

## Soilwork

### "Owls Predict, Oracles Stand Guard"

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Dark Eyes stare you down, trust the Wise as they  
spread Their Wings.  
The Surface's fading, all Structures collapse as my  
Blood turns Pitch Black.

Three Choices: Escape, stand guard or give in.

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I could feel it, the Presence of an Entity.  
A Calling, A Cry for Help.  
Burning Insects to get through the Mist.

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Robbed by Faith, No longer my Fault.  
My Travel ends with A Smile on my Face.  
Forgiven by No One, Predicted to Fail.  
As the Oracles stand guard.

The Battles you choose may conquer all that is pure.  
(Stand tall in the Tide) As it drowns your last Chance to  
prevail.  
All I have is the Wisdom, the Wisdom of Fools, given to  
me by the Eyes of A Ghost.

The Roar of Thunder sets the Oracle free.  
Awakening the Ones fallen from Grace.

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