

At the Gates

SIG:AR:TYR

I stand before thee, Father of all that seeks
A spirit forged from the depths of chaos
Primordial echoes of a dying race
Scream like soulless wraiths of what once was

The gates stand closed to the lesser ones
Forgotten in time, shunned by the light, and the dark
Their blood is weak, impure and faded
None shall pass, the twisted iron, and the one eye

The price of being, is to become and behold
The halls of the gods, born of blood and stone
Share none of their power, with honourless men
I have borne the curse, and loved her mistress

The dark star revealed its secret
And its unseen light shined through me
Ancient and cruel, for at the gates I stand
To walk forward to the beginning