

## Illuminata

### "The Fall Of The Chessman"

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Breathe in the eternal being  
Feel the air as it tries vainly  
To lend me wings again  
Inhale the boundless hope  
Beyond the fate of our mortality  
Just a joke for a shadow  
Breathe out waive my being  
A downfall into the abysm of my soul  
Dead is the dream obtaining us

Play yourself into divined heights  
The valient knight as a sacrifice  
Masters hand moves a pawn to the end  
The new queen shouts: "The King is dead!"

The one's still anathematized  
Off all the fields, black and white  
Unfailing is the beauty of this kingly art  
The one, the God of underland  
Rarely takes it to his hand  
To arise lost souls to be unbanned.  
Uncounted failed in attempt as victory seemed near  
Immersed into dark depths of this baleful game.  
More than a battle of wooden princess  
More than just a sacrifice  
Pawn for light, knight for force  
Queen for heartfire, King's alive.

His lordship reaches in all directions  
But lore wastes strengthness bittersweet  
For all his wealth attached to throne  
One step could be too less.

More than playing hide and seek  
No-one dies on battlefield  
Give pawn for peace  
Rook for silence  
Queen for love  
King's in check.

More than you have once believed

Watch the grief on battlefield  
Give pawn for sweat  
Knight for fear, queen for love  
And King for life.

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