

Swordmaster

"Prophecies From The Land Of Lost Voices"

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This fire burns black onyx and cold
And shadow is it's children
A plain for mirrored glass
A lone figure, a sky of white

A tear in the dimness
And only darkness beyond
This crooked path turns westwards
Adorned with a sphere of flaming stone

From the naked soil a discipline brought
Forth, thus to be learned
This discipline is the old and obsolete.
From the lands of glass

The alchemist abides the first,
The post-modern Prometheus is born.
This is truly the shadow child
The discipline of the old

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