

The Loss and Curse of Reverence

Emperor

Memories of torment strikes me.
Attempts were made to suffocate me at birth.
Fools, I was already ancient.
Thou can not kill what breeds within Thee.

Alas, this agony, the emptiness of earthborn pride
hath stirred my faithful heart which guided me to darker paths.
Far away from their pestilent ways
cleansed was I from deceitful grace.

Yet, put to scorn was I
by those unclean.
Enslaved by ignorance
they blindly spat upon
the deity of hate.
Awake is the darkest fiend.

By the fallen one I shall arise.

Upon bewildered masses,
to whom the indulgence of my soul portray as sin made god,
I shall revile and quell the source
whence mockery of my kind derive.

This I know: Facile shalt my quest not come to pass.
Deathwish be my gift to all at last.

Honour. Commended no longer as virtue.
Yet, shalt be extolled by light's demise.

By the fallen one I shall arise.

Arise.

Believer,
speak not to me of justice,
for none have I ever seen.
By God, I shall give as I receive.
Betrayed,
speak not to me at all.
You and this world
ripped my fucking heart out.

Again... again... and again...
Again... and again...