

## Edge of Oblivion

Forefather

Edge of oblivion, heads in the sand  
Wolves in the fold raping the land  
Shadows of men by meekness consumed  
Weak willing slaves marching to doom

Dire whirlwinds growing, the craven fall deaf  
Seek no compassion, mailed fist you will get  
Standing defiant, the bold brazen few  
Storm-battered monoliths, guardians of truth

Edge of oblivion, bewildered they fall  
Madness and chaos darken the halls  
Powerless servants basking in woe  
Headlong to nothingness, gladly they go

At the final hour they see the chasm opens wide  
The feckless fall into the void

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