

## Illusions Of Grandeur

Evocation

I hit the wal and ram it down  
reload and then decide  
to drown in fire after life and slowly  
then from flames I will arise

I puppet, march for war  
wit no lines, it faceless made my game

in bended time, in darkened mind  
and most in blood enrolled  
my march for death I will return as king  
frown crowded fields that I burnt

the airless that I breathe  
this fiction I force myself to see  
the pointless in my belief  
and how my lust for life went gone

I crush my cage and rage for cause  
to find what splits my world  
death is real and life is hard  
and I found what pain was for