Toba The Tura

Forgive Durden

So you're Ahrima, collusive dreamer I watched the lamps fall, you pushed them over They say you're gifted, well, I just see a scared kid They must have flipped it, your skills are latent Oh, you snuffed the glow, replaced it with coals Threw away the throne Oh, you snuffed the glow, replaced it with coals Burnt down my home You had a life of privilege, hope and love But now that's all gone, maybe the design's flawed So that's why I'm here to preserve the remainder Of what chance we have left at an existence Oh, the desolate dirt, the raw, scorched earth It's a trophy of your worth Oh, the desolate dirt, the raw, scorched earth It's a scar of my hurt Your cold, wicked soul boasts a foul scent No, a stench The formidable taste of pure contempt Every dark corner will soon see the light Oh, so bright The beaming flood will pour right through the blinds My words will tear through the air Pierce through the despair To find your arrogant, throbbing ears If it's too much to bear or to hear or take, I'll be frank Let my inflection be crystal clear This mess that you've made, it's a six-foot grave It's a home for your lonesome bones that remain We'll disappear but you'll stay here To rot as the king of the Dark and forgot What have I done? Please make me your son (What have I done?) What have I become? Destroyed all I love (Please make me your son) Oh, what have you done? Disobedient son (What have I become?) You've broken the trust of your father's love (Destroyed all I love)

What have I done? Please make me your son
(What have I done?)
What have I become? Destroyed all I love
(Please make me your son)
Oh, what have you done? Disobedient son
(What have I become?)
Voulve broken the trust of your fether's love.

You've broken the trust of your father's love (Destroyed all I love)

The arid, fallow earth would be Ahrima's new hearth
He would remain while he watched his family strain
And the girl that he loved vacate to a new place

To start over on fresh terrain
And from his desolate throne
He watched them compose a mountainous wall of stone
To separate themselves from him
A massive, jagged barricade to lock themselves in

Theirs would be the Light, his would be the Dark
For a century these halves would wait one world, set apart

Place your hand on mine
Untie your mind
We'll just disengage
Float away

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