

Year of Desolation, Running The Gauntlet

Swallowed whole, into this false sense of security.

I knew it would rain, like the gods had opened the flood gates.

My heart is racing, is this finally my reality?

Deep breaths, I'm searching within myself, his face like stone, cold hard and lifeless.

The crash, the burn, struck down, my flesh.

I've reached the end, dim the sky, expiring alone, was never in my mind.

My resolve: die.

I suffered endlessly to get this far, no one to make my choices no one to hold me down.

Please blade strike true this night, remind me of what I've become.

My rightful place in time, this crown is mine!

Cold steel rips sinew, the grass stained red, his bones are shattered, he breathes his last breath.

No remorse for his soul, this was my fate, I had to see it through to the very end.

This is what I was born to do: his self made grave.

I'm forever indebted to this legacy.

Taking what life he had left, I discarded his body and left it to rot.

My breath in the morning mist, has never been so pure.

I'm dreaming of a new life.

I am... complete.

Of all the things I have despised, once again... I'm alive.