

Dawn Of Relic

"Part Iii: Nether Seas Boiling"

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Overture for the rising ocean
As the humans drown
To the poisonous wine of the earth
When the Nether seas boil the flesh of blind
And pestilent breed

When the light of sun has fled
And the last outposts of rue are torn
Wanion dark sets over the man
Prophet dying cries forlorn

Stones of Mnar are crushed

Still I'm blind for what redeems
From this painting of fate
I still yearn to see and feel infinity...

All these visions
Are painting me from inside
All this wrath
When the moonlense shivers
Our blood shall be their wine.

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