

Casey Jones

"War To Feed The Ancients"

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Millenia of systematic slaughter
Bodies populating the outer crust of the scorched earth
Cremation crusades sprayed ashes unto the water
Tormented soldiers dread rebirth.

Deliverance is a fragile dream
The comfort of a fool
Behemoths pull the war machines
Lit by a molten core
The mortal man is cruel
With merciless designs for nevermore
A self-contained genocide
To condemn the slain to the other side...

Cosmic eyes watch with eternal patience

The war to feed the ancients.

The illusion of peace prevails
A mask of sanity for a dying species
Artillery fire rips through the veil
Serrated blades draw blood to rid the disease.

With each mortal shell that crumbles away
One more soul is released
Uncounted scores of fallen prey
Languish at the gates of oblivion
Outer gods and their servitors
Prepare for a stygian feast
Empowered by the hopeless dead
The festering fabric of reality will split with a gaping incision.

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