

## **A Different Breed Of Killer "The Glorious Fall"**

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A bittersweet reality in the death of an entity.  
No purpose is left for a righteous mercenary.  
All that's left is the glorious fall or my reign is not  
complete.  
As a product of sin and self-indulgence I will give into  
my own cause.  
I will die by my own blood drenched hands.  
My departure will be the end of this clockwork  
holocaust.  
A tense feel of accomplishment will echo through the  
halls of the dead.  
I will make a worthy enemy as I try to defy my demise.  
And when my labyrinth senses air down I will plunge to  
where I'm from.  
I was the genocide as I prepare to die I will breathe a  
sigh of relief.  
And from this moment on.  
I am free

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