

The Mark That Lies Beneath

Drowning the Light

Here Under is the mark that lies beneath
The ocean floor riddled with mysteries
Black then any night
The light of hope and their god
Not penetrating this deep
Preserved in a stone cavern
Surrounded by weed and bone
This symbol of forgotten aeons
This relic of black light
Centuries have past since it was lost
Since the old ways died
Forgotten by all but a few
And now found again
To resurrect this past and haunt the land
With malevolence and tyranny
Pulled from the water
Touching the living which then turns to rot
The secret no longer lost
Cloaked bearers wield this mark of pain
They are of the serpents reign
The predator of the lamb
Those of the damned
Who stalk the weak
They haunt your sleep
The ocean tide
Is that of blood
The mysteries of the deep
Brought this misery