Owls Predict, Oracles Stand Guard

Soilwork

Dark eyes stare you down, trust the wise as they spread their wings.
The surface's fading, all structures collapse as my blood turns pitch black.

Three choices: escape, stand guard or give in.
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I could feel it, the presence of an entity.
A calling, a cry for help.
Burning insects to get through the mist.

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Robbed by faith, no longer my fault.
My travel ends with a smile on my face.
Forgiven by no one, predicted to fail.
As the oracles stand guard.

The battles you choose may conquer all that is pure.
(stand tall in the tide) as it drowns your last chance to prevail.
All I have is the wisdom, the wisdom of fools, given to me by the eyes of a ghost.

The roar of thunder sets the oracle free.
Awakening the ones fallen from grace.

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