Immolation

Becoming the Archetype

Oh, the misery of my people
I've heard them crying out
Their lamentation
The deafening sound of sorrow
Clothed in anguish
They've been enslaved for generations
But now the time has come
I will deliver them
One fire burns within my soul
Consuming all of the doubt in my mind and infusing my soul with purpose again
Awake from sleep my chosen people
Break the bonds of slavery and step out into new life
Hear the word spoken through flame
A fire that cannot be quenched.

Lyrics submitted by Ethan.

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