

# The Repentant

Elvenking

A soil and worms is all I see above from deep down under  
Smell of damp and rotten wood  
I am still breathing

To live or not to live  
To breathe or not to breathe  
Should the bell ring for my unearthing?  
Repent in ash and dust  
Unleash all my distrust  
In the grasp of the last air gust I breathe

I have a chest full of well-rehearsed speeches I never gave  
I have a handful of dialogues I never had with all of you  
I have a spoonful of promises, oaths I never made, thus never broken  
A book of poems that will never see the light of day

Crawling slowly deep under the snow  
Death is now watching  
As I try to break the riddle  
To settle my choice

Dictated penalty  
This tragic destiny  
I am scratching the wood, do I want to die?  
The frenzy into those eyes  
Reminds a past demise  
The day I promised to excise

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"All considered  
I will now depart  
In the arms of this lightless dusk  
I bid you farewell  
I repent our days of old though  
As they have doomed the rest of my life"

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Never see the light of day  
Ah