

## 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]