

Æther Realm , Oak

The color drained from life
A crushing hopeless mist
I'm standing at the edge of the abyss

Possessor of ancient might
Knower of the ancient light
You've given but not received
A rope and a branch are all I need
Possessor of ancient might
Knower of the ancient light
You've given but not received
Will you bestow these gifts on me

As I climb closer toward
My sweet untimely end
My thoughts, they wander as I ascend
My future is written in blood

As I turn my gaze to the stars
One last look at the world I loved

Perched upon the brink with the noose around my neck
I've made my choice, I won't look back
And yet I'm somehow called to wait
Perched upon the brink with the rope around my neck
But a force unseen commands look back
I see what I have left to give

As I climb closer toward
My sweet untimely end
My thoughts, they wander as I ascend
What the future holds for me

As I turn my gaze to the sky
One last look at the world I love
And I break from the embrace of the oak

Possessor of ancient might
Knower of the ancient light
You've given but not received
Why would you bestow these gifts on me
Possessor of ancient might
You've looked to the ancient skies
Instilling a hope in me