

Blessed he With Boils

Xanthochroid

Marked for death and horribly maimed
I've suffered its pains, yet rightwise claimed
This holy throne atop the Erthe;
All shall witness a new god's birth

"Blasphemer, deceiver
A perfect fool"
I shall nobly rule
"Whose lies entrance"
This northern expanse

Believe!
This holy land belongs to me
The crown of kings upon my head
Proclaims my royalty.
Accept my gift
And grovel at my knees

Arise!
Monuments to my reign
One thousand years of faceless gods
Replaced by fire and steel

Consume!
And let our might be known
The feeble kings of Erthe and Axen
Are but flesh and bone

Man, who is Erthwile born
Who longs, who tries, who is
Full of strife

How frail is life!
And mine is but a breath
A hopeless Thought

"Who is empty,
Faithless, embittered
And capable of anything
Inconquerable
Yet full of woe"

So I extend my reach
Upon riches
Unfit for unseen gods
And disperse them to my sons

My body is covered with maggots and scabs
My skin, is faded, cracked and dry
And still they proclaim

"Blasphemer, deceiver"
A thief they say
But I have suffered
And I have paid

"All this was

Long ago.
Reap what you sew:
Erthe and Axen,
Flesh and bone"

Marked for death
No sense but a pulse
Neath my fading breath
I'll bear the weight
Chains of my past so full of hate

"King of Erthe"
How frail is life
"Dust and Ash"
How full of strife
"Like aeons past"
And when I die
"Your disease shall never last"
Never again shall I arise

"All this was"
A thief they say
"Long ago"
To dead gods they pray
"Reap what you sew"
I have suffered
"Erthe and Axen, flesh and bone"
I have paid