

## Ten Winters Apart, Pt. 3: Sunder the Seventh Seal

Crimfall

Gave I given to sleep  
Sight blind and dry  
Mouth void but weeps  
Silence the loudest cry

Retch this nursling reverie marred  
Fed to us, sons unshorn, ill-starred  
Bond more binding than thickest blood  
Word that was dead and now reborn

Deprive a man reach of hope  
And belief sincere  
in tomorrow whole

Horns that fire reckoning cry  
Aroused the wake not to morning of light  
Revelation a shade dark nor white  
Chaos holds the sky  
I will not dream  
I will not serve  
Shall they lead or shall they call  
Where loyalties lie and where they fall

Lead the lost on broken knees and  
Gather the hounds amongst the sheep  
Words forever salted revile  
Upon a throat of a howl contrite  
A revolution, a rising tide  
Cinders raked ignite  
I will not serve  
I will not dream  
Shall they lead or shall they call  
Where loyalties lie and where they fall