

# The Crumbling Realm

Vulture Industries

See the towers are crumbling, great domes fall apart.  
This once potent realm has long since lost its spark.  
Like an old bitter ghost of some glorious past,  
The world mocks the splendor from which it was cast.  
Like a ghost from the past.  
From which it was cast.

See your dying realm, your world has ended.  
Like its false ideas, you can not mend it.

Wretched fates seek their shelter, not ready to part, with a world reigned by (absolute) order;  
A clenched fist with no heart.  
Dead eyed stares see no evil in their glorious past,  
They all cheer the splendor from which they were cast.  
Poison fills every vein.  
Hands caress their own chains.  
Grey dust fills every lung, choking words of treason before they are sung.  
Amongst the ruins alone,  
stands a crocked old throne.  
On this old wretched thing,  
There sits intolerance as king.

He never weeps, he never sleeps, scorn all that lives, he never forgives.

Burn your witches!  
Serve your priests!  
Burn your bridges!  
Enslaved your inner beast!  
Burn your bridges!  
Slay the beast within!  
Raise your idols above any living thing!