

Omen (The Tones of Mystery)

Root

[The tones of mystery] I see a shape - or is that a mere hallucination? -
As rocking on me and from their eyes trickle the bloody tears,
I hear a whisper of lifeless lips, it calling me on into the depth,
I am going away with it, awake in the empire of dead,
I hear words, out of one's graves arising a legends of dead dreams,
listen in with me to tales, which once were truth

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