

The Mental Tyrant

YOB

Iron mask
Clad in armor
Vast fear
Disguised as wisdom
In the end
The fortress falls
Nothing survives
That is false

[Mike:]

Constant desire for virtue, the higher
Achieve the right to judge our brethren with a smile
Distortion clinging salvation hangs on by a thread
To all we think we know
Illusions of what is gained

To be favored or disgraced
Is to live in fear
No matter how we try
We walk the path alone

[Isamu:]

Cherished beliefs
Dependant upon the past
The past and the future
Phantoms in the now

Overwhelmed with the struggle
Try to achieve redemption
Grapple with the values
Of those who seek control
Impressions of the righteous
Such a pitiful waste create the seeds of hate
Loss
Gain
Perpetuate
The mental tyrant