

# 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