

Emergence "Demagog"

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Like a spider spinning webs in your fetid hole
You measure discontent with envy
Darkness eats your soul
You hatch your sordid little plots
Every convert plays a part
Your hateful faction grows
Then crumbles as the center falls apart

Run for higher ground
your back against the wall
And watch your henchmen gather round
As they rally to your call
You unleash them on the world

Like a wild savage horde
And with their battle flags unfurled
They clamor as their victims are ignored

Like a self-made petty god in your secret shrine
Your hounds lay curled up on your feet
Waiting for a sign
Blaming others for your faults
Bilging with your secret hate
Your faithful turn away
You see at last but now it is too late

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