

# Front Line Assembly, Talon's Grasp

in talon's grasp  
a serpent coiled  
the curse of crow  
in accent hoarse  
drawn to despair  
orchard of bone  
doomed to endure  
the woven word  
all ears incline  
dread me inspire  
eternal fire  
that inward burns  
dare we descend?  
this drama dire  
these cursed words  
of labored phrase  
immersed in verse  
so fate decrees  
eternal flame  
we ever reign  
in tempest torn  
the stress of storm  
with horns of scorn  
the black air scourged