

# All Sunlit's poems

## 1. About fire god and faith

In ages dim, before the stars were named,  
There burned a spark no darkness could devour.  
From it arose great Ignious, the flame—  
Not fierce, but constant, patient as the world.

He walks not loud across the vault of sky,  
But lingers low where dying fires remain.  
In hearth and forge, in ash and fading light,  
His quiet strength preserves what might endure.

When kingdoms fall and blazing suns grow cold,  
When even gods grow weary of their power,  
It is his ember, small yet unconsumed,  
That waits to breathe the fire of life anew.

So honor not the brightest flame alone,  
But that which lives when all the rest is gone.

## 2. About faith to the fire god

Before his flame, I placed my mortal vow:  
No storm, no blade, no god would turn my path.  
For in his light, I saw no tyrant's will,  
But purpose clear as dawn upon the hills.

Others doubted, whispering of pride,  
That fire consumes as quickly as it gives.  
Yet still I stood, unshaken in his name—  
For I had seen the truth within his flame.

And if he fell, then I would fall as well,  
Bound not by fear, but by my chosen faith.

### 3. Fire against water

The tide-born warriors answered fire with storm,  
Their chants like thunder echoing through the clash.  
They fought as one, as if the sea itself  
Had taken form to wash the world away.

Their faith was deep, as dark as ocean floors,  
Unyielding, vast, and merciless in pull.  
They struck with force that shattered shield and bone—  
And many fell beneath their endless surge.

Yet still we burned, though nearly drowned in war,  
A fragile flame against a rising sea.

### Poem about war

Across the hills of shattered stone,  
Where dead empires turned to dust,  
The warriors of the Pantheon marched  
With iron hearts and sacred trust.

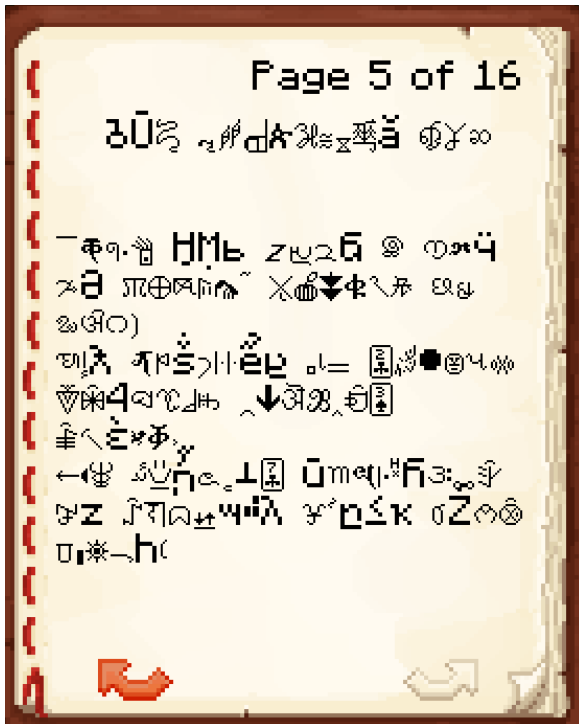
Their shields were marked with ancient suns,  
Their banners burned in crimson light,  
And every oath they carved in blood  
Was carried proudly into night.

The enemy came like starving wolves,  
A tide of hatred, steel, and flame,  
Yet when the heavens split with thunder,  
The gods themselves to battle came.

The mountains shook beneath their wrath,  
The rivers turned a burning red;

And when the dawn at last arrived,  
Ten thousand foemen lay there dead.

A corrupted poem



Poem about the forgotten god

There was once a god no mortal speaks of now.  
His statues lie broken beneath tangled roots,  
His temples swallowed by forests older than kings.

He ruled over silence.

Not death.

Not war.

Not fire nor sea.

Silence.

The silence after battle.  
The silence in abandoned cities.  
The silence between stars.

And though the other gods were worshipped with songs,  
This god required none.

For silence was prayer enough.

Poem about the forgotten land

Upon the cliffs of endless night  
A mighty fortress stood;  
Its gates were forged from ancient steel,  
Its walls from cursed wood.

No army ever claimed those halls,  
No king could break that stone;  
For something far more terrible  
Had made the keep its throne.

At dusk strange horns would echo out  
Across the frozen land,  
And shadows moved beside the walls  
Like soldiers still command.

Many heroes sought its treasures.  
None returned again.  
Now only ravens know the truth  
Of what still waits within.

The god of the underworld

Deep beneath the oldest ruins,  
Below forgotten halls of stone,  
Something ancient still is breathing  
Far beneath the mortal throne.

Not beast.  
Not god.  
Not demon born.

Something older than them all.

The monsters came because it stirred.  
The heavens cracked because it woke.  
And every prophecy since spoken  
Has ended with the world in smoke.

Yet greedy kings still seek its prison,  
Dreaming power without end—  
Never knowing doom itself  
Waits below for them descend.

The forgotten religion

Far beyond the poisoned marsh,  
Where blackened rivers slowly crawl,  
There stands a cathedral crowned in ash  
With broken saints along its walls.

No candles burn within those halls.  
No choir sings beneath the stone.  
Only distant echoes answer  
Those foolish enough to walk alone.

The people say a fallen god  
Still wanders there without a face,  
Searching endlessly through ruin  
For something time cannot replace.

## The unknown protector

At the edge of the northern cliffs  
A lone black tower scars the sky;  
And every night its lantern burns  
Though none know who keeps it alive.

Sailors fear its crimson beacon.  
Kings avoid the jagged shore.  
For all who climb the tower's stairs  
Are ever seen no more.

Yet still the light remains unbroken,  
Steady through the storm and rain—  
As if the thing within the tower  
Is waiting to be found again.

## The Drowned Throne

Deep beneath the freezing tides,  
Below the reach of sunlit blue,  
A throne of coral slowly rots  
Inside a kingdom no one knew.

The Ocean God once ruled there proudly,  
Before the seas themselves turned wild;  
Now silence fills his ruined court  
Like grief surrounding a lost child.

And in the darkest ocean trenches,  
Among the bones of shattered fleets,  
His faithful still leave offerings  
At the throne beneath the deep.

## The Beast Beneath the Mountain

The mountain groans beneath the snow.  
At night the valleys shake below.  
And ancient cracks split through the earth  
Like wounds that never truly close.

The elders bar their doors at dusk.  
The hunters never climb too high.  
For something sleeps beneath the summit  
Older than the gods and sky.

Once every century it stirs,  
And distant villages grow still;  
For even monsters fear the thing  
That dreams beneath the hill.

## The marchings of the dead

No drums announce their marching.  
No banners wave above their heads.  
Only rusted armor echoes softly  
Among the countless dead.

The Hollow Legion walks forever  
Across forgotten roads at night,  
Searching for the war they lost  
Beneath a blood-red moonlight.

Some say they served a fallen god.  
Some claim they guard a buried gate.  
But none who meet the legion marching  
Ever escape their fate.

## The consequences of killing a god

The sea no longer moves there.

Ships drift motionless for miles  
Across waters dark as oil,  
While pale shapes move beneath the surface  
Like corpses trapped below the soil.

The fishermen abandoned those shores  
After hearing voices from the deep;  
Now only storms approach the Grave Tide,  
And even they do not stay long there to sleep.

## The Nameless God

No temple bears his image.  
No priest speaks his forgotten title.  
Even the other gods avoid his memory.

Yet old writings hidden beneath ruined cities  
Tell of a deity cast out before the calamity began.

A god erased so completely  
That only fear remembers him now.

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