

Ritual of Sight

Thulcandra

Invocation of the black might
Wounds are cut within the soul
As the blood flows
My awareness grows
With my sight so clear
I must drown

A cold state of mind
Ignoring the chants of light
In solitude I must wander
Sorrow and pain on the path

On this everlasting journey
I must fall

The seeing eye must return
With the downfall of the powers rise
The final sacrifice of mortal bounds
In the ecstasy of forbidden wisdom
I must die

The gate of eternity opens
Deconstruction of the cosmic reign
With the liberation of the second will
A lost kingdom can return
And I shall rise