

Hope Unborn

Darkwell

Because it stays in the mind of the Binder
Chaos spreads in the realm of mankind
He will lead us out, the Finder
I cannot help in this puzzle, why am I blind?

In a cold second of mourn
The grieve shades of grey
A day unborn
Another curse, flee, no way

I'm alone in the mists of this life
My blood it boil
A dark hive-order spoils

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He bears our weighty hopes
A pile in the sky
Against the order
The power is now claimed

All our hopes in this mystical hands
My mind, it swirls
If he is not the Redeemer

Because it stays...