

Precipice Gaped

Crionics

I know I hung on a windy trunk
All nine nights, wounded by thorns
On the trunk grown out of roots
Of a tree unknown to me

I know I looked down, learnt runes
Screaming I collapsed into it's shadows
I learnt nine mighty spells
Read out of the ancient stones

Fed on hate, drunk with blood of the dead
I started being produced
And growing up with power

(One word for the second found the third for me
One deed for the second was searching
For the third for me)

I spread terror and pain, torture and death
In this strange place of the end my time had come
Tired with ruling the evil I'm freezing
Like a bird braided between branches