

Iskald "The Orphanage"

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Hollowed by the face of fiery
I call you now a distant theory
The tale I tell is all but done
The book is open and dust is gone

The hag she goes from room to room
And weeps an endless song of doom
She's measured and weighted in torture and pain
By all of us who have gone insane

I'm in The Orphanage I used to roam
I dream a dream of coming home
My life is ending I fear it not
This is my story I haven't forgot

I'm four, I think, but I ain't alive
When I'm not asleep, I'm down at the hive
There she beats until we bleed
So we can suffer and she can feed

In the darkest hall of domination
We pray to god for revelation
Trapped in cells of gore and steel
I tell my story, the seventh seal

Soon I'm gone, I hear my call
She's coming now, it will be my fall
At the end I see her incarnated face
The fog has faded, let me receive my grace

My tale is ending, but be aware
The hag is in there, spreading fear
I take my things, I'll walk away
Commandment of light, I will obey.

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