

Memoirs Of The Abyss

4th Dimension

Who are you? "The poor son of my mother..."
Who are you? "A man of sorrows on his way through life..."
How tragic, the vision's sapped into darkness
Who are you? Why seek thou wisdom here?
In the bowels of the great Stygian Abyss...

Despair...

We mourned a knight, his dream, our doom
On the day he passed away...
These halls remember days, days before the fall
Days of glorious hope, of unity fulfilled, seemingly so real...

Without him, collapse of civilization...
Forgotten, our memory sealed within
To die with the last of our kind...

Long years have been passing by
A scattered few survive
Though at loss, the old ideals we strive upon
Splendor's gone, the dream's no more, our Sun is stone
Virtues High, through endless night, cast forth their light...

Be welcome...
Accept the cup of oblivion...