**Sonnet of the Eternal Night**

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Beyond the raiment of dark time and space,

rose our suffering through the constellations.

Karufr, our eternal pride, erased;

Alone, abandoned to decimation.

As lonely as the burning dead awake,

will this false prophet lead us to our end?

This usurper, a clan’s legacy take-

to ash make that which cannot ascend?

Forever will be that our justice will weep,

as wounded prey staggering to its doom

with a sorrow that longs for wakeless sleep,

set to drift, broken, in this metal tomb.

Let no greater agony in us reside

than lost liberty or weakness of spine.