

Vicarious Wrath

Burning the Masses

Lash out.
The vines of sin and fire strangle the newborns first
breath.
Night falls like eyelids; The sun devoid in two.
A mass parade of stone and earth shamble the uprising of
the crown.
Silence; The future king is raised above the layers of
fog and disgust.
Rise; Vines of sin recoil.
Rise; The nocturnal sun is alive.

The new path for a vicarious immortality conjoins with
the head of a hound.
The new path for rapture breaks off morality of the past.
A new breed for the subculture of genetics rebounds this
kingdoms gold.
Earth is reborn.
A ray of hope, shadowed by lie.
The new path for a vicarious immortality conjoins with
the head of a hound.
The new path for rapture breaks off from morality of the
past.

Red tinted; Eyes reflected.
Is that of a counterfeit armistice.
Night reforms like stillborns; The sun is a hole.

Rise; Vines of sin recoil.
Rise; The nocturnal sun is alive.