

Sympathy, Surrounded By The Dead

the ancient dead have surrounded me
their fleshless hands are upholding me
such a great cloud of the dead elect
they held the flame, passed it unto me
tortured and killed by heathen hands
facing their death, they did not recant
I can endure and remain to the end
I am a nexus for the dead and man

tasting death and tasting sorrows
yet they did endure
facing torment, facing judgment
yet I shall endure
I am promised my own portion
of the weight they bore
I embrace the pain and suffering
for me that's assured

the ancient dead have surrounded me and they strengthen me
their fleshless hands are upholding me with their firm grasp
their lives were spent for the hidden truths that belong to me
I am one of the few who was chosen for this arcane path