

Enemy Incited Armageddon

Xerath

Minds full of prophetic voices
One more martyr to the cause
Helplessly they throw bodies to the fire
Extreme is this nations impasse

Confronted by pure self preservation
These maggots of the desert have to die
They have to swear never to restore their faith
And bleed out before we ever negotiate

Entering the word as a mindless shell
To be the victim of holy persuasion we thought
Only to see value in truth
And disregard any and all imagination

Nomadic and detached from the world
Simple people with simple intentions
Peasants and surplus to life itself
A curse to be lifted by means of torture

He is a free man as much as we let him be
He is a subject to the will of wars
You cannot instill a sense of reality
To a man whose reality belongs to the next

We've built walls of human flesh
We've turned our skin to lifeless dust
And we've left our skies like burning red flame
And seen death on a scale of near apocalypse
We've left the sky burning like red flame

We are not to see ourselves as any different
As much as we mean it there is bloodlust
You've been swept away in twisted worlds
And felt the need for the blunt instrument

It is the gift of the politician in state
To create mistakes, to see all people accountable
It has been the way of things since the advent of war
To tally your people, to confuse and distort