

From Scythe to Sceptre

Be'lakor

I knew you some years before
Deep in prayer under bough
Futile sighs in vital skin
Your flesh caressed by night

Yet change came quickly
A bruise in the air, it staggered within
Sweet sickly rot
Black wound infection

King, slave, child
Your fates are united
An unending row to the grave
A single dance now, all eyes are shut
Blind to the earthly

Begging now to forget who I am
Emperor, your sword is useless
Shattered crowns so swiftly
Fragile as the scythe

Aching bones cling to swollen limbs
Despair floods all senses
The world is dying around me

Gaping in mirth, his old eyes spoke
Where you are now - I once was
And what I am now - you soon will be
Nothingness awaits you

Begging now to regain what I've lost
The tale of life is but a picture
A flash in an abyss, a dream in the void

See that there is no meaning,
Understand eternal death
You long now to try what you once feared
But the time is gone and dust will be your legacy