

Alghazanth

"The Way Of The Scales"

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My voice is fire and the wind is my herald
Watch the world burn as I start to howl
There's a sense of loss in it's ashes' warmth
But also freedom from what weighs us down

The quintessence of the thirst for knowledge
Fuels this toilsome journey through hell
It is the purest venom from the forbidden fountain
The serpent's dew that awakens the self

Each step further from eden is a step of a dawning god
No true crown can be granted to a spineless heap of
mud

I have listened and I have heard
I have watched and I have seen
From the shadow I began to learn
The dark, the black and the spectrum between

I dived deep into the oilblack waters
Not to drown and vanish but to surface on the other
side
Sinking through blackness, so dense and cold
To seize the gift of birth through demise

Those who approach perdition from new angles and
sides
Can once through the depths reach the apex of heights

For certain I simply cannot know
What will await me at the end of this road
But be it a scepter in my hand
Or the kiss of an axe on my neck
Proudly I have travelled there
And my fate I shall gladly accept

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