

The Blood Of Power

Dying Fetus

Die, don't revive, won't succumb
Conduit of anger, tools of the trade
Essential supply of patrol compulsory
Instruments of wrath, in need of the lifeblood
Never ending skirmish for resource control
When entry contested, instigate combat

Financial enticement right to access
No alternative 'til it's gone
Proxy battlefield, resupplied
With the means to strike down abruptly
All attrition comes from above
Inflexible directives bound to

With the foothold, still in the game
Posturing rivals, one in the same
Necessary actions breed hostility

Postponement of eventual crusade
Indigenous inhabitants
Striving to create their tranquility
Forcing the masses to devote submission
Time is running short for that vision
Accelerated endeavor
Seeing the light at the end of the tunnel
When there's nothing left but sand

The privileged squandering wealth
Wasted on obsolete armaments
Window of prosperity
Closing as the years go by
Wanting to save face
Of ancient grievances
Refusing to move forward
Utilizing nothing

Depletion of reservoirs ratcheting up methodology
Claiming intent of purpose to aid and support

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When exhaustion limit nears proxy war meets conclusion
Full fledged world campaign, every nation's declaration
Supremacy through allies, choosing sides, which one lies?
Claims to those assets for warranted capital, seize

Everything on the table of possibilities
No surrender without prize vital dependency

The new reserves, the ocean floor front line
The future uncertain, submerged technology
Progressing forth, into the unknown