

## Fear Itself

Ares Kingdom

I bleed as a wound ripped in my flesh  
Slash destiny into each arm...  
With blood, with fire  
Dead blood flows from my veins  
(My blood feeds the firestorm)  
And withstands the spreading blaze

Before the harvest of souls  
Death whets his gleaming scythe  
The sound of stone on steel  
And sparks as lightning across the sky  
Fear not you righteous ones  
Though Death is always the winner  
He is also easily appeased...  
Never fear the night  
Never fear the darkness

My breath scorches like desert winds  
Far above the reek and stench  
Time will come to pay - hell won't be enough  
Desire feeds the leaping flames

Firestorm - smoke rises to the sky  
Entrenched bodies - frozen, charred stumps  
Screaming in silence as echoes fade  
The light of peace glows dying red

The civilized veneer is drawn like a curtain  
Drawn for the next act of blasphemy  
And falls when the course is crimson drenched