

The Air Shed Tears

Atrox

Clouds of grief sweeps across the horizon
Drowning in crimson glory
Decayed remembrance of an ancient era
The fog of the ocean will always encounter itself

The air shed tears, from eternityis mighty well
An the distance, a mournful cry
Passed on by a guest of wind
A soul of solitude
Forsaken, forgotten
Crossing the bridge

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