

The Oracle (ft. Danny Stevens)

Forgive Durden

What a tragic mess you fools have made of this.

The soul's filled with vacancy.

You've spoiled all the crops and seed.

This was a birth, a gift. You daftly wasted it.

The dust and dirt will stain your fists.

You can't escape your own skin. Every creation is plucked from a boundless hole of perception,

Doomed to endure flaws of its fountain.

The boy will one day cross the mountains. And reunite this world's divided halves, fulfill their history.

This is more than divine decree, it's his destiny. So please take heed of this prophecy.

Lifetimes from now there will be two chosen, bound to meet.

Inside her lock he will turn the key.

Their love will be strong enough to erase all the wrong we've done,

Return us to where we belong, with the Light and Dark as one. One day the strands will mend.

All the torn seams and frayed ends will turn to one single thread.

The cycle will begin.

The choices he made that day, to burn down what he'd helped create.

You have made this bed, now you must sleep in it. Every creation is plucked from a boundless hole of perception,

Doomed to endure flaws of its fountain.

The boy will one day cross the mountains. And reunite this world's divided halves, fulfill their history.

This is more than divine decree, it's his destiny. So take heed of this prophecy.

Lifetimes from now there will be two chosen, bound to meet.

In her lock he'll turn the key. Their true love will be strong enough. To erase the wrong we've done, the Dark and Light will become one. Their true love will be strong enough. To erase the wrong we've done, the Dark and Light

will become one.

What a tragic mess you fools have made of this. Time flashed by for the Dark and the Light.

The two fragments, recessed, still left unaddressed, stranded in unrest.

In the Dark lived two brothers, Adakias, the youngest, and the heir, Pallis.

As children, of the lists of myths, their favorite was the narrative

Of Holy The Sea And The Divided Terrene.

Adakias would always dream of a destiny to leave, of fulfilling the prophecy.

But he was laughed at, fitted with an unfavorable grafted cast for a foolish dreamer,

A romance seeker. The streets frowned, but deep down he screamed out.

He knew there was accuracy in the antiquated legacy.

Legitimacy to the famed sea. A quiet certainty to his fated fantasies.

Songwriters

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