

Master Of Wishes

The Claymore

To make a plea for the master's assistance
I have traveled quite a long distance.
My land was bred I'll blood,
Viciously surrounded by the clouds scud!

Endless nights were spent
For our brave warrior to lament.

All I left before I left,
They stare in disbelief.
I feel forlorn of mortal grief!
To them I should have cleft,
But chose the theft and left!

A blight upon them cast - thunderstorms in blast,
Forgotten they shall die - never reach the sky!
No one hears their cry, my folk were cut off dead!
The enemy is now my ally!

Before the hail the sun burnt in blue and black!
I never thought I will never come back...

And now they pray consumed with dread.
I stood in front of the king,
When he cut my wing.

To incarnate is what I yearn
And for my deed I shall burn!
Then, when into existence I spring,
He made me wear his ring!

I felt the guilt of black desire.
It's like my soul, it is on fire!
I demand my my attire!
To be higher I require!

To make a plea for the master's assistance
I have traveled quite a long distance.
After our encounter I became his tributary.
It is how the roof these pillars carry.