

Emperor, Sworn

Four eyes as two in one
The forward circular view
That never ends
An orbital voyage
Throughout this endless sphere of all
Where time is lost and everything transcends

A graceful presence
At stolen time

As ghosts to the world
Ghosts to the world

For ice, outside, are we apart
As cold and eerie mist to the hand
Ever floating on its coarse
Towards the heights of shadowland

Thus appear the truly sworn

To be seen
To be feared
Yet, not to be reached

Four eyes as two in one
Thus appear the truly sworn
As ghosts to the world
Thus appear the truly sworn
For ice, outside, are we apart
Thus appear the truly sworn
Cold and eerie mist. Burning
Thus appear the truly sworn

A graceful presence
At stolen time

Thus appear the truly sworn