

## At the Gates

SIG:AR:TYR

I stand before thee, Father of all that seeks  
A spirit forged from the depths of chaos  
Primordial echoes of a dying race  
Scream like soulless wraiths of what once was

The gates stand closed to the lesser ones  
Forgotten in time, shunned by the light, and the dark  
Their blood is weak, impure and faded  
None shall pass, the twisted iron, and the one eye

The price of being, is to become and behold  
The halls of the gods, born of blood and stone  
Share none of their power, with honourless men  
I have borne the curse, and loved her mistress

The dark star revealed its secret  
And its unseen light shined through me  
Ancient and cruel, for at the gates I stand  
To walk forward to the beginning