

Descent Of Man

Ares Kingdom

Confront the chaos boiling in your mind
Question the doubt that confuses your will
Bitten by the serpent, caressed by original sin
Feasting on the fruit of the tree
Bright eyes now grow brighter
Shine out and illuminate the darkness

A starless void seethes and froths confusion
The ebb and flow mark time
A challenge of reason confronts the flock
Dreaming of convention and binding absolutes
Dogma turns on an axis of belief
Collared by fear and it's dowry of damnation

Revisit sacred texts, now forced to explain beyond imperium
Pronounce the living dead yet still fear the remains
Piety digs a necropolis for the future
Encircled by iron wills, galvanized by serene faith
Shuttered consciences in denial at all costs
Declare encroaching darkness in spite of the light

Yet from a bully pulpit spews an intoxicating thought
Dreams of convention and binding absolutes
Faith in an idea to provincialize all creation
Borne of paralyzing process and ironclad mistrust
Playing the music of creation through a skipping media
Imperfection enshrined as a great destroyer

The liberating power of original sin
And the endowment of free will
Each twisted by the other into the Mark of Cain
Questions to confuse the doubt of your will
And avoid the chaos boiling in your mind
The likeness of being shaken awake
Achieve what God has not?
The descent of man