

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.