

On The Edge

Von KAl

Kapitel 2: Chapter II ~ The West

25th of 10th month after escape

The lullaby, which the honourable sister sang for us when we were too agitated to sleep, still burns in my head. It is strange that after our escape a lullaby reminds me of these times and not the still hurting brand on my left shoulder.

I do travel in the midday sun, when the scouts of Rack Raggal hide in the shades of the forests, when the eyes of these faggots can not find me, because they are blended by the soon fading light.

They fear the sunlight and this is my chance to flee.

The Shadow billows further and what he reaches is reachable for his servants, so I have to travel fast.

I try to remain undiscovered, but have no place I want to reach. My only aim is to leave him behind...the omnipresent Shadow, but where I go he follows me.

He is fed with the hate and fear of thousands and this everlasting rupture carries on, because hate and fear are common mates these days.

*The sun goes down on the battlefield
And blood will run until the thirst is healed
The prayer's dishonoured, the deathman's shield
seems weak against the creatures meat*

*The cries unheard and the wounds unseen
The Shadows eyes still watching the scene
He's waiting for all these souls unclean
Being as close as he's ever been*

*The arrows crash and the bows stretch fast
The killing goes on and ever lasts
There is no day in the clouds above
There is no sun and there is no love
When dithering fills the air with cold
When warriors loose every hope
There is a force calling sweet and mild
Follow me and be crucified*

So close your eyes and give him your heart

*Dream of his rise and also take part
Be his eyes, his head, his soul
This is how he, The Shadow rolls*