

Wormwood

Xanthochroid

All the trivial pleasures of Erthe
Are but bile and bitter venom
When all has darkened
Hatred's light shall guide me

The torrid winds of my home
No longer warm my flesh
I turn my gaze to the sea
To my forgotten enemy

The weight of prophecy
No longer burdens me
I save my strength
To be reborn

Behind me is that world of Ash
The cold air shortens my breath
Winters Spirits grow stronger
As I draw near

I hope my death
Absolves me of my wrongs
I hope, I hope it is cold
I hope, I hope it hurts

And as my life is ripped away
I hope I try to hold on

I go alone
Into Erthe's frozen womb
The weight, the weight of the cold
Is too much,
Too much to bear

I hope it's cold
I hope it hurts

As Wormwood fell
Into the sea
I became
Nobody

Though tales are told
Of the cold
No one knows
How it feels