

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!