

Immolation

Becoming the Archetype

Oh, the misery of my people.
I've heard them crying out.
Their lamentation.
The deafening sound of sorrow.
Clothed in anguish.
They've been enslaved for generations.
But now the time has come.
I will deliver them.
One fire burns within my soul.
Consuming all of the doubt in my mind and infusing my soul with
purpose again.
Awake from sleep my chosen people.
Break the bonds of slavery and step out into new life.
Hear the word spoken through flame.
A fire that cannot be quenched.