

Contemptible

Aeon

Fields of overrun earth
Limbs that dance devoid of trunk
Women sunk in mourning
Your gift to our species

We have mourned so many deaths caused by your greed for gold
Yet still nothing compares to your holy abstinence

Liberation of all men is venom to your teaching
I am no pity slave that you could spit on

Scorn consumes me while tasting your false truths
Cripple is what I see when I look at you

Our tears - the bitter sea
Trying to break the chains

The last link of our leash
Will become your personal thorn