Instead, I was brushed away,
Stricken and betrayed.

The one helping hand
I came to find through dreaming
Was a curse placed upon my being.
Born of hope were judging eyes,
Fear received through time.

I recall weakness
As if it were some sickness,
But I still kept my dreams close to heart.
Now I am withered with debt,
That which I must pay.

If my dreams caused this,
I would not fear losing them,
But I feel such needs compel all means,
Forcing us to cull ourselves
In order to be.

Such is happiness,
A dream we awaken from,
That which was sought until sense sets in.
But I will endure this truth,
Forever sleeping.

Season of Discovery

Myth of the ancient, realm of ages,
Yonder majesty's secluded peak.
Lore of times past, work of the sages,
The key to tomorrow I first seek.

Deeper and deeper I must go,
Further beyond the realms I know.
Mark the Dreamdweller's ancient road,
Written upon his countless tomes.

A stern mind can only go nowhere,
For flexibility is the key.
This I have long learned from the stories,
That human hearts flirt with destiny.

Deeper and deeper I must go,
Further beyond the realms I know.
Mark the Dreamdweller's ancient road,
Written upon his countless tomes.

Finding the lock on mental inertia,
Blocking reservoirs of willpower.
Swift discoveries form dementia,
So, move with caution, else it go sour.

Deeper and deeper I must go,
Further beyond the realms I know.
Mark the Dreamdweller's ancient road,
Written upon his countless tomes.

Gate of wonders, door to tomorrow,
I have knocked and forced your seal open.
Knowledge I seek, vision I offer.
Transaction complete, words unspoken.

Deeper and deeper I must go,
Further beyond the realms I know.
Mark the Dreamdweller's ancient road,
Written upon his countless tomes.

The Philosopher's Quest

In restless slumber I still seek,
Searching forward to find the fount,
The source of all knowledge and truth.
In this realm I still wander forth.

To the people I will bestow
This spring of miracles in mind.
For all of Melheshk and Hendvlask,
Even this city on the sea.

The truth for what it truly is,
What it does for future ages,
A ticket to the sacred realm.
A looming life of grand design.

The flashes of revelation
Force all to forsake the old ways.
The kingdom that is meant to be
Should not falter before it nears.

I still venture to discover
The fountain of that mystic realm.
Yet I find my destination
Was really of my own design.

Downstream

I seem to find myself a dream.
Water flows within my being.
I seem to drift upon a stream.
All my worries are found fleeing.

The essence around me provides
Not knowledge I seek, but feeling.
A calmness surrounding now guides.
I sense my ferried scars healing.

On the water ebbs and flows,
And on my spirit floats along.
Further down the river goes,
Peace granting an inner calm.

I did not start this odyssey,
Though I sense a presence beyond.
My nature embraced honesty
As I felt a new truth respond.

Visions run like a waterfall,
And all I can do is watch on
As cracks form in an inner wall
While new souls in the river spawn.

On the water ebbs and flows,
And on my spirit floats along.
Further down the river goes,
Peace granting an inner calm.

Their memories are now my own
As calming waters meld our minds.
Though the cause of it is unknown,
I feel that our hearts are entwined.

I now understand what was said
About this dreamy realm made real.
Even if it was in my head,
It has altered an old ideal.

On the water ebbs and flows,
And on my spirit floats along.
Further down the river goes,
Peace granting an inner calm.

The Key to Tomorrow

Slumberland, the morrow,
A sunrise, until sundown sets,
A set of dreamy fits
In a realm of lost wonders kept.

A passing reverie is caught
In the illusions of eternity.
In obliviousness man sits
Upon the founding cusp of creation.

An arrangement of ephemeral realms
Holding creation's magic and a mystic void,
A mix of mankind's constructed kingdoms
With the essence of mortal imagination.

A swirl of unending conscious ideas,
Subconscious ideals, and unconscious souls converge.
Twisting and turning, churning and whirling,
Thoughts continuously pass through nascent networks.

Revelation whispers to all,
And the Key to Tomorrow is the source,
Directing most to lands unknown
Where such whispers exposing all spring forth.

Tomorrowland is home
To innumerable truths and tales.
Evermore are answers
Found in visions beyond all scale.

Worried Wonder

Void faceless skies of mortal demise.
The stories of our forefathers,
What have they to bring us?
There were peaceful times in our past,
But time is just a measure of momentum.

What moves these shores?
What moves our hearts?
The trade of the seafarers no doubt,
Along with the screech of the gulls
And the howl of the waves.

The Altar will surely shine once more,
Declaring to the world
That these waves of quiescence
Are no more.

As the wind blows along this coastal town,
I think deeply of a memory
Buried in sand and cemented by stone.
Shimmering alabaster dreams,
Swimming in salty air
And floating in a foamy sea.

My own story is but an illusion.
A makeshift raft of wood
Carried by the waves.
A violent sun and a consuming night
Haunt that enchanted forest.

The Altar will surely shine once more,
Declaring to the world
That these waves of quiescence
Are no more.

What has come about these past centuries?
Devastation? Divine courtship?
What will become of our future
If the mere whispers of fate
Block our broad view of the present?

The Altar will surely shine once more,
Declaring to the world
That these waves of quiescence
Are no more.

On the Trail

Northeast, I travel, right I go.
Forked paths only help the quest,
All a new journey awaiting.
To a watery vista I ride,
Through inviting valleys
And cold plateaus of rock.

Sand dunes, sea birds,
The smell of the day's catch,
All a new scene awaiting.
To land's edge I ride,
Past populated pastures
And ripe fields of grain.

The sound of waves
With a low tide's treasures,
All a new experience awaiting.
To an unknown city I ride,
With spirit of discovery in my eyes
As I move with heartbeat racing.

The Philosopher's Plea

Please lend me your ear,
I beg you to hear
This tale of mystery,
A piece of history.

As days of ruin encroach,
What whispers must we reproach?
Search within to find hidden truth.
The knowledge sought, a source of youth.

Daring minds hold the key to it all,
Passion guides one to the watcher's hall.
Words beyond given time echo in place.
All is now frozen, so work to make chase
Toward a new zenith of creativity.
Progressive ideas raise productivity.

Engage the challenge of unlocking potential,
For value attainment makes learning essential.
No reasons come to mind for abandoning this chance.
Adventure awaits you, as your dreams deserve a glance.

Troubles will haunt nevermore. Face your fear of the unknown.
I grant you a gift sealed in silence. The key has been sown.

Emerging Experience

My eyes open, granting me a new scene.
I enter a world of transient beauty.
The surroundings seem stable as I stand,
While wearing the most peculiar attire,
A flowing red dress with cryptic symbols.
The twin moons and unknown runes,
Markings which resemble a star system,
Like the one I see at night when I sing.

To my left are sprawling woodlands,
To the right is a river rushing past,
And near my feet lies a bed of flowers.
They are not the usual colors,
With petals a burnt orange and green,
Growing larger in size as I watch.
It is as if they respond to my wish
For them to grow ever more striking.

I am overjoyed by the smallest sights
And let leak a growing wish to see stars,
Though it looks to be day beyond the trees.
Swiftly, the brush before me moves apart,
Clearing a path unknown to me.
Strolling down the newly-formed trail,
I enter a glade by an azure lake,
Reflecting a cobalt moonlit night sky.

That lake dazzled with such splendid starlight,
As if precious stones hid within the depths,
Numbering a thousandfold were black diamonds.
Gazing up and flinching from the grandeur,
Such brilliance I cannot observe for long,
A chorus of cosmic bodies in tune
Weave through the pulsating space before me.

The longer I behold what lies ahead,
The lighter I become, soon floating.
Drifting above the whistling trees,
A maze of moving malachite branches.
Senses fading as I fly forward,
Making note to return below.
All goes gray as I work to descend,
As if rainclouds had broken my fall.

The Emerald Dream

Once upon an emerald dream,
Crystalline structures gaze at me.
I soar through the winds passing through,
Look down on the bright stars below,
And feel my own eyes become trapped,
Fixed on the horizon.

Sapphires litter a mystic sky,
Reflected by an ancient pool
Filled with life-giving waters fresh.
Yet all that remains on my mind
Is the all-familiar crescent
Of tomorrow's bright reflection.

As I gaze, once more I can see
My eyes still fixed and following
The stories forever untold.
My very soul was felt mourning
As I passed through ruby-rich fields,
Dancing under fading moonlight.

I tell myself that it is true,
That my soul still wanders those fields.
Hiding in the sunset's shadow,
My true self stays sheltered within
As moonbeams claw through foggy air,
Piercing the fading horizon.

Once more I let go and take flight
Through sugar-coated clouds of fluff,
Painting the sky with honeyed rain
Gleaming sweet pearlescent beauty.
I find myself hiding within
Until I emerge shimmering.

Tonight, I remain surrounded
By familiar apparitions
Appearing in wondrous design.
Cascading colors and patterns
Begin to enter my pure form
Once upon an emerald dream.

Sorcery Obscene

Sigil of aged earth,
Light beyond the rift.
Precious is your worth,
Perfect is your gift.
Activate your truth,
Vanquish the old pact.
Tarnish our aged youth,
Validate this fact.

With static visions
Come a violent storm.
With tough decisions
Come an altered norm.
Blurred becomes our fate
As dreams become strange.
Fragile is our state
As sound echoes change.

A creeping cancer
Silences our hope.
A hidden answer
Allows us to cope.
All words shall grow numb
With all thought employed.
Our resolve kills some,
But blood fills a void.

The Price of Sight

Portals significant and sweet
Replaced by the awful and untrue.
I find myself upon a field,
Dying to find saving grace afar.
I sense the urges foreign born,
Bound to and from wicked wishes sown.

The dead rise, serve, and die again.
Perhaps soldiers are what walk these lines
Marked by black blood and reddened mud.
Lightning reflects off poisonous clouds,
Renewing sight of horrors found.
Here I derive a prophet's essence.

Thought is wrung, all lies become one.
Man of spiders, worries spun.
The quickening, a devil's tongue.
Lash of weakness, strike the young.

Discoveries compel my taste,
Watching cavalcades of carnivores.
I wish to be like them in form,
Though sense prevents an inner morphing.
I know my true place in the field
Is to contradict established norms.

Passion burns with pain searing white
Amidst a lack of light in the plains.
Bodies work to change their cruel fate,
Burning brightly as to lead the way.
But as I find purpose to move,
A dimming blocks out the hope of death.

Cherish the feeling, embers run.
Miracle child, blessed son.
Ash to ash, what the flame gives back.
Dark incarnate, venom black.

Gloomshine

It was a lonely night
As the darkness beckoned me
With the chill of wind on its breath.
Not only did the trees whisper,
But the land itself spoke ill
Of the fate I welcomed.

The moons were memorable,
But I never understood why.
Their passing pretense of warmth
Could not console me on that night,
As the heart of that moment
Was a feeling I abandoned.

Not even a thousand suns
Could shed light on the truth
Found within my veiled despair.
As foggy visions grew,
The actions and ends portrayed
Were consumed by the night.

Why was I the center
Of such subjugating fate?
Why was I so distant to those
Whom I held dear in memory?
That was the night in my eyes -
Maddening loneliness.

Paradise Lost

A world shaped
By the will of the ancients.
A world molded
By the hands of achievers.
Paradisiacal planes
Designed in perfect form.

A sphere of light
Made majestic from might.
A sphere of stars
To brighten the night.
Paradiseal waters spread
And swallow the land.

I warned them,
Passing thoughts ignored.
Their silence,
Peace none could afford.
Their blindness,
A growth of discord.
Destruction
Of their own accord.

Our world fully flooded
With the water of life.
White light glowing within,
Enlightening its surroundings.
Paradisum overflowing
With energy obscure.

I warned them,
Passing thoughts ignored.
Their silence,
Peace none could afford.
Their blindness,
A growth of discord.
Destruction
Of their own accord.

An architectural sphere,
Its contents unknown and unbound.
A sphere of isolation,
Its populace flown and unfound.
Paradise has lost us,
As we lost our hearts.

I warned them,
Passing thoughts ignored.
Their silence,
Peace none could afford.
Their blindness,
A growth of discord.
Destruction
Of their own accord.

Ten Thousand

Through time we wandered, dimensions shifting,
Looking for home, a strong impulse
Surviving the perpetual travel -
A journey of ten thousand strong.

Onward we moved to discover anew.
Forward we flew through cosmic clouds,
Passing radiant gravity giants -
A journey of ten thousand wings.

We soar through stars and shifting skies,
A quest for worlds where futures rise.
Ten thousand hearts, ten thousand flames,
In search of hope, we leave our names.
Through endless space, our spirits sing,
Bound by the dreams of journeying.

Memories of matchless machines moving
With my craft of luminescence.
My hyperspace home was one of legion -
The remains of ten thousand lights.

In search of new utopia, we flew,
But through revelation, I changed,
Building in astral terrestrial form
A world made of ten thousand dreams.

We soar through stars and shifting skies,
A quest for worlds where futures rise.
Ten thousand hearts, ten thousand flames,
In search of hope, we leave our names.
Through endless space, our spirits sing,
Bound by the dreams of journeying.

The Surveyor

Beyond Atmos,
Beyond the realm you know,
Lies the world of dreams.
And beyond that,
You will find me.

I am known...as the Surveyor.

I have built up your world
In more ways than you may know,
And have seen the passage of eons,
The birth and death of civilizations,
And the arrival of beings
Both worshipped and feared.

You have made it this far
In tracing down my existence,
But my whereabouts
Will remain unknown to you,
For no man can claim
My fortress as their own.

Fury from the Stars

A world of insanity,
All a distant memory.
Madness has no worth for me,
So, I choose to leave it be.

Kingdom come, a sudden fate,
With crown of shadows divine.
Brilliant flames illuminate
Heavenly darkness that blinds.

I freely choose to believe,
And open myself to thee.
I freely choose to receive.
Let your energy fill me.

A kingdom surrenders all
With flesh inviting a flame.
From the heavens, brilliance calls,
Reaping all that can be claimed.

Careless Contentment

The mists rise as daybreak forms in our eyes,
With light dancing upon mountains distant.
Fleeting memories of past harvest song,
A faint tune that feeds both the heart and soul.

We marvel at the sight of amber hills,
Golden fields, green meadows, and lush woodlands.
As the mountains rise into the heavens,
Untamed forests extend down from the skies.

The color of our lives bleeds through such sights.
None will forget this living scenery,
The feel of the fresh breeze,
The smell of the wildflowers,
The sound of the songbirds,
Or the taste of our laborious fruit.

The day is not yet upon us,
For we have another year,
But the tranquility we share
Is oddly distorted.

The Song of Harvest

Autumn leaves rain from the sky,
Painting the world through human eyes.
With time, nature offers change,
Letting us survive through exchange.
Here is our offering,
So, sing, sing, sing!

Autumn leaves crunching beneath
As we dance about with our feet.
Parades of joy abound tonight
With the bliss the season incites.
This will be our last chance,
So, dance, dance, dance!

Autumn leaves of colors sweet
With roasted corn and salted meat.
Deviled eggs and pumpkin jam,
With turkey legs and candied yams.
Now is the time for treats,
So, eat, eat, eat!

With autumn night, fervor grows,
And with music, merriment shows.
In faint moonlight, the end nears,
Requiring our avid cheers.
On this night, cups must clink,
So, drink, drink, drink!

Passive Wisdom

I once valued idealism,
Approaching the divine concept,
Until I learned I must live in
Relative goodness and beauty.

I once valued fidelity,
Devotion to duty,
Until I learned I must confront
The danger of default.

I once sought pleasure on the path,
Satisfaction of happiness,
Until I learned I must live with
The possibility of pain.

The weight of foreign expectations
Tie us with strings of hollow value!
Blurred are common obligations,
Unknown bindings of altered will!
I saw the patterns of all choices,
Forsaking the demands of endless voices!

I once sought truth in my travels,
Validated knowledge,
Until I learned I must deal with
Ever-present error.

I once sought faith on my journey,
The supreme assertion of thought,
Until I learned it required
Knowing less than I could believe.

I once sought hope in my travels,
Positive conviction,
Until I learned I must confront
Frequent uncertainty.

The weight of foreign expectations
Tie us with strings of hollow value!
Blurred are common obligations,
Unknown bindings of altered will!
I saw the patterns of all choices,
Forsaking the demands of endless voices!

I once sought courage on the path,
A sudden strength of character,
Until I learned I must live with
Constant hardship and displeasure.

I once valued altruism,
Service to one's fellows,
Until I learned it required
Social disparity.

I once valued unselfishness,
The soul of self-forgetfulness,
Until I learned I must defeat
An inescapable ego.

The weight of foreign expectations
Tie us with strings of hollow value!
Blurred are common obligations,
Unknown bindings of altered will!
I saw the patterns of all choices,
Forsaking the demands of endless voices!
Their countless requests, never ceasing,
Forever judging, fury increasing!

Roots of Evil

I pondered how to get ahead,
Realizing money was the answer.
People are controlled by its weight,
As it can buy dreams of the young and old.
For those who know what they can gain,
Greed is merely the natural result.

I pondered how to rise above,
Realizing fame would help spread my name.
Such attracts the envy of all,
For it can be used to extend one's life
And even deepen one's pockets.
It is an extension of our being.

I pondered how to be the best,
Realizing honor extended worth.
I could eternalize my name,
For it associates one with greatness.
It goes beyond fortune and fame,
As it transcends our physical nature.

I pondered how to overcome,
Realizing power was everything.
It rears renown, honor, and wealth.
Finite things can forever be sustained
With the power to change all norms.
Hence, I chose the way of the emperor.

The Pain of Perception

Though I lack proper phrasing,
I could sense beings unseen.
Eyes of crazed fixture gazing
Upon passing patterns clean.

The dreamland of my favor
Must remain with me only,
For granting visions savored
Moves us in places lonely.

Here you remain a stranger,
With forked tongue beyond your lips
Reminding me of danger
And death greeting passion's kiss.

I could not gift you a name,
As your attention centered
Beyond my uncovered pain
And your offenses rendered.

Now I have no heart to give,
For you stole the tears I shed
Mourning your resolve to live
Within horrors I had bled.

Belly of the Beast

Consume. Devour.
You have the fortune to know my birthright.
I have the fortune to show my resolve.
Observe as your flesh dissolves within me.
Take pride in the great mercy I bestow
Through the great speed which I will devour!

There will be no witness to my ways,
For the secrecy of my actions
Can only keep a man in sane mind.
Can you ever hope to keep me full?
I touch upon your world hungry!

I serve through my lustful cravings and feed.
People such as this are mere peasant food,
And my cravings are far more divine.
No mere place such as this could compare
To the meal to come!

All those before me will be feasted on
As I reach for my end!
This world will know the meaning of sorrow
As it becomes my nourishment
And is bound by the master's shadow!

You are my father, brother, and master –
My destroyer and liberator.
You are the everything I represent –
I am a fragment of your perfection,
Granting the ascendancy of many!
Freedom comes after death.
Destruction sets us free.
It's the source of our strength,
This harsh reality.
All will rejoice in joint revelation!

For Helskor's name will be known by all,
And Rhinesvelt, once struck down, will fall!

Terror in Tandem (I)

“Who in this battle shall be the witness?
I ask you all, who will watch others act, and
who will I find grasping at fortune? We have
one chance after years of stillness to display
before the gods our resolve! Shall we gain
what we seek? Our prized freedom? Or will it
end in fleeting memory? Today, I shall be the
witness. Now is the time! No room for fear!
Despite my weakness, I see it, and it is vile
beyond words. But we shall slay the black
horror that has dared to disturb your hearts
that bleed for the lands of Hendvask!

“I ask again, who shall be the witness?
The time is now, and the plan has been set.
As the dawn of a new age approaches, we are
forced to make the choice before us. The
moment we challenge unrighteousness has
met us in the form of a demon! Who in their
honor shall stand up to it? Which of you shall
be the witness? Who here will become a
legend? Who will return as a hero? Fight with
me, soldiers of Hendvask! We challenge fear
itself this day as all will learn from our great
deeds! Today we stand! Today we fight!”

A dark wind sweeps over the field
As we approach our sole target.
Silence shifts to a resounding screech.
Our ears bleed, and men shout in their pain.
Rushing to my mind are fears grim
As I tremble through the cold earth.
I fear we are digging our own graves!

Through darkness we march,
Yet light still calls,
Beneath the weight, we rise or fall.
Fear binds our hands,
Hope lifts our hearts,
A choice to make as the battle starts.

And there, above my furrowed brow,
Is the freedom of endless skies.
If I were but a proud eagle
With wings touching the horizon,
I would not know such suffering!
Dark earth binds the men, draining life,
And from beneath we are consumed.

Through darkness we march,
Yet light still calls,
Beneath the weight, we rise or fall.
Fear binds our hands,
Hope lifts our hearts,
A choice to make as the battle starts.

Terror in Tandem (2)

Arrows pour in and fill the air,
 Yet they cannot find their target.
 As steel darts work to make their mark,
 Time appears to slow in the dark
 As our bolts stop still before it.
 A black shockwave struck our offense,
 Forcing more to the blackened earth
 With horses as lame as the rest.

I will stand, I will fight,
 Through the shadows, toward the light.
 When fear consumes and hope is thin,
 I'll rise again, I'll rise again.
 In the face of death's command,
 I'll lead them with a steady hand.
 Against the dark, I'll make my way,
 And chase the night into the day!

The groups behind behold the plight
 That may soon befall them in turn
 As the demon cloaked grabs those close,
 To chew upon fresh flesh and bone.
 Solid ground shifts to morbid mire,
 And the shadows beckon my soul.
 Death grasps at my struggling legs,
 Yet I discover shreds of hope.

The battle roars, no turning back,
 Through shadows deep, we stay on track.
 With every step, we make our stand,
 Our fate is forged by our own hand.

In those free skies is something strange.
 Two suns with a second shadow
 Stare at the shameful scene below.
 I know what they are as I see
 That light is stronger than the dark.
 I now feel the need to go on.
 Death's illusion will not take me
 So long as this passion remains!

I will stand, I will fight,
 Through the shadows, toward the light.
 When fear consumes and hope is thin,
 I'll rise again, I'll rise again.
 In the face of death's command,
 I'll lead them with a steady hand.
 Against the dark, I'll make my way,
 And chase the night into the day!

Terror in Tandem (3)

Finally, I gain a foothold
In the mystic marsh at my feet.
With those near me in crippled fear,
I call them to stand forth and march,
But they cower without courage
As they are bound by hearts gone black.
I will show them the light of hope!
I will teach them to defeat fear!
They will see their leader fight on
As I make my last charge on foot!

The battle roars, no turning back,
Through shadows deep, we stay on track.
With every step, we make our stand,
Our fate is forged by our own hand.

I will stand, I will fight,
Through the shadows, toward the light.
When fear consumes and hope is thin,
I'll rise again, I'll rise again.
In the face of death's command,
I'll lead them with a steady hand.
Against the dark, I'll make my way,
And chase the night into the day!

Fire's Fall (1)

Rhinesvelt:

"I see the ruin of another age, an army of men foolishly dying. Who leads these ones to their obvious doom? I did not think the king was so foolish. A mere shadow toys with soldiers like this. I would have gladly accepted their lives as a worthy sacrifice for my plans. Yet these animals now only nourish the foolish fiend I set my sight upon.

Helskor:

"I see you marvel at my creation. I cannot deny that I am now proud as my precious puppet sows more chaos. I confess the creature is one with me. We are united in both life and strength."

Rhinesvelt:

"Silence. You dare come out of hiding to mock me? You are but a deity of failure! You cannot stand against my vast power, nor the generous miracles I grant. What more must I do here to set you straight? For four hundred years you have known defeat!"

Helskor:

"And I have bided my time for too long, letting you sate your ego as you please. I intend to destroy your worshippers. How many will die before you can strike? Will you become nameless with none to rule? How would you fare if your status is crushed? Despite your power or your floating throne, I am the destined one to rule this land, which will soon mirror my inner nature. Your post will cease to be reality, and this world will have a taste of real peace!"

Rhinesvelt:

"Yet I have ensured that your plan has failed. You may be capable of revival, but can it be true for this dark creature? Your attempts at inciting me have waned. Your intentions are all too clear to me. Why would I waste my energy on you when I have other ways of succeeding? We may remain imprisoned on this world, but that is not where my influence ends. I have already done what was needed! There is no stopping my **RIGHTEOUS FURY!**"

Fire's Fall (2)

Helskor's attempt at provoking Rhinesvelt led nowhere fast, as the humans below continued to struggle on their own with no help coming from the skies. However, another being was secretly present. The Surveyor, who had followed the monster's path from afar, sensed the two gods nearby. Something else was enticing his presence as well. As the sky darkened, a golden glow descended from the upper atmosphere. It had the appearance of a ship, yet it looked unfit for space travel. Its top was triangular with metallic panels, while its bottom held an intricate, yet crude, propulsion system. Then at the center of the craft now stood Rhinesvelt, a being too bright to behold by mortal eyes. Standing atop his vessel, Rhinesvelt began to shout aloud with his deafening voice. As he spoke, the construct on which he stood released pulsing sound waves directed toward the world below. Millions could hear the god's furious rage, yet only those at the mercy of the monster below welcomed the blistering words.

Rhinesvelt:

"I announce this to all who inhabit these lands: I, your savior, am displeased. In my harvest of golden rays, in my creation of an ever-bright sky, I have reigned as supreme over my enemy and yours! Though I have ruled as the redeemer of this world, granting all peace of mind, this feeling will soon break into pieces! A lonely wanderer has endangered you. A nomad of stars with no home of his own sought to use you for his gain, making a pact with the adversary and threatening your very future. I have little choice but to act. A transgression against my will is a clear death sentence, even to those caught in the crossfire! I bring the fire of distant stars ablaze, sunlight pulsing through my veins. This world will tremble under my magnificence and might. Mark these words, for you have chosen your plight!"

The Surveyor's ship moved closer to Rhinesvelt and began to vibrate, creating waves of sound in the air that matched the Surveyor's voice.

Surveyor:

"It seems you are attempting to provoke me, but you will only fail. This ship of mine cannot be harmed by you, and a creature of your nature cannot harm the realm I originate from."

Fire's Fall (3)

Rhinesvelt:

"Allies of Helskor receive death! I sow fear in the hearts of those who see him. I incinerated those who serve him. I burn the land on which he walks. I destroy the countries of those who worship him. That is the way it has always been and always will be! It does not matter if you are human or not! Allies of Helskor receive death - I treat all equally in this promise."

Rhinesvelt raised his arm as a great lightning bolt extended from his hand toward the end of the horizon. The Surveyor's ship had teleported away, dodging the powerful blow. Rhinesvelt followed it up with a widespread electric storm that extended outward in all directions. Helskor backed away to avoid being hit as he watched the Surveyor's ship remain motionless. The energy appeared to curve around the ship as if a field of greater force surrounded it.

Surveyor:

"I will repeat, you cannot harm this ship. I travel through space in an instant. It bends to my will. Should I fly into a star, I would remain unharmed, so I suggest focusing your attention on your true enemy."

Rhinesvelt:

"Oh, I already have. My strike was preemptive. I've been biding my time until this point, but it seems the waiting is over. Look up!"

Both the Surveyor and Helskor observed the sky above them, spotting a mysterious light in the distance that was growing brighter as the sun set, but it was not a star. No, something far worse was lighting up the world, and it was descending quickly.

Surveyor:

"How are you doing that? From what I've gathered, you should have little influence over gravity, yet it was clearly attracted here by something. No, was it-"

Fire's Fall (4)

Rhinesvelt:

“You’re too late! Even if you figure it out, it doesn’t matter. Your little creature down below will perish, and there is nothing that can be done! I cannot reverse it, nor will I!”

Fast approaching the land below, an asteroid of great proportion emerged from the outer rim of the atmosphere. As it gained velocity, Rhinesvelt ascended further above to chase after it, ultimately striking it downward with great force and imparting it with an even greater fire. It was a seed of destruction never before witnessed on Atmos, and it was headed straight for the nightmarish creature that was too busy consuming human flesh to notice.

Surveyor:

“Was this what I wanted? Was this response necessary to kill it? Will it truly end the fighting between these two, or be the start of something worse? It should have the intended effect, but is the cost worth it?”

As the asteroid made contact with its slow-moving target, cataclysmic shockwaves ripped apart the land as clouds of ash choked the sky. Far above, the Surveyor continued to watch until he could stomach no more.

The Surveyor's Call

Forever dreaming
Of your bastion of pride,
Warning of stars in the sky
Raining down a bright flash of fire.
The skies can spit earth and flame,
And you could forever reign
Over your eroded world.

All foes of the king's guard masquerade
As masked men in a mob of the many.
The average peasant with hidden weapon
Could warp the mind of a panicked sentry.
The people of Atmos are right to panic,
And those that guard grand estates
State not what they see in the night.

Accidents are not for the astute,
And the pride you hold is too light a load
To cause such a cataclysm beyond,
Before those dwelling in the realm of dreams.
Dreadful dreams stay fearsome in the twilight,
And I dare not say where your yearnings lead.
Long I will mourn your lack of vision.
The cascading colors of many
Enhance my realm indefinitely.
As sapphires litter my emerald sky,
I am surrounded by renewed design.

I stay veiled in a rift of energy
That you could not hope to sense or find.
I remain in a land of grand visions.
You can never see my moonlit fields.
Their rich color bleeds beyond the perceived.
You can never touch my silken clouds.
Their beauty is too fine to be felt.

You cannot embrace my setting sun
On a horizon hotter than your scorn,
Or the god of fire's firmament throne.
The souls which walk the shadows call me
He who wanders nightmares.
The souls that fly through my sky call me
He who pierces the heavens.

Hue of Regret

In darkness sown,
And in darkness kept.
Foreign gravity grown.

In light we keep
And in light we sow.
Time revisions too steep.

A long-fought fact
Hidden within sight,
And I react.

Two gods in fury tore the land,
I watched as chaos shook the skies.
I held no weapon in my hand,
But wove my plan in subtle guise.
A mind undone by fractured strands,
I sought to end what strength defied.

In tomorrow lies
Lands of revealing light.
Life within ceaseless sunrise.

In yesterday lay
Realms of concealing night.
Death greeting the other side.

Today I lie
To myself mostly,
As thousands die.

Two gods in fury tore the land,
I watched as chaos shook the skies.
I held no weapon in my hand,
But wove my plan in subtle guise.
A mind undone by fractured strands,
I sought to end what strength defied.

Neglected Truth

One flash before the end,
With my pain gained to lend.
Through burdens shared to all,
Source of suffering stalled.

Second nature from my core,
Bleeding inward, I ignore.
Passing glance within, I felt
A sudden urge to reach out.

Tales of reckoning, tattered seams,
Safety entwined with mirrored dreams.
Lessons learnt brought deliverance,
But I faltered through arrogance.

Now none know the truth of gods,
For I failed to learn the odds.
Now all bleed without wisdom,
Spreading an obtuse rhythm.

Going back, changing fate,
Sweat spent on wishes great.
Yet all leads back to this -
The chance to right wrongs missed.

A Long-Sought Lie

In a world of wonder far away,
A world of oceans and sun-touched bays
With shimmering sands and precious stone,
A world of dreamers with fear unsown.

The amber hillsides and fields of gold
Still scatter the land with dreams untold.
A new age is dawning, here at last
To mark the loss of a daunting past.

No whispers of ruin or battle.
Just vast pasture with grazing cattle.
The kingdoms of man restored in time
As an ancient altar hides in pine.

Our safety can finally be felt
On a world controlled by Rhinesvelt.