Forgive Durden, The Oracle

"Gargul the Oracle"
What a tragic mess you fools have made of this
The soil's filled with vacancy
You've spoiled all the crops and seed
This was a birth, a gift
You daftly wasted it
The dust and dirt will stain your fists
You can't escape your own skin

"Ahrima"

Every creation is plucked from a boundless hole of perception Doomed to endure flaws of its fountain The boy will one day cross the mountains

"Gargul the Oracle"

And reunite this world's divided halves, fulfill their history This is more than divine decree, it's his destiny

"Angels"

So please take heed of this prophecy Lifetimes from now there will be two chosen, bound to meet Inside her lock he will turn the key Their love will be strong enough to erase all the wrong we've done Return us to where we belong, with the Light and Dark as one

"Gargul the Oracle"

One day the strands will mend

All the torn seams and frayed ends will turn to one single thread The cycle will begin

The choices he made that day, to burn down what he'd helped create You have made this bed, now you must sleep in it

"Ahrima"

Every creation is plucked from a boundless hole of perception Doomed to endure flaws of its fountain The boy will one day cross the mountains

"Gargul the Oracle"

And reunite this world's divided halves, fulfill their history This is more than divine decree, it's his destiny

"Nidria"

So take heed of this prophecy Lifetimes from now there will be two chosen, bound to meet In her lock he'll turn the key

"Nidria and Ahrima"

Their true love will be strong enough

"Ahrima"

To erase the wrong we've done, the Dark and Light will become one

"Nidria and Ahrima"

Their true love will be strong enough

"Ahrima"

To erase the wrong we've done, the Dark and Light will become one What a tragic mess you fools have made of this What a tragic mess you fools have made of this

"Narrator"

Time flashed by for the Dark and the Light The two fragments, recessed, still left unaddressed, stranded in unrest In the Dark lived two brothers, Adakias, the youngest, and the heir, Pallis As children, of the lists of myths, their favorite was the narrative Of Holy The Sea And The Divided Terrene Adakias would always dream of a destiny to leave, of fulfilling the prophecy But he was laughed at, fitted with an unfavorable grafted cast For a foolish dreamer, a romance seeker The streets frowned, but deep down he screamed out He knew there was accuracy in the antiquated legacy Legitimacy to the famed sea, a quiet certainty to his fated fantasies