

Epitaph For The Proud

2nd Suicide

We are devoid of all hope
From cradle to grave
I called out to Gods
And waited for the sign
The Gods are silent still
And the sign to be seen
The throne of Man
Bows to no lord
And pride swells within
And thus sickness is sown
Soon ripe and all abloom
For Lord and Lady, beggar and poor
chorus:

We have gathered here together
To see the Victor of the Earth
On his sacred brow, with great pride
He bears the crown
We have gathered here, forever
To see the Scepter that He holds
Without effort, firm as stone
O, His Hand did dethrone god
Once a morning is to dawn
With a terrible, whispered sigh
Loud as a thousand storms
An epitaph for the Proud
[chorus]