

## Wormwood

Xanthochroid

All the trivial pleasures of Erthe  
Are but bile and bitter venom  
When all has darkened  
Hatred's light shall guide me

The torrid winds of my home  
No longer warm my flesh  
I turn my gaze to the sea  
To my forgotten enemy

The weight of prophecy  
No longer burdens me  
I save my strength  
To be reborn

Behind me is that world of Ash  
The cold air shortens my breath  
Winters Spirits grow stronger  
As I draw near

I hope my death  
Absolves me of my wrongs  
I hope, I hope it is cold  
I hope, I hope it hurts

And as my life is ripped away  
I hope I try to hold on

I go alone  
Into Erthe's frozen womb  
The weight, the weight of the cold  
Is too much,  
Too much to bear

I hope it's cold  
I hope it hurts

As Wormwood fell  
Into the sea  
I became  
Nobody

Though tales are told  
Of the cold  
No one knows  
How it feels