

## Ford Pier

### "Whispering Soul"

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The Old Ones were,  
The Old Ones are,  
And the Old Ones shall be.....

A temple of shame,  
He is caste in the never-ending maze of darkness,,  
Waiting for the light's embrace reaching the path  
To the once distant shrine of his atonement  
Hope of repention buried under an ocean of forgotten  
tears,  
Consumed with the pain of the innocent's gaze  
The passage of time severing the shackles of his  
enslavement  
An oath of damnation ordained by the mark of Cain  
Reaping the winter's harvests from untold sins  
Equinoctial winds rhying dirges of enchantment

[Chorus]

These bloodstained hands - Can they claim  
redemption?  
I can hear his word - Guiding me to the dawn of my  
descension  
Shadows beyond time - Sentinels of yore  
Dreams of the vanquished - Lycantropic eyes spin the  
web of communion

Beyond the blind sterility of a pri-mordial conscience  
The burden of sagacity the lost duality of fate  
In this silent shelter the angel of light awaits  
I am the nuptial gift to a dying surrogate

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