

## 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