

The Epigone

Becoming the Archetype

There's nothing I can say that hasn't already been said
I'm just repeating myself repeating someone else
Equally incapable of uttering a single new thought
Yet you are ever worthy of adoration
So how can I for a moment cease to lift my heart in praise?
Your name is glory
My song is victory
And I will keep on singing
There is no opposition
No thing can stand in your way
Make my life your own