

## Precipice Gaped

Crionics

I know I hung on a windy trunk  
All nine nights, wounded by thorns  
On the trunk grown out of roots  
Of a tree unknown to me

I know I looked down, learnt runes  
Screaming I collapsed into it's shadows  
I learnt nine mighty spells  
Read out of the ancient stones

Fed on hate, drunk with blood of the dead  
I started being produced  
And growing up with power

(One word for the second found the third for me  
One deed for the second was searching  
For the third for me)

I spread terror and pain, torture and death  
In this strange place of the end my time had come  
Tired with ruling the evil I'm freezing  
Like a bird braided between branches