

Under The Autumn Tree

Deinonychus

It was on a late rainy night, many years ago
I was born under the autumn tree of November
My hands were so little and my eyes so small
Years have passed by and still I do not know
What happened, what became of that infant
That laid in a cradle of October leaves

As I look inside my inner cosmos, and open the door
To my soul I can see the battle that rages
Look at the flowers that died, the feeble words
Of this sick humanity that wants to take my pride
Then there was that voice in the land of dreams
Who told me that I am the pillar of a new era

The more I wrote, the more I read, the more I thought
Every piece of my dreamland became that much clearer
From that day forward, I knew who I was...

Stand for me...
Bow for me...
Bleed for me...
Pray for me...

I still remember the pain
The wounds...still remain
I crowned myself immortal
My path to glory shall be endless

I rule the dead...
I rule my life...
I rule your life...
I rule over the red...

As the night swallowed my soul
I felt the power I behold
No one stands up to me anymore
I gave my hand in a salute to death...