

Into The Moat "Beyond Treachery"

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Of the arsenal of weapons on this earth, you choose
betrayal
Chip away as I fall crumbling inside
With all that I muster I wish you the worst
Unlike yourself, I cannot be so cruel
I retaliate in a simple manner
Murder is the way I complete my deed and there will be
no resolutions
My revenge is all but merciful
With a rusted blade by my side you will pray for your
future
I watch you burn in flames thicker than armies
This is my wrath
This is my disease of the arsenal you chose this, you
ask why
My sheath beckons, fare well...

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