

Swordmaster

"The Archaic Wraith"

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I am ancient, and I am patient
I shall teach you all the true agony
Of my vengeance and my wrath
This, my teachings, of the obsolete

Your confused cries
Is what drives me
I prowl the night shades
Behold! I am the archaic wraith

I bear no serenity, only discord
My sickness will not bring you any tranquillity
I bring no harmony, only hells horde
These powers of malice I possess, I use willingly

I will inflict my furious sorrow
Upon your inner thoughts and emotions

My hymns shall cause great havoc and distress
My final judgment of despair to your kind... shall fall

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