

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