

The Ten Of Swords

Arsis

The vultures have been waiting
To feast upon their prey
With the vengeance knife
This disdain for life ends today
With grand anticipation
The frail have been stalked
Showing no remorse

This lifeless corpse is forced to rock
A season of starvation is at hand
Has the bastard come to eat me again?
Wasting, lying the famine horde
If we are the nightmare, I am the ten of swords

The temple has been conquered
No more statues gazing on
And this wretched plague of reason's wrath
Quietly awaits the dawn
Still the threat of starving vultures
Poised for attack, under cold skies, with blinded eyes

I watch my back
A season of starvation is at hand
Has the bastard come to eat me again?
To fall away without fear of emptiness
For it must take great strength to starve
Wasting, lying the famine horde
If we are the nightmare, I am the ten of swords

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