

# Hope Unborn

Darkwell

Because it stays in the mind of the Binder  
Chaos spreads in the realm of mankind  
He will lead us out, the Finder  
I cannot help in this puzzle, why am I blind?

In a cold second of mourn  
The grieve shades of grey  
A day unborn  
Another curse, flee, no way

I'm alone in the mists of this life  
My blood it boil  
A dark hive-order spoils

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He bears our weighty hopes  
A pile in the sky  
Against the order  
The power is now claimed

All our hopes in this mystical hands  
My mind, it swirls  
If he is not the Redeemer

Because it stays...