

## Wasteland

### Darkest Hour

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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