

Forgive Durden, The Oracle

"Gargul the Oracle"

What a tragic mess you fools have made of this
The soil's filled with vacancy
You've spoiled all the crops and seed
This was a birth, a gift
You daftly wasted it
The dust and dirt will stain your fists
You can't escape your own skin

"Ahrima"

Every creation is plucked from a boundless hole of perception
Doomed to endure flaws of its fountain
The boy will one day cross the mountains

"Gargul the Oracle"

And reunite this world's divided halves, fulfill their history
This is more than divine decree, it's his destiny

"Angels"

So please take heed of this prophecy
Lifetimes from now there will be two chosen, bound to meet
Inside her lock he will turn the key
Their love will be strong enough to erase all the wrong we've done
Return us to where we belong, with the Light and Dark as one

"Gargul the Oracle"

One day the strands will mend
All the torn seams and frayed ends will turn to one single thread
The cycle will begin
The choices he made that day, to burn down what he'd helped create
You have made this bed, now you must sleep in it

"Ahrima"

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Doomed to endure flaws of its fountain
The boy will one day cross the mountains

"Gargul the Oracle"

And reunite this world's divided halves, fulfill their history
This is more than divine decree, it's his destiny

"Nidria"

So take heed of this prophecy
Lifetimes from now there will be two chosen, bound to meet
In her lock he'll turn the key

"Nidria and Ahrima"

Their true love will be strong enough

"Ahrima"

To erase the wrong we've done, the Dark and Light will become one

"Nidria and Ahrima"

Their true love will be strong enough

"Ahrima"

To erase the wrong we've done, the Dark and Light will become one
What a tragic mess you fools have made of this
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"Narrator"

Time flashed by for the Dark and the Light
The two fragments, recessed, still left unaddressed, stranded in unrest
In the Dark lived two brothers, Adakias, the youngest, and the heir, Pallis

As children, of the lists of myths, their favorite was the narrative
Of Holy The Sea And The Divided Terrene
Adakias would always dream of a destiny to leave, of fulfilling the prophecy
But he was laughed at, fitted with an unfavorable grafted cast
For a foolish dreamer, a romance seeker
The streets frowned, but deep down he screamed out
He knew there was accuracy in the antiquated legacy
Legitimacy to the famed sea, a quiet certainty to his fated fantasies