

The Oracle

Forgive Durden

What a tragic mess you fools have made of this
The soul'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 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 And reunite this world's divided halves
Fulfill their history
This is more than divine decree
It's his destiny 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 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 help create
You have made this bed
Now you must sleep in it 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 And reunite this world's divided halves
Fulfill their history
This is more than divine decree
It's his destiny 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 Their true love will be strong enough
To erase the wrong we've done
The dark and light will become one
Their true love will be strong enough
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 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

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