## Tales Of Dark, Serpent Wisdom

[Karajanov / Cavar] Forced to endure throughout our pestilence, As the gift of life turns to curse From the confines of sepulchres Voices for vengeance cry. Souls flit about their desolate tombs The unborn smell death in the wombs Still, we warble of the light to come Yet hope faids as the dark prevails. The endless chantings discordant now stand As we ourselves with prayers blind, Words of salvation and comfort known are not. Is there but no light to shine upon, Can there be no light which shadow will not make? The depth to which the gory scars go suits The length of time in which they do not heal. There comes light with sacred visions There lies hope within faith The strong last and the awakened remain. We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit Let them fall in misery. Compassion be the vice of us And thus we resent it all. Shall not stand with ones who cry Aloud their folly, ye shall be as ye are Begone you warps, you bended minds Fear shall not come upon me. Mute is now the ground of ours Ends one, begins another There is light before thine eyes A light desired, much desirable.