

Of Forsaken Poets

Heaven Shall Burn

I did not choose to tread this path
A forced journey into an unknown future
As our doom eclipsed this clueless state
I had to leave my world behind

Their hate was so outright, it filled my heart with fright
I know only too well
My people chose to welcome tyranny
The slaves of terror, murder, pain
Humanity lays dying once again

Their hate was so outright, it filled my heart with fright
I know only too well, I am an undead poet
Buried in no ground
I know only too well

Now here I am, disabled but alive
Where no one calls my name
Where nothing meets my soul
Now here I am
But cannot build my home
As no one reads my bitter words

I'm yearning for the day of my return
Yet nothing's there to make my dreams come true
I know only too well, I am a ghost wandering this world
I'm like a ghost, I know only too well

Now here I am, disabled but alive
Where no one calls my name
Where nothing meets my soul
Now here I am
But cannot build my home
I see distant flames
This outland holds no hope
As no one reads my truly bitter words