

Storyteller

Furtherial

He is the knight
Of the dying soul with the power of dreams.
He is the shelter
Of pain and regret
With the fairy tales he eases tears.
Taking the souls with caressing arms
To the land of the dream he created
Unlike Death, he lays delusions
Of wishes as if they were real
He erases repent, cleanses the astral body
The Great Fairy Taler of the great divide
Came to me while I was in an endless despise...
He was the one
Of the four angels serving the humanity
They were the Fate
Life and Death
And the Fairy Taler he gives dreams
They belittled him
He struggled but defeated all once.
He is the one, he is the knight, he owns the death
Now all I have,
The hope that he brought to my hands
The ones that he took down, rises again...
The Great Fairy Taler of the great divide
Came to me while I was in an endless despise...
He saw all I lost, found me in the arms of hell
Came to me while I wasn't able to break my shell
They were taking me, into where I ruin myself, I'm losing the all that I have, into where I am gone
He came to me, and gave me the hope to revive, I'm breaking the age of demise, to where I was born
Again...

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