

The Frozen Lake, Pt. II (The Ruined)

Worm Shepherd

My face pressed against the earth
I heard the chorus of the leaves
Within the whistling gale, a hoarse mother's shriek took shape
And oh, how he rejoiced behind that door overgrown
Bellowing in a sickly enfeebled tone

The ashen smoke fills my body as my screams reach no further than his doorstep
I waited and waited for the shackles to unbind
The winds begin to crack my skin

Still I lie in desolation
Speak of the weeping, the wailing song of anguish ever present
in the atmosphere

Acceptance heaves me through a whirlwind of tragic cinemas that
repeat and extend
Death looms over every corner of this keep
Overseen by the weeping watcher

Still I lie in desolation
Speak of the weeping, the wailing song of anguish ever present
in the atmosphere
Forbid me not from discovery
For it is redemption that I seek

The horrors behind this door haunt me still
There lies behind the bloodline hanged alive damned to suffocation
Damned to look on as the birds chew upon their frantic kin
Open the sky

If this is true, then I relinquish the blood and the salt
Come forth looming raven
Speak of the weeping, the song of anguish
The winds begin to crack my skin carrying with them the ashes of the slain

Never does the sun set with their cries absent
Eating every soul that spills upon the black carpet that sits behind the crimson gate
Cold dead hands now fold