

# Memoirs Of The Abyss

4th Dimension

Who are you? "The poor son of my mother..."  
Who are you? "A man of sorrows on his way through life..."  
How tragic, the vision's sapped into darkness  
Who are you? Why seek thou wisdom here?  
In the bowels of the great Stygian Abyss...

Despair...

We mourned a knight, his dream, our doom  
On the day he passed away...  
These halls remember days, days before the fall  
Days of glorious hope, of unity fulfilled, seemingly so real...

Without him, collapse of civilization...  
Forgotten, our memory sealed within  
To die with the last of our kind...

Long years have been passing by  
A scattered few survive  
Though at loss, the old ideals we strive upon  
Splendor's gone, the dream's no more, our Sun is stone  
Virtues High, through endless night, cast forth their light...

Be welcome...  
Accept the cup of oblivion...