

Morgion

"Invalid Prodigy"

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Can you see through that hidden shrine
Hear out what grows within you
Taste the hate you birth
Or is it all ignorance concealed?

Misled by unknown shadows
Contorted by misery
The word once said now lost
Captor in disbelief

Invalid-the form of the weak
Prodigy-a succession of one
Frail-the embodiment you possess
Royal-the next to come

So curtailed from all that beseeches me
Meagerly divine, invalid prodigy
God (above) forsakes me, encase in this supposed
cause
Trapped (within) your distraught lies

No salvation, for the weak who cannot survive
Resurrect my embedded dreams
On man's ignorance i thrive
(i will feel no more)

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