

## Sorrow Is Your Tale

Orden Ogan

In droves they are coming here  
I am what they call "the seer"  
Let us talk and you will see  
Your whole life led you to me

You know this place, you have been here before  
You suffered so much, can't stand anymore

All my children, come to me  
Sorrow is your tale  
The cross you bring belongs to thee  
I just hold the nail  
All my children, come to me  
Sorrow is your tale  
The cross you bring can set you free  
Take this final nail

I will escort you into my lair  
We'll take our time to set the snare  
Words so sharp they pierce your hands  
The truth I show, you can not withstand

I'll raise your cross at a desolate place  
Join my collection of your desolate race  
I'll make your weakness be your fate  
Once realized it will be too late

Say your final prayer, no one can descend from there  
And for those who try to run - I will build another one...

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