

# 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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Poised for attack, under cold skies, with blinded eyes  
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