

## Orb of Man

Keep of Kalessin

Walking the dying orb of man  
An empty path, blinded: fear  
Unable to speak the tongue of wrath  
Deaf to words not spoken in crowd  
Nameless centuries  
Still underneath  
I am so alien to you  
Shut were those fragile eyes  
During all these starlit nights  
Hearing the dying prayer  
Of a man  
His pity words disgust me  
who are you too speak  
Whose mind (is) in chains  
You never walked alone  
Tasted sour wine  
Warriors like me  
- The wicked kind  
Hand of mans demise  
Darken spirits  
Asleep for so long  
It is time to open our eyes