Liedge Lord "Dark Tale"

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Rising higher it grasps the sky overturning it's sense of time

Bound in iron strong hand break free denounced it's capture with raging flee

Its streams of colors blinds all keen eyes Incandescent power its dark spirit flies

Focus, seize it, flee it, strife

Weak minds they wonder the weak must bow down Rising from down under it's advanced mind astounds

Flagrance enlightens it draws you near
Then sends you broken deep filled with fear
The fear to realize what shall be done
Taking sinners, liars, cheats, for their souls he's come
Conceive, lured, realize, deceived

A dark tale spoken from past told word One who disconcerns himself towards fate he's lured Devise a motion beyond what's true Or the air that will surround you is what no man ever knew

An act of mental warfare to strengthen evil form Raise the deceased wicked ruler to repeat times moral wrongs

Dark Tale [4x]

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