

The Way of the Scales

Alghazanth

My voice is fire and the wind is my herald
Watch the world burn as I start to howl
There's a sense of loss in its ashes' warmth
But also freedom from what weighs us down

The quintessence of the thirst for knowledge
Fuels this toilsome journey through hell
It is the purest venom from the forbidden fountains
The serpent's dew that awakens the self

Each step further from Eden is a step of a dawning god
No true crown can be granted to a spineless heap of mud

I have listened and I have heard
I have watched and I have seen
From the shadow I began to learn
The dark, the black and the spectrum between

Dived I deep into the oil black waters
Not to drown and vanish but to surface on the other side
Sinking through blackness, so dense and cold
To seize the gift of birth through demise

Those who approach perdition from new angles and sides
Can once through the depths reach the apex of heights

For certain I simply cannot know
What will await me at the end of this road
But be it a scepter in my hand
Or the kiss of an axe on my neck
Proudly I have traveled there
And my fate I shall gladly accept