

Sinking Trails Of Wisdom

Asgaroth

Falling towers were held by arms, but thus as weakness struck its seize,
the jolts of peace were torn apart... (remember men to dwell with roofs)

Building bridges to stand forever, there will be the ones who trail
Floating low or sinking high, there will be the ones who trail.

Redeem the pain that dwells in her, as the end of light beholds you.
Release the hate which dwells within: the coronation of another slave.