

Lord Of Woe

Make Them Suffer

Kneel down before my feet, I am everything and nothing
all in one, suspended in
time.

Conqueror of the frozen wastes. Tyrant of misery.
Nothing will ever change. Time and timeless, again and
forever and ever and
ever.

Sometimes, amidst the cold, in isolation, amongst this
chaos and despair
a distant light shines in this desecrated mind,
I become one with the darkness, embracing its beauty.
Fear me, for I am
Lord of Woe.
these fingertips of mine know only pain and sorrow,
destroying everything that they touch. Lord of Woe.

Enthroned in this darkness.
The silence shrieks in pain, echoing throughout the
wastes.
Nothing can hurt me here. My sanctuary of destruction.

The ocean boils up and begins to surface,
seeping through our eyes and flesh,
filling up our lungs with black and drowning us in a
beautiful state of
epiphany.
We are the ones who make dreams and I am the error.

Floating amongst the clouds, tearing them from the
skies,
one by one until eventually the heavens fall in a coil
of churning black and
grey
and my kingdom can live in darkness for all of
eternity.

Sometimes, amidst the cold, in isolation, I become one
with the Darkness. Lord
of Woe.
These fingertips of mine know only pain and sorrow,
destroying everything that they touch. Lord of Woe.

Enthroned in this darkness.
The silence shrieks in pain, echoing throughout the
wastes.
Nothing can hurt me here. My sanctuary of destruction.

Kneel down