

# Act Of War

Lich King

Faceless, dissenters in an ambulating swarm  
Boiling from the cloud of us and them  
Hateful, assassins hurling thunder in the storm  
Driven by the differences in men

Men

War is on, but never final  
The casualties survive  
Lines are drawn, intangible but  
Combatants, greedy, resharpen the scythe

Battle horn, the trumpet clearing  
Cacophony of words  
Oaths are sworn, and heads are taken  
Bout is won but nothing has occurred

Bragging rights the spoils in a war of tiny men  
When the dust begins to settle, the fight begins again  
Pettiness a virtue, the badge of piss and pride  
What you have created, it's a thrash crime  
Harvesting rewards from the hours used in spite  
Tearing out the throat of a fool because it's right  
Obfuscate the meaning and re-educate the swine  
Opinion is invalid, it's a thrash crime

Keening, the vultures on the body-littered earth  
Picking at the carcasses of peers  
Sated, each cackling a new line to the verse  
Only half-attending what it hears

Wages cost, shame is crushing  
Compounded by the din  
All is lost, a head is hanging  
Confidences shattered for his sin

Teeming sea, the Colosseum  
A circus for the dogs  
Willingly, the victims enter  
To take part in a violent dialogue

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Opinion is invalid, it's a thrash crime  
It's a thrash crime  
You are judged and sentenced to burn

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