

## Dawn Will Come

Pythia

The light is dying in the sky  
I walk through the sands of bloodshed old  
And I steel myself this night

Hold me near you  
I don't fear you  
Feel my fire

Cold {...} of the meal and drink to madness  
Through the {burning gold of light?}  
I see the dagger in my hand

Decked in gold, I wander through the halls  
One thought: vengeance for my murdered kin  
A word guides my faithful hand  
Hands entwining  
Stars aligning  
You're in my grasp

Like a serpent you will writhe in the flames  
As I send you to the hell from which you came

Take my hand  
Breathe your desires  
Know your lust  
Will be your pyre

Blood and wine  
Staining white lace  
Feel the hate  
In our embrace

Fever rises  
Blood baptizes  
Cold steel biting

Triumphant from the darkness  
And the dawn will come again  
In the end, the dawn will come