

A thousand bloody hand prints stain the walls of
Liberty.

A stranger hides in dreams denied, awaiting his
Release.

I've seen this picture before.

I never thought that we would end up here,

When fascism comes as an angel of light

Its license parading as Tyranny drives forth its son.

The Son of Mourning dominating fears, afflicting fallen
Men.

His body highly organized; it's coming into prominence
To bear its ominous warnings.

It's in your blood to comprehend it's origin,

For those who refuse to remember the past are

Condemned to repeat it,

The first and the last, Dust to Dust ...

History if His Story

And life is laughing at its peril.

Building towers that come fourth in men> Shifting powers consuming us within

,

The will puzzle the apostles till the end.

Enter into the silence, into the dying life of America,

The brave, the slave, the grave.

The shattered pigs dying as primitive savages,

Eating their flesh, they will lie rotting in dirt,

While a stranger among you has challenged the course

Of human existence and alien forces.

The birth of the black prince is setting the stage

In its thriving dissension, exalting his rank,

And the innocent man will fall victim to hands in the

Trial of Truth

And its twisted reversal.

The union of factions bleeds shock to the system,

For civilization had ended today,

The transitional nature of acts and society climb in its
Place

While its face re-creates until your god is dead.

Enlighten me with your pale statues, face of inhibition,

And until your reign has ended, frighten me with your

Stale - taste - tongue of inquisition.

In your eyes I will come forth in men with no justice,

No order to defend, and the stone will be cast again ...

Enter into the fire, into the bloody gates of America,

The great, the fate, the late.