Ten Winters Apart, Pt. 3: Sunder the Seventh Seal

Crimfall

Gave I given to sleep Sight blind and dry Mouth void but weeps Silence the loudest cry

Retch this nursling reverie marred Fed to us, sons unshorn, ill-starred Bond more binding than thickest blood Word that was dead and now reborn

Deprive a man reach of hope And belief sincere in tomorrow whole

Horns that fire reckoning cry Aroused the wake not to morning of light Revelation a shade dark nor white Chaos holds the sky I will not dream I will not dream I will not serve Shall they lead or shall they call Where loyalties lie and where they fall

Lead the lost on broken knees and Gather the hounds amongst the sheep Words forever salted revile Upon a throat of a howl contrite A revolution, a rising tide Cinders raked ignite I will not serve I will not dream Shall they lead or shall they call Where loyalties lie and where they fall