

Into The Moat "The Inexorable"

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Awaken into sin
The gods of old would consume with the fires of the
south and the winds of the north
Shake your fist and stare onward
None will cultivate that which is
Show me doom and greet death with malice
End has no meaning, deathless is my way
Grow immune to weakness
That to give is no longer my place
That, to take
Have it all
Don't decline my deeds
I lose only at my own hand
Attempts to aptness fall from their place
For virtue and ambition are one but not the same

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