

Winter's Verge "Tomorrow's Dawn"

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Down by the river where the sand meets the shore,
Lies a stone that they say, it was brought long ago,
They know not where it comes from,
And a myth is born from it, and the power it holds.
'Once every time when the moon hides the sun,
It glows with a fire, that the eye cannot stand,
A man then is born from the ash of the flames,
Like a phoenix he rises, but cursed for a day.'

Aged as the oldest element on earth,
He'll walk for a day, to break his curse,
A life he must take, and add to his own
And then only then, will his tomorrow dawn.

For so many years has he tried to survive,
He walked through the town like a beggar disguised,
He knows not how to break free,
No memories reside him, of his earlier deeds
This man with one purpose
For freedom he dreams,
To live for one lifetime
Or die, Left in piece.
"What would take for me to see,
The sunrise tomorrow and not through a dream?
I wish to be mortal, to live through my will
To thrive from my memories and do as I feel"

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