

December Wolves "Ten Years"

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Looking close at what remains, my eyes so burning,
see...
And limping across the frosted plains enthralled by
what's to be, in
midst of flight to lose my feathers, together so
entwined... And so the
story of my endeavors, the bells have finally chimed...

I looked to the sky in desperate search for the sun,
yearning to taste
the fruits whom so many have won... Buried in ice, so
eager that life
be enhanced... I see them float, the Angels so often do
prance... But
I am still buried in the ice.

"We keep him close, bound by trust. With no hope or
desire to ever
leave us... Armies bound in swift Angelic fashion. Here
lies the aura
of Divinity on the plain of unearthly... passion."

...And suddenly an oasis... A feeling not felt for
centuries. This was
on in the dream, the dream of my mourning seasons,
whence the trees are
my shoulders and I swim in the leaves, I can feel the
others, and my

token: for seven days they let me go.

Look to the sky in desperate search for the sun,
yearning to taste
the fruits whom so many have won... Buried in ice, so
eager that
life be enhanced... I see them float, the angels so often
do prance.

...And once venturing home, his mind told mine "You've
known all
this time..." I can feel the others, the ones lost, the ones
that walk

by, the ones who call my name three times, I see them
when no one
else can. Perhaps they too know. They'll recognize us,
so suddenly
conspicuous, so diverse. But behold the elements of
the binding...

"I also knew back then. Do you remember?"

I look the eyes of the master to which I am slave... Soul
enemies
of the forces to me have depraved... Charisma guides
me to the land of
the kings and the Queens... I've all the wisdom, and not
one phantom longer demeans.

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