

# Cry Of The Afflicted, An Opal In The Shale

Grip my hand, child in the ashes, I'll take you to a safer place  
Freedom is assured, you will find comfort there  
In sanctuary you will be secure  
Rest in the stillness now, the storm casters will pass into memory  
Now the guilty will die, at their own behest  
Falling on the knife they've tapered from the moment of conception  
Expelling of the sadness begins with the fall of the horde  
A savage ruin  
Withdraw with me to the open gates of the citadel  
The gates are opened for the first time in this age  
Nameless child, we have survived  
We live to see the green of the distant valley  
Can we hope that this is truly the end?  
Now the guilty will die, at their own behest  
Falling on the knife they've tapered from the moment of conception  
Expelling of the sadness begins with the fall of the horde  
A savage ruin  
If they return, they'll not be welcomed here  
The ruination of the land will be remembered  
The ashes will give way to new life