

The Seed of Tyrants

Primordial

These are the traitors you called out
One by one against the wall
You wanted the President's dead
And the wrists of the state bound
In the books of the dead

The myths of martyrs
You created in the revolution
Ring deep and hollow
Now what will you do?
When the barren earth
That bears your scar
Demands the seed of tyrants
And not the reason of the mob

Where there should be rage
There is weeping and silent conformity
Where cities should burn
There is defeat so raise this pyre to infamy
Where are the hands that hewed our future from rubble
Not every statue to the great was conceit

If the church had one neck
I would wring it
If the state had one artery
I would sever it
Torches to the parliament of swine
And iron to the rights of fools