

Liege Lord "Dark Tale"

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Rising higher it grasps the sky overturning it's sense of time

Bound in iron strong hand break free denounced it's capture with raging flee

Its streams of colors blinds all keen eyes

Incandescent power its dark spirit flies

Focus, seize it, flee it, strife

Weak minds they wonder the weak must bow down

Rising from down under it's advanced mind astounds

Flair enlightens it draws you near

Then sends you broken deep filled with fear

The fear to realize what shall be done

Taking sinners, liars, cheats, for their souls he's come

Conceive, lured, realize, deceived

A dark tale spoken from past told word

One who disconcerts himself towards fate he's lured

Devise a motion beyond what's true

Or the air that will surround you is what no man ever knew

An act of mental warfare to strengthen evil form

Raise the deceased wicked ruler to repeat times moral wrongs

Dark Tale

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