

Suffering To The Conquered

Monstrosity

Time has embraced a ruler;
A bloodbath conquering.
The weak rejected
Will die for all to see.

No fight for life
Their blood saturates the ground.

Prayers of the opposition
Ring out with their screams.
A futile gesture
Of conquered suffering.

No faith to save them
From the impalement destiny.

The legions gather
They form behind their king.
Suffering to the conquered
Left dead for all to see.
Pray for the impaler.

The dying wither
They bleed beneath their king.
This bloodbath conquering
Dying flesh leads the way
To this mighty kingdom.

Time has embraced a ruler, bloodbath, conquering.
The weak rejected will die for all to see.
No fight for life their blood saturates the ground.