

Forsaken

Enslaved

Forsaken
Entombed in monumental self-moral
Embracing the absurd
Reason turned to abstraction
Drowned in the shallowest of waters

Forgotten the will
To learn
Abandoned every urge to
Create
Every border can be breached
By the glorious armies of united perfection

Marching forth
Aiming low
A thirst to kill
Defending the nothingness

Forsaken
The unborn learns to hate
Navigation towards destruction
Letting our ideals slowly rot

And thus...
Thus we choose
To die...
Die with pride
And innocence...

We became the heralds
Born and raised to preach
And to erase all traces
Of the abstract and evil

Swords...
Temples...
Fires...
Doom...
We failed to see what we fed
The serpent of the deeps
It grew and strangled the truths
We were embracing the lies
We once could see its eyes
The stare of death and deceit
We feared not, the secrets we knew
The guardian of the deeps

Lost...
And the darkness will prevail
Forever...
Folding hands with clouded sight
Ceremonial rituals will obscure the mind
Forever...

Lost...
And turning blossom to decay
Forever...

Fighting wars with clouded sight
Ceremonial rituals will obscure the mind
Forever...