

Culmination Of The Enigma

In Vain

Souls bewildered
Seekers lost in their quest
Brothers to none
Slaves to their own desires
A fateful sacrifice of their souls
Culmination of the enigma
A sunrise that never came

They are lost within

Rest I crave
Thorns on my grave
Summer remains
In a winter of hate

Now it's time to weed out the weak
As we rise above the vile
Strength still reigns in our hearts
Through all the years of our strife

In this disaster state
Immortal outcasts will be
Forced into the fray
Upon our return
Resting days in the sun
Will be our epitaph

With nothing to gain
They give up their reign
And then they lose all their fate
Their lives' bane
Their hope has been slain
And their lives flow down the drain
As they feed from the strain
Their lives's bane

They are lost within