

The Mask of Anarchy

Savage Messiah

Waging wars on liberty, under a veil of secrecy
In procession it arrived one by one and side by side
To stamp out the sense of will, dead earth upon dead earth we t
ill
Until in union we praise, thou art god and king and grace

On a white horse it arrived
Expressionless like one deprived
He is anarchy no less
And on his brow the shadow rests
Trampling over English land
Blood of the commoner on hand
And in the blood swept deluge claim
The right to govern in its name

What is slavery you could tell? To taste freedom and taste well
Yet when its very name has grown a mere echo of its own
And forced upon this forgery, this life blood of society
A measure of what you believe, no more value than you see

It is to be a slave in soul and to hold no strong control
Over your own wills but be all that others make you see
And so accept the consequence behind the walls of our defense
Afraid to see beyond the mask in the final blood stained task

In the hour of the dark, a cornered hunter bares his mark
Cast into the abyss, screaming whirlwinds cry sadness

I cannot see, I cannot feel, only anger rising
Like a cancer spreading now, lonely life subsiding

I am frozen emotion gone in the pandemonium
All is lost all is spent, lost inside and hiding

Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you
You are many they are few
You are many they are few