This Shadowed World

Psycroptic

Winds of time
I command thee
Once forsaken in this shadowed world
Conquered by my own self

Once again I shall rise
Strength forged in iron
Candle burns slowly once again

Patience is lost key
Mortality the greatest gift

Wind screams my name
Consumed by powers—
Beyond comprehension
My sentence revoked—
Deeds of a past life

Shadows still hide beneath me
Watching every move
Waiting for this moment to strike

The fires from the deep
They yearn for me
Longing for this moment for centuries
Now this gift may seem like a curse

Drawn into the deep caverns
Begging for a merciful end

My eternal torment
Those once-lost souls
To be found once more
Or destined to walk alone

The fires from the deep
They yearn for me
Longing for this moment for centuries
Now this gift may seem like a curse

As Time pushes and pulls
These fortunes will overwhelm
Past failures come to the light
To be pushed into the depths once more

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