

Keep Of Kalessin, Orb Of Man

Walking the dying orb of man
An empty path , blinded: fear
Unable to speak the tongue of wrath
Deaf to words not spoken in crowd

Nameless centuries
Still underneath
I am so alien to you
Shut were those fragile eyes
During all these starlit nights

Hearing the dying prayer
Of a man
His pity words disgust me
...who are you too speak
Whose mind (is) in chains
You never walked alone
Tasted sour wine

Warriors like me
-The wicked kind
Hand of mans demise
Darken spirits
Asleep for so long
It is time to open our eyes