

Ophthalmia, Dominion

(words: It)

Grim and determined to rule like chained and bond to the land
The candle will fade and not even the grey death can be cruel as I
Hate boils my blood and makes me see the minions with abhor
I give you death in genocide a true tyrant at the blackest of the thrones

Please cure mind diseased Pluck the memory of a rooted sorrow
Cleanse the heart from poison Raze out the written troubles of the brain

Honour, love, friends I must not even look to have Find the tumor of
my land and rid her from the taunt I applaud the bloodiest visions and
dwell in the darkest depths There is no forgiveness no such oblivion
or weak mercy

Yeah

Stars fall down from the sky and let it be painted pure black
The essence of good fled my soul as filthy pearls from the core
Woods never walk so stay and fight 'til my bones from flesh be hacked
I smile at swords brandished by man that's of a woman born