

Taker of Heads

Waylander

As I cut you down and claim,
your empty Vessel as my prize,
In ignorance, the question
are my actions just or wise?

Propaganda, force - fed,
feel the need to feed the greed
Parasites upon our Planet,
frenzied as they feed,

Black hearts, sickening smile, stylised
Gods, utterly vile,
Shadow seekers, lords of deceit,
Currency their arsenal
Wolves dressed as sheep.

Spinning poisoned webs, alluring false comfort
(The) people blinded by the facts they cannot see
Ignorance, no longer, stays the execution
Before I take your head, you will kneel to me.

Takers of heads, decapitating sneer
Takers of heads, emanating total fear
Takers of heads, conquering the soul
Takers of heads, insatiable desire.

Your head, my trophy
Hanging high above my door
Skulls of enemy fallen
Strewn across the floor
Ever ready, ever willing
To heed the material call
March to the contest willing,
Another dance of death.

Ghastly ghoulish visions
A sea of severed heads
Bright blood dripping darkly
Pooled upon the crimson sod.