

## Relic Of A Darkened Past

Morgion

Ancient is the relic once told  
Foreseen in our darkened past  
To tell a benign dream  
A shadow's memory has cast

Simple is the one who sees it  
Fit no wonder to sample  
Triple, search through the bile  
Sit and develop unthinking thoughts

Now among the old  
Forever distant  
Feeble, seen above  
Loneliness, sold

Triple the search  
Trifle the few  
Born with unspoken knowledge  
Nothing is forgotten, anew  
Absorbing the foul, loving the spawn

(in a) crypt of my kept thoughts  
Untrusting my inner sense