The Air Shed Tears

Atrox

Clouds of grief sweeps across the horizon
Drowning in crimson glory
Decayed remembrance of an ancient era
The fog of the ocean will always encounter itself

The air shed tears, from eternityis mighty well An the distance, a mournful cry Passed on by a guest of wind A soul of solitude Forsaken, forgotten Crossing the bridge

A soul of solitude Forsaken, forgotten Crossing the bridge