

The Somber Grounds of Truth

Bishop Of Hexen

The hours filled with a glowing light
Now seem a distant sight
As i wallow in the somber grounds of truth
The eyes are cloaked by the void within
A rough terrain reveals
And a mere glance is enough
The air itself contaminated with sadness
Sharp shapes and threatening with sadness
...all around.. ..the wrecks of passion and desire

Oh on wings of fire
And steeds of steel
Come salvation
Harmony divine!
Whatever price it my ask from me
No matter what the cost should be

It is the key to unleash my entity
Obliterating the snares before me

Restored to earth oh so it seems
A dreamer in a nightmare!
A star follow star and all are dim
Piercing a thousand holes in my soul...

Fierce beams struck my brow
The soul of Nature sprang elate
And mine sank sad and low!

My loyal archer hate
Volunteered to use his bow!

Hope indeed appeared
And brought dew instead of tears
Here a parth revealed
But it is me, left here, to struggle through the night...

Wisdom weaved a web and there it carefully laid salvation and s
acrifice