

## The Orphanage

Iskald

Hollowed by the face of fiery  
I call you now a distant theory  
The tale I tell is all but done  
The book is open and dust is gone

The hag she goes from room to room  
And weeps an endless song of doom  
She's measured and weighted in torture and pain  
By all of us who have gone insane

I'm in The Orphanage I used to roam  
I dream a dream of coming home  
My life is ending I fear it not  
This is my story I haven't forgot

I'm four, I think, but I ain't alive  
When I'm not asleep, I'm down at the hive  
There she beats until we bleed  
So we can suffer and she can feed

In the darkest hall of domination  
We pray to god for revelation  
Trapped in cells of gore and steel  
I tell my story, the seventh seal

Soon I'm gone, I hear my call  
She's coming now, it will be my fall  
At the end I see her incarnated face  
The fog has faded, let me receive my grace

My tale is ending, but be aware  
The hag is in there, spreading fear  
I take my things, I'll walk away  
Commandment of light, I will obey.