

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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It's a thrash crime
You are judged and sentenced to burn

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