

# Fiction Kingdom

Demon Hunter

Dig yourself a shallow grave  
Your life is not the legacy of honor  
that you would dig six feet for  
Broken is the way you came  
And broken is the way that you will leave  
when everything is paid for  
Make another hollow claim  
A fable of regurgitated nothing  
that we could tear wide open  
False in every possible way  
Your god is still the powerless creation  
that you will lose your hope in

Now you bleed for the lord of hate  
that you stole from the pages of truth  
And separate the product from its own account  
to birth a gospel of inferior veiw

Black reign is all in dream  
Your truth is absolution's end

Dead is the way you stake your life on  
The oblivious belief  
What a waste to sell your spirit for

Lay upon the bed you made  
Your word is not the legacy of truth  
that you would bet your life on  
Stand to face a mirrored blade  
And tremble in the wake of your conviction  
as you put your life on

Now you bleed for the lord of hate  
that you stole from the pages of truth  
And separate the product from its own account  
to birth a gospel of inferior view

Black reign is all in dream  
Your truth is absolution's end

This war is a page unwritten  
But we know how it ends  
Take a step to the throne, convicted  
Choking back your amends

Cry the death of fiction kingdom  
Your truth is absolution's end