Tears of Rancour

Dark Age

Deary, dubious existence, preposterous embodiment! Still sullen are the lights of life... Behold then my rancour, my tears soaking your surface bloody earth! Am I the one, the one I fear or am I the one and only atmosphere? I am lost, trapped in time... My life is a star which does not shine! Sumptuous elusive significance, preposterous embodiment! Time to believe! Into the hearts which have died, into the souls which have tried, into the tears we have cried The tears of rancour!Forever dying Forever tryingForever crying the tears of rancour!

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