

# Immortal Army Of One

Psycroptic

Waging a battle where there can be no victor  
An immortal army of one... Myself  
The enemy... A truth that cannot be faced  
Controller of fate? I'm its feeble servant!  
Free to chose anything that my will desires  
Yet no alternatives exist  
I do not want this

What defines a 'God'?  
The ability to create?... Or Destroy?  
I am in possession of both  
Not of my will, nor discretion  
A mere passenger of chance  
Unlucky to be the chosen one

Undesirable omnipotence  
A god confused serves no purpose  
Denial is a powerful ally  
And my only confidant  
If all is burned, will I be caught in flames?  
Or stand alone in the ashes of the void?

Timeless and ageless in a self-created abyss,  
I know the answer  
Yet to it I cannot concede  
I am above all  
Yet, still I'm a Slave