

Eyes Gaze To A Future Foreseen

Bishop Of Hexen

Eyes gaze as the future unfolds
To horizons, no foot set at their dawn
Whence came this fear of dying that stole all our strength?

When elders speak of broken trees
They plant the seeds for forthcoming wind

The forces and rhythms of war
Flesh dying, a separation of souls
Their eyes gaze to a future foreseen
To horizons, no foot set at their dawn

i played for thou tunes, and sang at the choir
Circled through and fro, voices coarse and sore
With no lips, and no strings
No pawns, and no kings
Wisdom heard never before

Immersed in blight, in horror, I've set foot in thou mind
You let me in and i closed shut the door and I reaped you apart
!

No future could suffice
For what I am here to explore
When chaos reigns I shall stride through that door
To claim all those dearest, thou shed tears upon and adore
Forlorn, and shriveled
(they'll be), to the furance them all

And you invoked me before
From the midwife's role until the burier's toll
My presence grows within you all
A drawing not for all to see
You cannot resist it yet you are bound to the part I've weaved
for thee
And you, you invoked me before
Hint of a doubt, turns swiftly to gore
You cannot resist it yet you are bound to the part I've weaved
for thee

Till time comed and you will recall
This body you wore
Countless eons ago
To flee from one battle
Thus loosing the war...