

Becoming The Archetype

"Music Of The Spheres"

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Deep within the ocean's keep
There lies a corpse in endless sleep
A searchlight pierces the abyss
And the darkness groans in great distress
I am the ocean
Keeper of every darkened soul
The never ending throat of death
That swallows continents whole
Now the ground is shaking
Midst the grinding gears
Dead for the taking
An iron hand appears
Moving up through time and space
Sun and sky reveal their face
A shock runs though the atmosphere

The wrath of air awakens here
I am the blackened sky
Waters quake beneath my hand
I am the end of nations
That rains death upon the land
There is a void where the heart should be
But a stone has held its place
While there is likeness of the human form
No existence lights his face
Take this heart if you'd survive
The coming wrath
Now come alive
All the earth is silent
The universe has shifted
Creation holds its breath
As the curse of death is lifted

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