

The Sword

"The Chronomancer II: Nemesis"

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Feigned exultations in the court of autarch*
Proclaiming heresies sublime
Sought by his enemies with lethal fascination
Self-styled traveler in time
He has learned forbidden wisdom
Not meant to be known
His skin became a prison
Where suffers his soul
Within the chamber buried deep below
Was wrought the means of his escape
Across the aether the other one must go
To sleep until that distant day
Across the aether one must go
To meet her fate
The other buried deep below
As he awaits
Arcane science of temporal exploration
Known to no one of his kind
Immortality through artificial transformation
To rule a world that soon will die

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