

Moltres

Burning the Masses

And when it came to sit,
Its wings folded
At it's own sides.

Taking flight over the sky,
A creature made by fear.
It seemed senseless to try and fight the beast
With so many slain uncountless.

As then it came to me
With wings of fire,
Burning the town,
Left no sound.

Die endlessness
As I watch you scream.
You will not change
With wings ablazed.

As then it came
With wings laid in pieces.
As then it came,
Your time,
A time for destroyed.

To sons of the f**king sin,
Screaming exhausted pain,
If dies if you're alive.
To the sons of f**king sin,
It does see what's left.

Before you walk away
Ignore what rests behind,
It's hunger thirsts for more.

Let's rise and set out,
For the beast of the sky.