

The Verve Pipe

"Path Viii: Daemoonion Act Ii"

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Dead spaces
Ruins of morality
Old scars
Smouldering remains of energy
And a crystal like a Lotos Flower
My consciousness

The Army - they are a few
Because those who have the fight within
And faces pale white
Pass away too often

The enemy seems to be powerfull
And it is easier not to provoke him

Cowards!
The Might you know not!

The Path of Enlightenment marked with tears
Will not go back anymore

The Art
Is not to get lost in a vicious dance
In a maze of turnings
Mirages
Unreliability

Once
There was something
Taken away from me
I fought
Once I won
The victory redeemed with blood

Many had to die
I am ashamed of a shadow of doubt
I have been not esteeming

The Might !

Once I was given something

In the Black of the Night
I was dazzeled by the Gleam of it's Blackness
And the Trees were bowing down before It

Now when they are asleep
Dream takes their senses away
And plays with their thoughts
In the Kingdom of Dream
There is no place for them

How much time will flow
Before I finish the Dukedom
I am not able to know

This I know
It will be Ye Entrancemperium.

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