

## Silent Mortal Flesh (convergence)

Ares Kingdom

To tread the path of glory  
Gild your will with honor  
Take flight amid the storm  
Confront the serpent in the garden  
Feel the fire burn  
Rejoice and fan the flames  
Look up to see the moon on the wane  
And the stars begin to fade

The weak trample and feast on the weak -  
Yet fail to become strong  
Strength, earned through blood and tears  
Shown and measured in grace  
Staying one step ahead of the flock  
Vigilant in your House of Pain  
The realization your throne is an illusion  
A liberation and challenge

Stand in awe or fall to your knees and grieve

Hear the serpent, but do not listen  
His breath, the stench! The dust of ages  
This conqueror adjusts his paper crown  
Stammers his grace in tongues - with a tongue forged in fire  
His voice cuts like a knife  
Flaying flesh from bone  
Cleaving away reality  
Feel the fire burn, rejoice and fan the flames

Tempered steel-eyed glare  
As your demons dance before your eyes  
Distract and intoxicate  
Trying to reclaim what has become yours  
Silent mortal flesh  
Defy the serpent and gild your will with honor  
Embrace the past and what's to come