

Cry Of The Afflicted **"An Opal In The Shale"**

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Grip my hand, child in the ashes, I'll take you to a safer
place
Freedom is assured, you will find comfort there
In sanctuary you will be secure
Rest in the stillnes now, the storm casters will pass into
memory

Now the guilty will die, at their own behest
Falling on the knife they've tapered from the moment
of conception
Expelling of the sadness begins with the fall of the
horde
A savage ruin
Withdraw with me to the open gates of the citadel
The gates are opened for the first time in this age
Nameless child, we have survived
We live to see the green of the distant valley
Can we hope that this is truly the end?

If they return, they'll not be welcomed here
The ruination of the land will be remembered
The ashes will give way to new life

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