

Suffer The Storms

Mournful Congregation

Tied to a wooden stake
Left in the forest to dies
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