

I Am Inhuman

"No Creation Without Destruction"

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No Creation Without Destruction (Part 1)

As the throne of thine power
Grows like the black seeds of vengeance
Into the giant stalks
That rise so high to the heavens
Reaching to find the burning clouds
Of Ras creation
Apep watches in sorrow
As his kingdom burns
Until thine master sun arises
The black tears roll from his eyes
The slaves that built his throne

Are now slain to the sands
The ones who so worship the creators
Are the ones
Who blaspheme his very existence
Blasphemy of the Coptic church
These pseudo beings
Live day by day in a false tragedy
They will have no future
No birth without death
No hate without love
No creation without destruction

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