

Psycroptic, The Valley Of Winds Breath And Drag

Gasping for air, descending quickly down the harsh ravaged slope
(you) won't look behind

Fear drives you continue on, although your chest burns with pain
as does your mind. You are the prey, you are hunted by
a four legged beast of ancient times, a creature that survives
inside a wicked wilderness of hate, and fire.

.....They roam land and sky.....

Faster you move, cutting through the black night,

Hearing the moan, of wind whistling by -

You must keep on, your family awaits....for...

You and your priceless cargo. With great care,
you grasp at your side. To remind you - of your life giving prize.

Guilt flows quite thin, although you realise....you're...

Taking the life of another!

Your greatest memory was from when you were very
young, your grandfather told you of a secret of exchanging
sickness and health. You were appalled - at the initial thought
of stealing a creature unborn child. In all your wildest dreams,
you never would have thought it would come down to this.

Two decades later (and) you have a daughter of your very own,

You're life - your blood - she lies screaming on her deathbed.

This soon, changed things - revolving - in your mind,

You went against everything.

You were taught to respect every creature born of this earth,

Nothing was below you - everything was equal.

Their young holds life - you must slice - their heart out...

You must drain the blood - then feed it to your own,

To save her - you must become a killer indeed.

Then your guilt, it can fuck itself, for you will have saved your child.

Once again - you leave your thoughts behind as you travel

Down onto the floor of the valley and its open space....

Now you can sense something behind you, and your
heart - it starts to race. Your brow is soaked with glistening sweat,

Beyond the dark trees - your daughter awaits

Close is your home, you dare not look back....for....

Fear of what you might see!

You can see reflection - on the trees ahead,

You feel warmth behind your back.

You pray that you won't die - only a thousand paces to home

You can hear beating wings - of a gigantic creature,

Trying to close your ears - and focus on the landscape ahead

Although impossible - you head the screaming lizard.

You then reach the tall trees, you feel half safe,

Hoping she will lose sight. You feel a mighty wind

flames lick your heels as you're pushing harder

You hear trees crashing down - behind and beside you,

You see your cave ahead - desperate for safety you feel your mind ache

Wishing you could forget - your relentless pursuer.

Ten paces left - the heat burns behind

In an instant - your body's on fire,

It enters your lungs - you fall to the ground.....death....

comes and you pray for forgiveness from your god.