

Forsaking The Yoke

Alghazanth

Burdened with no regret
Caged not by hesitation
The time of departure is set
With eternity's invitation

Come death - the liberation
Free me from each earthly boundary
To reach the higher destination
Where shape is no longer a necessity

Arise death - the unresting stream
Wash me clean from the filth of old
To allow my spirit to breathe
Far away from its tenacious hold

Mourn not when this body dies
After all, flesh is the yoke we all despise

I discard the shell to unmask myself
Ascending back from where I fell

An early sundown at my shrine
A leap into darkness from the greyness of life
In vain are the tries to redeem my soul
For this son of Satan is marching home

Could not grasp the skies
When this flesh held me down
Now that my time is ripe
Fire shall become my crown