

Chronicles

Make Them Suffer

Fear my name, in the dead of the night for I am reborn
of flame.

You will feel my wrath, I will destroy all things that
lay in my path

It's raining relentlessly, and the last little
flickering flame which I kindled and cared for so
dearly is beginning to wither and fade. Now here I
tend, in darkness. Scrawling onto tattered pages you
once held so close. Sleep has overtaken us, and if it
weren't for these binds I would float away.

Fear my name, In the dead of the night.
My burden is bound by tales I wrote, these have been
the Chronicles of Woe.
Burn down the forests. No longer are they my home.
Morrow, you cursed them, or so it reads in the
Chronicles of Woe.

Now feel my wrath.
Tear down the skies.
Feel my wrath, my hatred engulfs me, destroying your
dreams.
Feel my wrath, I'll bide my time and burn you alive.
Feel my wrath. My vengeance shall be swift, at my
burning hand,
The flames from my fingertips dwindle and cheer, at the
torment of man.

Tear down the f**king skies.
Can you feel the surge of hatred from my torment.
I burdened your stories, you left for me dead and
cursed the forest.

My name is forever echoed throughout the wastes, and my
malevolence is eating my heart out.
Should you hear it,

Fear my name, in the dead of the night for I am reborn
of flame. You will feel my wrath, I will destroy all
things that lay in my path

I've burdened your stories, your codex of sorrow and
lies.
I relinquish this duty, take back what once you kept so
safe.

Fear my name, In the dead of the night.
I burden no longer the tales I wrote, take of me these
Chronicles of Woe.
Burn down the forests. No longer are they my home.
Morrow, you cursed them, or so it reads in the
Chronicles of Woe.

Fear my name, In the dead of the night.
I burden no longer the tales I wrote, take of me these
Chronicles of Woe.

Fear my name, In the dead of the night.
I burden no longer the tales I wrote.
These are the Chronicles of Woe.