

# Æther Realm , Oak

The color drained from life  
A crushing hopeless mist  
I'm standing at the edge of the abyss

Possessor of ancient might  
Knower of the ancient light  
You've given but not received  
A rope and a branch are all I need  
Possessor of ancient might  
Knower of the ancient light  
You've given but not received  
Will you bestow these gifts on me

As I climb closer toward  
My sweet untimely end  
My thoughts, they wander as I ascend  
My future is written in blood

As I turn my gaze to the stars  
One last look at the world I loved

Perched upon the brink with the noose around my neck  
I've made my choice, I won't look back  
And yet I'm somehow called to wait  
Perched upon the brink with the rope around my neck  
But a force unseen commands look back  
I see what I have left to give

As I climb closer toward  
My sweet untimely end  
My thoughts, they wander as I ascend  
What the future holds for me

As I turn my gaze to the sky  
One last look at the world I love  
And I break from the embrace of the oak

Possessor of ancient might  
Knower of the ancient light  
You've given but not received  
Why would you bestow these gifts on me  
Possessor of ancient might  
You've looked to the ancient skies  
Instilling a hope in me