LORNA SHORE, Cursed To Die

Creations emanating between these shifting sands The universe is turning in the palm of my hand I will make the earthen clay Exhuming breath of life Behold the culmination Of my regrets

Sentience To err is human To forgive divine A blessing of life; Cursed to die

All will rise and fall
Their flesh and bone
My sins and resolve permeate their desires
I am absolved within their design
My legacy will live on

But is it enough to satisfy my legacy

Millennias of waiting
Countless years come to pass
Separated from Chronos;
This is my domain
I'm the face of death,
My image; this eternal sin
Molded from everything I hold within

We play the same keys in different times It's in our nature to die

Powerless to the forces outside of our reach I'm nothing but a man within a dream

But is it enough to satisfy my legacy But it's not enough to satisfy my legacy