

The Locust Years

Hammers of Misfortune

Please hold your applause, though you may pause for genuflection
As so deftly we're directing your attention
To this hand my left or is it right, no need to analyze
the sentiment and scope of our correctness

Please remain seated as the spectacle repeats itself
ad nauseum (that's latin for "relentless")
Don't you lose your focus as we orchestrate these locust years
My dears, the show is bound to leave you breathless

You paid admission, now the ride's begun, guaranteed to
leave you groping for the gears in this mad machine of tears

Now that we're unchained
we'll reign, insane
and drown the world in flames
and blood, and pain
Our legion eyes and ears
will amplify your fears
in a wilderness of mirrors
in these new Locust Years

Our timeline spins unbroken
Like the webs that we have woven
As the show unfolds like clockwork on command

Are those horsemen knocking?
Or the ticking and the tocking of the Watch?
We are the face, we are the hands

Sirens bay like mares at night, Sirens howl like wolves
But it's all right for the show has just begun

Now that we're unchained
we'll reign, insane
and drown the world in flames
and blood, and pain
Our legion eyes and ears
will amplify your fears
in a wilderness of mirrors
in these new Locust Years

Now that we're unchained
we'll reign, insane
The pain will flow like wine
in time to find
us drunk upon your tears
and feasting on your fears
sharpening our spears
in these new Locust Years