

I, The Skeptic

Morgion

A vengeance has been called on me
Its blackened state, i cannot see
An evil spell has come to be
It shall be done, to full decree

Voodoo curse
Adorns itself
It has to stop
My personal hell

Blinded by insecurity
Can't escape my misery
Insolence obsesses me
My mind's control is all i need

Shatters my mind, wounds inflict
Bound in terror, until the end

A lapse of reasons, to find a solution
Grasp the answer, to show the end

I can overcome this grief
The truth shall set me free
Let death be my fate
That my fear conquests me

A vengeance has been called on me
Blackened blood, i cannot breathe
An evil spell has ended me
It's been done to full decree