

From the Dark Past

Mayhem

A face in stone decayed by age
A man who has returned to tell his damnation
Fears so deep, the mouths open wide
Scream died away before dawn of this time
Ancient times legends, stories so dark
Blackened his sight
Now, not even the memories are left
Back after such a long time
The stone is cold as death
But what formed it's true fears
Only the wind is able to tell
Tell me, what did you see there
In the darkness, the darkness of the past?

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