

Aethyria "February"

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With sadness, I invoke, come forward,
and speak to me. In trance,
we supplicate, partake in the discovery.
The journey is forever, a trail of tears.
With sadness, I invoke, come forward,
and speak to me. In trance we supplicate,
partake in the discovery. Trail of tears,
no gods I fear. Trapped souls sing to me.
Central axis of creation, a force we no longer feel,
lost in our deliberation, what is I is not real.
With pain my in my hands I cry,
deliverance a joke I sigh.
In the movement of a twisted invasion,
a connection will appear, spiritual enslavement,
gods voice is clear; and it takes our breath away to
give up our will is too much to say.
I will not feel, I will not give my soul away.
I see you never cared. I see you never felt the way
I fell. You will never see.

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