

The Illuminated

Korzus

Born under the eyes of the moon
The arms of death can't embrace them

His gift is unique
It's the sign of fire
He knows his mind is eternal

From him
Nothing can be hidden
His life is dominated by premonitions

His truth
Is hidden in his soul
There isn't and never was an explanation

His power sometimes
Is stronger than his mind
It invades every thought

Everyone says
He is the illuminated
But in really nobody knows

He feels
His reaction
Controlling
His reason
Restless visions
Consume his mind
He doesn't judge
Himself a prophet