

Retribution

Brymir

Rain, the gift of our forbidden god
Grants no compassion, no humility
Our souls filled with a burning wrath
And the promise of our divinity
But a silent voice now weeps within
It prays; forgiveness for our sins
For our lands left ravaged in our wake...

And so I stand
My heart filled with hate for eternity
And so I stand
My soul still denies my mortality
And so I shall fall
Alone and bound to envy all
I did not understand

And I feel pain, that solace of a tainted conscience
It grants a glimpse of resentful reality:
Our God, long since fallen
A lost path, a lie of divinity
And I see it die
I hear it weep
In waters deep

And last, I stand
As the final beacon of man
Through remorse, through the shame
The guilt of aeons in my name
The grief of aeons
That rends apart the heart
The art of man perfected

And pain fades away
A castaway I am to stay

In that name I became what nature abhors
In vain I now raise my fist against it all
But I see, through the eyes of a storm, afar
A father's scorn, a mother's call
And I'm filled with reverence as I fall
The temple trembled as time did stall
Its last keeper becomes one with the stars
A grave; the peace for the restless

At last, I stand
The pitch-black rain can't cleanse
my broken blood-stained hands
And last, I fall
And see it all...