

dead spaces  
ruins of morality  
old scars  
smouldering remains of energy  
and a crystal like a Lotos Flower  
my consciousness

the Army - they are a few  
because those who have the fight within  
and faces pale white  
pass away too often

the enemy seems to be powerfull  
and it is easier not to provoke him

cowards!  
the Might you know not!

the Path of Enlightenment marked with tears  
will not go back anymore

the Art  
is not to get lost in a vicious dance  
in a maze of turnings  
mirages  
unreliability

once  
there was something  
taken away from me  
I fought  
once I won  
the victory redeemed with blood

many had to die  
I am ashamed of a shadow of doubt  
I have been not esteemating

the Might !

once I was given something  
in the Black of the Night  
I was dazzeled by the Gleam of its Blackness  
and the Trees were bowing down before It

now when they are asleep  
Dream takes their senses away  
and plays with their thoughts  
in the Kingdom of Dream  
there is no place for them

how much time will flow  
before I finish the Dukedom  
I am not able to know

this I know  
it will be Ye Entrancemperium.