

# Atrox, The Air Shed Tears

Clouds of grief sweeps across the horizon  
Drowning in crimson glory  
Decayed remembrance of an ancient era  
The fog of the ocean will always encounter itself

The air shed tears, from eternityis mighty well  
An the distance, a mournful cry  
Passed on by a guest of wind  
A soul of solitude  
Forsaken, forgotten  
Crossing the bridge

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