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Ännu något som legat oläst i åratal.

Still Alive

From the currents I have slain
Flows the river Styx again
Through the barren, naked, bare
Can I reap the Gorgon's stare?

I am still believed to be
Darksides and shades of fantasy
On these walls o'er which I've flown
Hangs portraits of the unknown

Oblivion be damned
I am king of this land
I have forged what is named as unknown

While the Styx turns to stone
In a grey monotone
Incarnations of purposes grow

Through the loathsome terrain
And the passage of pain
Must I travel before I'm reborn

I still bear the scars from serenity wars
I still hear the shrieks from below
I still haven't felt that the future is mine
I still haven't faced the unknown

I still burn at the sight of your eyes
I am still proud to lie
I am still alive

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