

Cursed be thy name
The outcast one; companionless.
Who by his will betrayed
His beautiful creation.

It is unspoken
And he is resolute
He is broken

He will not say
If he's the enemy
He is no one

His mind will rot
And crows will tear his flesh
Live long, feel naught

When given life
He found a way to die
He is no one

So here's your land;
This Barren Erthe.
Both thorn and thistle
shall it grow for you.

And though you'll eat of it,
It never satisfies.
And you will curse its name!
Incultus!