

Archaïos "Agonizing Soul"

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Shrieks from the deep have awakened my soul.
Into the black forest I must set my course
To seen for a life beyond knowledge of man
And gather the strength to complete my revenge.

My life is so wasted and so is my faith
My journey help to slay all that was there
And complete the circle and become supreme
And release my hate upon killers of dreams.

My hunger for this power set agony in my soul
Towers stand tall and crowded with entities old
The arcane is waiting to take me into their own.

At last at the gates I see the medieval fortress
In absence of light I summon these forces
By some hind of spell I fall into dementia

And unleash my hell drawn by sinful inertia.

I get to the glory of my insipid moment
Not knowing my fate and my infinite I'll favor
And give then my soul and my night to surrender

My hunger for this power sets agony in my soul
Towers stand tall and crowded whit entities of old
The arcane is waiting to take me into their own.

Hail, the iris of wisdom
Hail, the martyr of treason
Plagues you'll taste through the ages
As marked in red pages
I march my way through the fire
Bleeding desire
They can taste with their feeble touch
My agonizing soul.

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