

Only the Reflection Bleeds

Alghazanth

I fell... And I arose
And fall I shall again, choosing so!

The deeper the cut
The dearer the scar
Each arrow of strife just hardens my shield
Replacing soul's rags with an armour of steel

I bleed... But not to atone
Pain is my patron, ever be it so!

Sealed is my fate, thus it I embrace
It's carved on my heart and runs through these veins

Ignite me, Father, for I yearn to burn...

The graver the loss
The greater the gain
Bane is a blessing to those who can see
That no trees will rise unless the seeds cease to be

Profanity's lead turned to spiritual gold
Through the death of vain roles true destinies unfold

When you wish to liberate a man
Destroy the world that surrounds him
And when you seek to crown a god
Slay that man that has bound him...

Slay that man that has bound him... Still!