

Striking hard, striking fast in desperation
The world around is filled with shades of red
Forced to stand in weak anticipation
As rivulets of blood run down the Child's head
The chamber fills with screams of violent rage
Of petulance and impotent frustration
Consumed with frenzied tidal waves of hate
The princess falls to earth in dark sedation

Her blindness stunts the growth of nascent power
That grows within her like some poisonous flower
The blade of darkness strikes her to the hilt
And so the flower inside begins to wilt
But time is short for action to be taken
No chance to dwell on pity or mistakes
No chance for dark excuses to be found
The moment of Salvation must be now!

Cast me to the crimson flames
Thou hast the power should I be blind
To overthrow my wicked reign
And throw me to the pit of time
Cast me to the crimson flames
Thou shalt bar the doors of hell
Incant these words of sacred rule
Seal me in my crimson cell