

Spoils Of The Sycophant

Skinless

Being irrefutable
A notion that the role of a conquering despot cannot be
obscured by a morbid fascination with war

Confessions gained under the pillory
And the sequence of events leading up to the end of
everything

collectively abandon what was seen and believed
Cultivate deliberate illusions
Keep them all in line

The slate of history is wiped clean of its blemishes
Scars so deep they must be burned to remove
With no more past, there's no mistakes to repeat
Only the purity of fresh disaster
Victors are the victims in this gruesome display
As fates are sealed through the strokes of pens
All through the streets the people dance in revelry
Although to me their songs of celebration
Sound like cries to mourn the dead

Spoils of the sycophant
through deviance rise through the ranks
Too bleak and obscene to be a thrall
Spoils of the sycophant
Spoils of the sycophant

Their voices so quick to fade
My echo will forever remain
Their voices so quick to fade
My echo will forever remain

Confessions gained under the pillory
Are the sequence of events leading up to the end of
everything

Collectively abandon what was seen and believed
cultivate deliberate illusions
Keep them all in line
Recognize the impact of power ephemeral
I feel a pity that is quickly repressed
Man becomes ruins
Ruins become sand
Sand washes away