

# Becoming The Archetype, Immolation

Oh the misery of my people  
I've heard them crying out  
Their lamentation  
The deafening sound of sorrow  
Clothed in anguish  
They've been enslaved for generations  
But now the time has come  
I will deliver them  
One fire burns within my soul,  
Consuming all of the doubt in my mind  
Infusing my soul with purpose again  
Awake from sleep my chosen people  
Break the bonds of slavery and step out into new life  
Hear the word spoken through flame  
A fire that cannot be quenched