

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 fades 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.