

Front Line Assembly "Talon's Grasp"

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in talon's grasp
a serpent coiled
the curse of crow
in accent hoarse
drawn to despair
orchard of bone
doomed to endure
the woven word
all ears incline
dread me inspire
eternal fire
that inward burns
dare we descend?
this drama dire
these cursed words

of labored phrase
immersed in verse
so fate decrees
eternal flame
we ever reign
in tempest torn
the stress of storm
with horns of scorn
the black air scourged

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