

# Tidfall, Prophecy Horizon

Is pain the truth to which I dare  
My mind to confess itself in  
Is blood the only message?  
That I would believe to be the truth?  
These wells from which I drink  
Can they feed me enough?  
So my body at least dissolves with a smile  
And not the yearning of blood-red eyes  
Filled with hate to my life

I fill the chalice and drink again once more  
My becoming of the prophecy horizon

For I have lived an entire existence  
And it was no one there  
Only the dim, which treaded before me to fade  
And again brought tears to my eyes

I refill the chalice and drink again  
Once more  
My becoming of the prophecy horizon

And if you were here to stand where others  
Have fallen before me  
What would be your prophecy?  
What would be your message?