

# 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