

The Kings To Come

Alghazanth

Like puny insects without a destination
in the mud of Malkuth these bodies crawl
but our eyes are fixed beyond the horizon
where our sidereal thrones are towering tall

Silent is the call to splendour in man
felt by billions yet indulged by few
inertia and ruin walk hand in hand
in a world that idleness has consumed

Equality is the ruthless slayer of liberty
when those are beheaded that rise above
seemingly desirable it leads to constraint
and all such deception we must renounce

Just as beasts become men so shall kings turn into gods
life by life to slowly ascend towards the sanctum of stars

Ekpyrosis, you may soon swallow us all
but we shall not atone in your fatal flames
for our fate is certain and will so strong
that from your grasp we shall escape

Like puny insects without a destination
in the mud of Malkuth these bodies crawl
but our minds are freed beyond the horizon
where sacred words sound through cosmic halls

That which we yearn with force we're to take
for anything worthy is never handed down
it is the heart and not will that must cave
if you wish to touch the heavens unbound

Only in the abyss true godhood is forged
through sacrifice and pain our passage goes
thus the road to glory remains uncrowded
as the price for this is too great for most

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