Becoming The Archetype, Ransom

The sky grows pale And the sea turns black Solid darkness falls all around me Makes it hard to breathe Makes it hard to think But the darkness is not empty It is bearing down upon me Makes it hard to breath Makes it hard to think And I know this can't go on Oh death my worthy adversary You've tormented me for far too long He leapt into the arms of hell itself That gave birth to corruption And battled with the undead corpse Until it's face was smashed beyond recognition My hands have taught me terrible things His hands have SET ME FREE!