

We the Fallen

Psychlon Nine

I am the fire: born of agony
I am the gun: the antagonist:
the forgotten son
strip me of life
tear from flesh and peel from bone
bleeding tears, i still see through
where these eyes were sewn
wings spread from the
ashes of your anguish shroud this
blackened earth in eternal dusk
refuse the bitterness
extinguish the flame from the heart
all in the shadow
of the heretic and the fallen stars

out of the ashes
new fire shall burn

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i am the gun: the antagonist:
the forgotten son
strip me of life
tear from flesh and peel from bone
bleeding tears, i still see through
where these eyes were sewn
wings spread from the
ashes of your anguish shroud this
blackened earth in eternal dusk
oh yes father
for you i'll have this world on it's knees
oh yes father
for you i'll spread their legs
like disease

out of the ashes
new fire shall burn