

## Suffer The Storms

### Mournful Congregation

Tied to a wooden stake  
Left in the forest to die  
Struggling to break free  
Thoughts of my life passing by

The howl of a nearby wolf  
Echoes carried in the winds  
My shivering beaten body hoping  
Praying to my gods for I have sinned

The thunderous storms of the impure gods  
Throw me into neverending solitude  
In which my soul is forever tormented  
By the damned in the pits of Acheron