

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