

Sympathy "Surrounded By The Dead"

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The ancient dead have surrounded me
Their fleshless hands are upholding me
Such a great cloud of the dead elect
They held the flame, passed it unto me
Tortured and killed by heathen hands
Facing their death, they did not recant
I can endure and remain to the end
I am a nexus for the dead and man

Tasting death and tasting sorrows
Yet they did endure
Facing torment, facing judgment
Yet I shall endure
I am promised my own portion
Of the weight they bore
I embrace the pain and suffering
For me that's assured

The ancient dead have surrounded me and they
strengthen me
Their fleshless hands are upholding me with their firm
grasp
Their lives were spent for the hidden truths that belong
to me
I am one of the few who was chosen for this arcane
path

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