

Chamber Of Lost Hope

Drowning the Light

Through the withered vines of a rotting forest
The ruins of the old world lay untouched for centuries
Still trapped within time

Holding a millennia of decadence and knowledge
Holding the key to unlock the future

Tattered scrolls written in peasants blood
A time where nobility ruled with an iron fist
Glory for the strong
Death for the weak

Through the walls of stone
In a chamber of lost hope
Not touched by the light
Lies the path to our fate
Our destiny
Our calling
To the blacker future we create