

## Storm Legion

### "Descent"

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Slowly crawling down the hole  
I came from  
A voluntary return to that which drains me  
Completely  
Fading breath  
Thinning blood  
Twisted body parts  
And all that is just effects on the surface  
A challenge of what you are  
Through self-inflicted wounds  
It will not make you supreme to those  
Who you see as inferior  
Where everything is in the thought  
Hunter of souls who will empty you  
Of all that you were and you become  
One of the shadows on the windowpane  
In the confused thoughts  
Regarding the meaning of this  
Empty on the thought of seizing  
Stand nailed to the ground or change  
What stands in my way?  
The rules of whom?  
Whose life is this?

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