

The Bane of The Gods

From Aether's Heights, where angels sing,
The Queen of the gods' will spread her wings.
Marithia, Bright, noble and true,
Sent forth to seek what none should view.
The Bane of the Gods, the Secret lost,
Its power vast, at any cost,
Through hell's Gates she must descend,
To face what none dare comprehend.

But voices whisper in the wind,
And in their depths Arro grins.
Bitter, sharp, cunning and sly.
The twin who stares with calculating eye.
His heart, a maze of heartless schemes.
He aids the queen, but in his dreams,
A throne he seeks, a crown to claim,
To burn the past and rise in flame.

Behind him, though, a threat looms,
His brother, a child of death who walks the tombs.
Thanatos, strong, favoured and bright,
The son of the Fallen One, The lord of Night.
His soul indifferent, hard as stone,
He wishes no love; he covets no throne.
Drawn by duty, bound by fate,
He follows where the bane will wait.

In the mist, There stands a form,
The keeper of universes cloaked in endless scorn.
Shadow, The keeper watchfull, still,
Her nature wrapped in fates will.
She moves in silence, veiled, unseen,
Her presence detected but never foreseen.
No power she seeks, no threads bind,
In her soul all hearts perceive –
A force to be reckoned with, a force that claims,
Her role remains unknown as her aim.

Seven pieces scattered far and wide,
Across the planet where demons bide.

The Bane of the Gods, each piece alone,
Its influence dark, its fate unknown.

From the deepest trenches to roiling seas,
The pieces call to the gods' needs.
Through Hell gates through fire and flame,
Those who seek the bane, must play the game.

(This Prophecy is for a Novel being developed by me. The Bane of the Gods is an object that sustains the immortality of the gods.)