

Wither The Storm

Morgion

Form a dramatic pause
A stranglehold is clenched
Less of nothing now gone
Dream a lesser cause

No growth in the eye of the storm
See clouds before our eyes
Obliterate our begotten means
Dust clouds settle in the sky
Turmoil of a forsaken dawn
To wither the storm

See our green turn gray
As means just fade away
The circle now is broken
Abolish what was cleansed

No growth in the eye of the storm
See clouds before our eyes
Obliterate our begotten means
Dust clouds settle in the sky
Turmoil of a forsaken dawn
To wither the storm

Tumble our mighty frost
Giving all that we treasure
Tell our tale of deceit
And lacerate what we pleasure