

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

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