

Sword, The

"The Chronomancer I Hubris"

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Feigned exultations in the court of the autarch
Proclaiming heresies sublime
Sought by his enemies with lethal fascination
Self-styled traveler in time

He has learned forbidden wisdom
not meant to be known
His skin became a prison
where suffers his soul

Within the chamber buried deep below
was wrought the means of his escape
Across the aether
the other one must go
to sleep until that distant day

Across the aether one must go
to meet her fate
The other buried deep below
as he awaits

Arcane science of temporal exploration
known to no one of his kind
Immortality through artificial
transformation
To rule a world that soon will die

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