

## Sworn

Emperor

Four eyes as two in one  
The forward circular view  
That never ends  
An orbital voyage  
Throughout the endless sphere of all  
Where time is lost and everything transcends

A graceful presence  
At stolen time

As ghosts to the world  
Ghosts to the world

For ice, outside, are we apart  
As cold and eerie mist to the hand  
Ever floating on its course  
Towards the heights of shadowland

Thus appear the truly sworn

To be seen  
To be feared  
Yet, not to be reached

Four eyes as two in one  
Thus appear the truly sworn  
As ghosts to the world  
Thus appear the truly sworn  
For ice outside, are we apart  
Thus appear the truly sworn  
Cold and eerie mist. Burning  
Thus appear the truly sworn

A graceful presence  
At stolen time

Thus appear the truly sworn