

Beasts That Perish

Ares Kingdom

Say the words, speak the tongues
Sing the songs of fools
Shall the means destroy the ends?
So vain is Man (the hand that wounds and heals)
Morality of these masters is that of the slaves
Leaving the rebuke of the wise echoing into eternity
Into the abyss - after them

Lunatic fringe sings the songs of fools
About the far side of glory
Celebrating life-wasting chaos
And so become the beasts that perish

Darkness in flesh, depravity personified
Slit eyes, forked tongues and venomous words
Strike at a world they pretend to understand
Illusions of superiority and enlightenment
Pride in aberration a justification by faith
Lies! Writhing on a throne of self-conceit
Words that fit like sackcloth
Last gasp of reason as it's lungs fill with gas
Frothing, filth and agony awaits to purge

Towers of Sodoms skyline
Silhouette the blood red dawn
Sin as far as the eye can see
Cloven hooves of the flock
Clatter among the serpents
Wriggling in the dust
Hearts of darkness
Slouching to oblivion
Temptation, gratification
Let them burn

Luminous beings that can die but once
Covered by monuments (not mountains)
Refusing to live in fear (or shadows)
Revel and glory in the struggle
Learning not to flinch
Grateful for the gift that causes such fear

Cautionary tales passed generation to generation
Anticipate sepultures of the beasts that perish
Those that prey on the weak
Handwritten epitaphs by the already dead
Though the faces change, their name remains the same

Supplication
What I want
What I should have
What should not be questioned
What is more than me?

Resolution
What I know
What was once so clear
What simply was not

What should but cannot be
What price their weakness demands of the world

Purge the beasts that perish