

For every Dead God who worships the living
and every lost Soul starving submission for all
The Tyrants will fall
Salvage the serpent

Born to rise when process seems perfect
it's wrong to all
and your Tyrants will fall

when thy art is hate
I've given it all I can take
it's Undeniable
when my Heart is fake
I've given it all I can break
it's unreliable

An affinity for the Hurt create new Death
and a love for the pain 'til your final breath and what Lies
Behind The lines somewhere in some other time
Behind the Veil obscured by my vision of hell

Dead in the sand proverbs for peasants
to bow on command an all-seeing presence

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