

# 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