

Swordmaster

"Silhouettes Of A Broken World"

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A silent mist over screaming waters
Darkens the sun and covers all life
In this sphere I am trapped
And shall forever be plagued
Nine steps to a landscape of malice
Two shadows that can't be perceived
Four elements hidden in darkness
One pain that I require to feel
My soul has been shattered
And my spirit has long past
This realm of stars in black
Shall crush me into dust
And I must hear my own shriek
I must watch it all
As this damned emptiness
Tears it all apart
Voices whisper ancient terms
That I could not speak by
It is I, who cry in desolation
It is I, who needs to die
For I have attained the wisdom
And understanding of my fathers
The price I pay is (victory and) salvation
Though their names shall be death
As my shape shifts
To the next continuation
The eyes of my fathers
Are upon me like before
They see what I have done
And lets me further know
That I now must proclaim
My renunciation of this presence
Silhouettes of a broken world
Whom I can never break free
This is what made me ravenous
It has pulled the life out of me

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