

## Only the Reflection Bleeds

Alghazanth

I fell... And I arose  
And fall I shall again, choosing so!

The deeper the cut  
The dearer the scar  
Each arrow of strife just hardens my shield  
Replacing soul's rags with an armour of steel

I bleed... But not to atone  
Pain is my patron, ever be it so!

Sealed is my fate, thus it I embrace  
It's carved on my heart and runs through these veins

Ignite me, Father, for I yearn to burn...

The graver the loss  
The greater the gain  
Bane is a blessing to those who can see  
That no trees will rise unless the seeds cease to be

Profanity's lead turned to spiritual gold  
Through the death of vain roles true destinies unfold

When you wish to liberate a man  
Destroy the world that surrounds him  
And when you seek to crown a god  
Slay that man that has bound him...

Slay that man that has bound him... Still!