

## 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  
Circling 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...