

Where The Enemy Sleeps

Inked In Blood

Draw your blade and strike - for in this war all are forced to choose a side.

None will the truth discerned; our heroes fall yet we only keep marching.

Seek out your foe and leave them dead in their sleep.

Show them no mercy; they have not the right of transformation.

And if you stray too far from the path you'll be counted among the dead.

Ashes.

For we consider them dead who can't already see the truth - after all this is war.

Their value was lost once their minds willed to stand.

Burning ashes.

Awake Vesuvius - leave us forever changed or leave us forever in ashes.

This pain we bear - must we still forge our weapons?

This pain we bear - when will we lay down our weapons?

Curse the priests then preach of revolution; dressed in apocalyptic robes.

Smile acceptance and extend your hand; while the other grabs for stones.

Self-righteousness can take on many forms but the only end is to condemn.

Reification is devolution - enlightenment is dominance.

Denial of transformation.

Rejected, despised - you are the pearl of creation.

Rejected, despised - I am the pearl of creation.

Rejected, despised - we are the pearl of creation.

We're not just faces and names - we're flesh covered in flames.