

Residing In A Kingdom Now Lost

Drowning the Light

I am the sun
And I am the moon
I am the winter chill
On the first day of June
The dark mystery
That lies in the sea
As my heart yearns
To truly be free
As the flames of the old
Burns on with passion
Till my heart grows cold

I crush the empires and crumble walls of stone
I burn the villages of those below

I am the dark
And I am the cold
The blood of the ancients
That can never be sold
The spirit of our ancestors
The storm that rages on
The fragments of a broken past
Forgotten by name

Possessed by times of old
Immortal soul of the cold
Centuries of wisdom at a cost
Residing in a kingdom now lost