

I watch as you thrash your heads, bowing to a god called metal!
I hear your excited cries - your shouts as if he is speaking within you
The army approaches the battle site.
Sound - versus - auricle.
The group is surrounded by walls that embrace
The tumultuous harmony and then fend it off
into enchanted throng
waves of hair it crashes -
onto a grindingshore....valour....
We all fear the day a time we hope will be years away
Inspection of reflection, recession of hair assaults vision
A balding crown, it meets your eye
screams ring out as you face the sky
Only those, who did choose, to grow their locks
Have this maniacal type trepidation.
...And when not meeting to receive the aural abuse
Worship does not end!
Each devotee has his own eclectic bible
Some with more volumes than the next
Many have similar source of inspiration
Although there are naught that are identical.
Any of those outside the brotherhood shalt not
Understand our ways and we should not expect this
Not until the day when darkness and light are truly one
This is not bad for we do not need them!
...Our....will...is...our own...
We are already in a situation that's inflamed
mainstream censors
Fuck you megalomaniacs - we can thrive without you.
We may not have your money or your health
But we are free from greed, our intrinsic sociology
We don't need your money - or input!
There are many half-breeds who are not enlightened,
Those who understand but do not love
Those who see, understand, but do not feel.
We accept them, and in many cases support those of half-light
But they shall never visit our inner sanctum.
This shall be kept so precious, such is the disturbing delight,
Giving us light when it's dark
helping us to find where our misgivings lie.
Giving us dreams and support, source of oneiric omniscience
Helping us challenge each plight
selecting and directing our precipitous lives.
.....I suffer adrenaline crimes...its metal that makes me so high!
I scream as I thrash my head, bowing to my god.....
So....honour - metals - pride!