

# The Black Uncharted

Keep of Kalessin

Fortified and concealed  
In layers of leaf-thin safety  
Where the trails of burning hold  
Cross upon the Black Uncharted

When all waters were one water  
And darkness not yet bleached by light  
From before man set foot on any soil  
One source  
Cold experience

You can never flee  
From the fate of your mortality

Touched by the cold  
The Elder among the old

A touch of the black  
Opening of the eyes

A vision of clarity  
Cold infinity

Cross upon the Black Uncharted  
Formless the shape in the sky

Black through glass night  
Horned Mastery  
Cold infinity

All hope lays waste  
Faith lays dead  
No value in a crown of sticks  
Spiritual is the reward  
For your victory  
Awakening!

A touch of the black  
Opening of the eyes

A vision of clarity  
Cold infinity

Cross upon the Black Uncharted  
Formless the shape in the sky

Black through glass night  
Horned mastery  
Cold infinity