

# Stranded

Konkhra

An old man at the shore of his life  
In desperation and fear he lies  
The truth he has tried to conceal  
In his mind... before his flesh will part

He was caught in the web of temptation  
That norns had woven for him  
He had chosen the faddish path of violence  
And sacrifice... for ancient gods belief

He was one of the proud  
He was violence unleashed  
Bend to his will of power  
Or join the hordes of deceased

Now he pities himself for his doings  
Told by Christ that his motive were wrong  
How come he had tread the evil path  
While he felt his willpower strong

At the centre of conscience  
My fear stares at me  
White rimmed eyes, ceremonial mask  
No human face, what I see  
Stranded

I pay homage to the tower of flesh  
While my spirit roams free

He was one of the proud  
He was violence unleashed  
Bend to his will of power  
Or join the hordes of deceased

Enter now the kingdom of Nastrond  
Where the strand of corpses lie  
Enlaced to the boundaries of hope  
In eternity captured souls cry

He was one of the proud  
He was violence unleashed  
Bend to his will of power  
Or join the hordes of deceased

When the powers of existence  
Gazed furious in me  
White rimmed eyes, ceremonial mask  
I fear the shape... that I see  
Stranded

True repentance when your soul dies  
With all manner of those who died in bed

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He was violence unleashed  
Bend to his will of power  
Or join the hordes of deceased