

Esqarial, The Source of Constraint

Balancing on the edge of a dream
Unfamiliar faces passing me by when I'm tottering
Behind the wooden door the smell of dust and mould
In the shade a silhouette sitting back to me

Peaceful mood causes
That warmth replaces coldness
Tension's in the air
Interrupted by words said with care

"Don't be afraid
It's the beginning of your journey
And I'm filled with fear
I must hurry before it reappears"

"Cut this crap off
You don't have the right to talk in this way
He is not ready
To hear what you want to say

For hundreds years
I've been imprisoned in the human's shell
I am the source of all conflicts
I chime the constraint bell"

"The Evil is his fodder
Parasite gnaws my flesh and soul
To New Home is calling him your voice
Your consciousness will make the choice"

He rose from his chair
And was the old man again
That I wanted to embrace
'Cause I looked in my old, wrinkled face