

The Broken Result

"Born Of Obscurity"

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A land which is split by it's errors,
Upon which sit the feet of a man,
Looking for the answers by losing himself
A finger trailing lightly from hand
The remnant of his good arm sitting loose over
bloodied knees
A victim to ones nature once more, a victim only to me.
The remnant of his good arm sitting loose
A victim to ones nature once more, a victim only to me.

Wind kicks up dust and a feather lands on his position
Along with the smell of decay
The unambitious soul looks down no longer,
No longer in disarray
As curiosity and confusion lead him to rise
The fear strikes him down once again
For upon one side of these fertile lands,
The spawns of a nocturnal army take shape across the
plane
And arrive of flesh and flame

A tremble takes over his working hand
As it makes it's way across his brow
Liquid trepidation falls from him and impacts an
earthly low
He looks upon it's watery reflection
And sees in it a swords projection

Falling from the sky and landing in this lake.
A choice to make... some lives to take...

Along with the weapon came the choirs of the light,
In armory, with wings of gold, for He do these angels
fight
Streaming down from their positions they rush the
darker army
And the darkness in turn advances
The meeting point... the juncture...
The decision inside us all...

Now faced with but two options, one man.

Touching one finger, to the sword
The time has come for the hero inside us all to rise
For even those born of nothing will be looking to the
skies.

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