

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?