

# The Way of the Scales

Alghazanth

My voice is fire and the wind is my herald  
Watch the world burn as I start to howl  
There's a sense of loss in its ashes' warmth  
But also freedom from what weighs us down

The quintessence of the thirst for knowledge  
Fuels this toilsome journey through hell  
It is the purest venom from the forbidden fountains  
The serpent's dew that awakens the self

Each step further from Eden is a step of a dawning god  
No true crown can be granted to a spineless heap of mud

I have listened and I have heard  
I have watched and I have seen  
From the shadow I began to learn  
The dark, the black and the spectrum between

Dived I deep into the oil black waters  
Not to drown and vanish but to surface on the other side  
Sinking through blackness, so dense and cold  
To seize the gift of birth through demise

Those who approach perdition from new angles and sides  
Can once through the depths reach the apex of heights

For certain I simply cannot know  
What will await me at the end of this road  
But be it a scepter in my hand  
Or the kiss of an axe on my neck  
Proudly I have traveled there  
And my fate I shall gladly accept