

Tears of Rancour

Dark Age

Deary, dubious existence,
preposterous embodiment!
Still sullen are the lights of life...
Behold then my rancour, my tears
soaking your surface bloody earth!

Am I the one, the one I fear
or am I the one and only atmosphere?
I am lost, trapped in time...
My life is a star which does not shine!

Sumptuous elusive significance,
preposterous embodiment!
Time to believe!
Into the hearts which have died,
into the souls which have tried,
into the tears we have cried
The tears of rancour!

Forever dying
Forever tryingForever crying
the tears of rancour!

Alone I walk through ephemeral time,
to enlighten a quest
once called life...