

# Axamenta, Shackles Cross

(Evening of March 27th, 1879 A.D. London, England)

Upon this bridge the fate of many is sealed  
Confronting the collision of future and past  
I face the demon that once sheltered within

Into times bygone - into torment's reign  
I have let my eyes to witness to see  
Times incarceration to a certain degree

Under the crimson light of the motorised moon  
I face the one who's been cast out of darkened times

Nightly horrors have stained red the soil  
The lights bleed upon the river beneath  
As I am forever reborn, never a burial  
So will the fallen rise, another circle complete

Rise - never a burial  
Rise - complete is the circle

Upon this bridge the fate of many was sealed  
Benumbed by the collision of future and past  
I have faced the I identity that once sheltered within me