

## A Dual Pact

Darkseed

When in pain I try to find  
A different plain on which to set my mind  
To distract it from this downward vibe  
And thereby avoid the lie  
The rushing tide has no remorse  
It might hold me if I cross its course  
But the suction of its waves  
Has taken many a mind to grave

Last shred of hope.  
I cling to as I float.  
Through the lightless night...  
And here comes the tide...

Grave and dark □ a dual pact  
Overpowering the ones who locked  
The energy to pull out of such mire  
Their very souls torlured by fire

High tide □ in my soul  
No more darksome thoughts uproll  
Past are days when I was feeling numb  
Till the turn of tide will come

When the tide is in I run  
Wash away my sins I come undone  
Trying to ignore the Sirens' call  
And into the void I fall  
The rushing tide has no remorse  
It might hold me if I cross its course  
But the suction of its waves  
Has taken many a mind to grave

All panic's banned,  
Inhale and take a stand,  
Walk with me tonight  
But here comes the tide...

Daylight returns □ but nevermore  
Returns the wanderer to the shore  
One last time allures the Siren's calls  
And eternal darkness falls...