

# Liege Lord, Dark Tale

Rising higher it grasps the sky overturning it's sense of time  
Bound in iron strong hand break free denounced it's capture with raging flee  
Its streams of colors blinds all keen eyes  
Incandescent power its dark spirit flies  
Focus, seize it, flee it, strife  
Weak minds they wonder the weak must bow down  
Rising from down under it's advanced mind astounds

Flairance enlightens it draws you near  
Then sends you broken deep filled with fear  
The fear to realize what shall be done  
Taking sinners, liars, cheats, for their souls he's come  
Conceive, lured, realize, deceived

A dark tale spoken from past told word  
One who disconcerns himself towards fate he's lured  
Devise a motion beyond what's true  
Or the air that will surround you is what no man ever knew  
An act of mental warfare to strengthen evil form  
Raise the deceased wicked ruler to repeat times moral wrongs  
Dark Tale [4x]