

## Tales Of Dark "Serpent Wisdom"

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Karajanov / Cavar

Forced to endure throughout our pestilence,  
As the gift of life turns to curse  
From the confines of sepulchres  
Voices for vengeance cry.

Souls flit about their desolate tombs  
The unborn smell death in the wombs  
Still, we warble of the light to come  
Yet hope fades as the dark prevails.

The endless chantings discordant now stand  
As we ourselves with prayers blind,  
Words of salvation and comfort known are not.

Is there but no light to shine upon,  
Can there be no light which shadow will not make?  
The depth to which the gory scars go suits

The length of time in which they do not heal.

There comes light with sacred visions  
There lies hope within faith  
The strong last and the awakened remain.

We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit  
Let them fall in misery.  
Compassion be the vice of us  
And thus we resent it all.

Shall not stand with ones who cry  
Aloud their folly, ye shall be as ye are  
Begone you warps, you bended minds  
Fear shall not come upon me.

Mute is now the ground of ours  
Ends one, begins another  
There is light before thine eyes  
A light desired, much desirable.

