

"And so it comes to this
And thus are we undone..."

The foundations of our fathers' truths
Eroded by the cruelties of fate
Thus enslaved wear their yoke like a crown
And their dishonour like the finest jewel

The profane usurps the sacred
The sacred defiled as profane
Unquestioning blindness proclaimed to be sight
The denial of death and the surging of life

And so it comes to this
But thus are we undone?

The Curse on ruinous currents ascends
Born by winds we dare not name
Its corruption taints all in its wake
Its ravenous shadow enshrouding the earth

Where is our courage?
Wherefore is our pride?
When good men do nothing
Whilst tyrants scar the skies

The lonely forest whispers
An oaken eulogy
A battlecry for those who stand
Before this poisoned tide

Against the Eye that glares incandescent
And those who conspire that great deeds fail
Our banners crack and flutter in forewarning
The threatening promise of tempests to come
Hearken to me!

Seek not for Gods to break our chains
Seek strength and will to break the chains ourselves
Seek for the essence of the wind's true name
That we might command our fate once more!