

From Scribe To Ashes

Psycroptic

The pen is mightier than the sword
Yet we burnt the paper that we needed
The flames alluring... high on destruction
Writings and teachings turned to ashes

Irony, foolish
Left to write with only a blade
Etchings were created

Carved for aeons within man
Amazed by its elegance
It easily seduced us
To submission

In our beds we had our throats slit
A collective massacre of will and reason

Outsmarted by the stupid
The enlightened blinded by light
Were part of the cult
Forever lambs to the slaughter
Elements of old remain
But polluted by the new
Continuing to taint the truth

The few who strive are scorned
The scorned who believe are condemned
An appalling state of man