

## 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