

## Ritual of Sight

Thulcandra

Invocation of the black might  
Wounds are cut within the soul  
As the blood flows  
My awareness grows  
With my sight so clear  
I must drown

A cold state of mind  
Ignoring the chants of light  
In solitude I must wander  
Sorrow and pain on the path

On this everlasting journey  
I must fall

The seeing eye must return  
With the downfall of the powers rise  
The final sacrifice of mortal bounds  
In the ecstasy of forbidden wisdom  
I must die

The gate of eternity opens  
Deconstruction of the cosmic reign  
With the liberation of the second will  
A lost kingdom can return  
And I shall rise