

The Offering of Oblivion

Nausea

Renaissance cascades the crimson skies
The shrine to Gods, withers beneath the stars
Promised a throne, far from this place
Victory, a blind offering
Befallen to us the wretched go unnamed
Come to me, drink from the well of bleak Nótt
A monolith to light sunders it's path
Nocturnal embrace, my blade sworn by epitaphs
Hail, the fated harbinger of night
Surrounded by hordes, my dear Barelorn
I shan't let you fall from me

Fire breathes through the stone
Ten thousand arrows swallow the silver sun
I arise, souls fragmented, shattered by the one who sees
Passed the stained glasses of forsaken light
Awaken, the prophecy

My blessed blade whispers to me
Power eternal, wielding ancestry

Promised a curse, it echos deceit
Ahead I ride from black spears of sleet
Father, Elora, forgotten from name
Prisoner, revenant, the reluctant seed

Forlorn in masses of men, mountains of lost effigy
Tread on the frozen wastes, vessels of righteousness
Just as the blade rends flesh, so must power scar the soul
Nightmare bred champion, knight of the dying day

The tyrant moon, murders the purely sun
Usurper
Forth I bound my hand to blasphemy

Betrayer
Chosen of pale, betrayer of oblivion