

Meadows End, Self Forsaken

I sold my soul into this self forsaken game.
My powers were erased and now my will to live the same.
The rules of the selection will befall upon the weak.
They enter in majority but few will end the seek

Now I know the difference in Atrocity.
And the human kind of eager that was never meant to be.
Souls of degradation sweep like choices in the wind.
Grab my cold hands, lead me out then let the game begin

So serene I stand upon the Gates of our land.
I notice the fields...
The sky I behold, Ive never seen this likeness before.

Now I know theres a reason for life.
Now I know theres a dream.
Entering my majestys hall crowded by a moonclad aeon.

Met the master and he spoke of reverence.
Told of sorcerers that certainly would give my soul a chance.
As I was told there were seven ones alive.
If seven ones were born then must seven ones be found.

Searching for an entrance but I know there isnt one.
Ive spent my life in darkness but the game has just begun.
The task to find the sorcerers it echoes in my mind.
The path towards the lost one is the one I cannot find.

Ive lost control of time but light must still be day.
I feel the sense of daylight in a total different way.
My future lies in heaven I can tell by time to mind.
But where in all the heavens?
Am I the one to find?