

Withheld

Aura Noir

Withheld forces of the apostle
Drove him to roam the caverns
Ceaselessly aiming to govern
The new and winding paths

Ferociously plunging the chasms
(with) rumbling (and) thrashing bewilderment
Thriving barrels of yearning pleas
Trampled to bone dry dust

Contorted smoldering beacon
Atop the crumbling stairs
Sideways rain and whirling disdain
He never got out again
He never got out again

WITHHELD! STRONGHOLD!
The rest of his life in fear
As relatives turned and obstacles churned
The plague of new life is here