

Whispering Soul

The Forsaken

The Old Ones were,
The Old Ones are,
And the Old Ones shall be.....

A temple of shame,
He is caste in the never-ending maze of darkness,,
Waiting for the light's embrace reaching the path
To the once distant shrine of his atonement
Hope of repention buried under an ocean of forgotten tears,
Consumed with the pain of the innocent's gaze
The passage of time severing the shackles of his enslavement
An oath of damnation ordained by the mark of Cain
Reaping the winter's harvests from untold sins
Equinoctial winds rhyming dirges of enchantment

[Chorus]

These bloodstained hands - Can they claim redemption?
I can hear his word - Guiding me to the dawn of my descension
Shadows beyond time - Sentinels of yore
Dreams of the vanquished - Lycantropic eyes spin the web of communion

Beyond the blind sterility of a pri-mordial conscience
The burden of sagacity the lost duality of fate
In this silent shelter the angel of light awaits
I am the nuptial gift to a dying surrogate