

Unhallowed

Pythia

The curse upon my house, blackened marks against my name
Retribution for another's sins
Primal ruin in my blood, an older order brims
Filled with ancient whispers humming from within
Cast aside by those who swore to
Protect me from all this

I've been a prisoner for so long
In my heart a mournful song

We are the blighted ghosts of old
Malignant hate in our souls
Forever reaching forth to
Grasp the blade, unclean, unhallowed
Destiny inescapable
Can there be life where we failed?
Willing our lifeblood to rise
Breaking free of snaring shackles

Waited for so long, now a grim light guides the way
Faith returns and clads my heart in stone
Repaying death with death, on and on the cycle turns
Do I see a fate where I too must atone?
My sword never far from my grasp
Submission is no choice

I see a beacon I thought dead
Bright and bleak the path I tread

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I will grasp the blade
And tear you asunder
An eye for an eye once more
I will not fear you
Dread children of the darkness
Libations of blood will pour

An age-old lineage of pain
The chains that I can't break

In this torment my will is done
Ever hidden from the sun

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