

## Ransom

### Becoming the Archetype

The sky grows pale  
And the sea turns black  
Solid darkness falls all around me  
Makes it hard to breathe  
Makes it hard to think  
But the darkness is not empty  
It is bearing down upon me  
Makes it hard to breath  
Makes it hard to think  
And I know this can't go on  
Oh death my worthy adversary  
You've tormented me for far too long  
He leapt into the arms of hell itself  
That gave birth to corruption  
And battled with the undead corpse  
Until it's face was smashed beyond recognition  
My hands have taught me terrible things  
His hands have SET ME FREE!