

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