

# 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 seedThis was a birth, a gift  
You daftly wasted it  
The dust and dirt will stain your fists  
You can't escape your own skinEvery creation is plucked  
From a boundless hole of perception  
Doomed to endure flaws of its fountain

The boy will one day cross the mountainsAnd reunite this world's divided halves  
Fulfill their history  
This is more than divine decree  
It's his destinySo please take heed of this prophecy  
Lifetimes from now there will be  
Two chosen, bound to meet

Inside her lock he will turn the keyTheir 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 oneOne day the strands will mend  
All the torn seams and frayed ends  
Will turn to one single thread

The cycle will beginThe choices he made that day  
To burn down what he'd help create  
You have made this bed

Now you must sleep in itEvery creation is plucked  
From a boundless hole of perception  
Doomed to endure flaws of its fountain

The boy will one day cross the mountainsAnd reunite this world's divided halves  
Fulfill their history  
This is more than divine decree  
It's his destinySo take heed of this prophecy  
Lifetimes from now there will be  
Two chosen, bound to meet

In her lock he'll turn the keyTheir 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 oneWhat a tragic mess you fools have made of this  
What a tragic mess you fools have made of thisTime 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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