

Ares Kingdom

"The Destruction Of Sennacherib / Silent Mortal Flesh"

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To tread the path of glory
Gild your will with honor
Take flight amid the storm
Confront the serpent in the garden
Feel the fire burn
Rejoice and fan the flames
Look up to see the moon on the wane
And the stars begin to fade

The weak trample and feast on the weak -
Yet fail to become strong
Strength, earned through blood and tears
Shown and measured in grace
Staying one step ahead of the flock
Vigilant in your House of Pain
The realization your throne is an illusion
A liberation and challenge

Stand in awe or fall to your knees and grieve

Hear the serpent, but do not listen
His breath, the stench! The dust of ages
This conqueror adjusts his paper crown
Stammers his grace in tongues with a tongue forged in
fire
His voice cuts like a knife
Flaying flesh from bone
Cleaving away reality
Feel the fire burn, rejoice and fan the flames

Tempered steel-eyed glare
As your demons dance before your eyes
Distract and intoxicate
Trying to reclaim what has become yours
Silent mortal flesh
Defy the serpent and gild your will with honor
Embrace the past and what's to come

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