

## Mind Da Gap

### "Baltazar's Feast"

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If you have chosen the path to the throne  
Undeterred by the terrible fate of your predecessors  
I had to share some thoughts with you  
My son you will, in my opinion, be strong enough  
To break the curse of endless rituals  
Self-sacrifice and immolation

You'll have to cleanse your soul  
From the layers of moral putrefaction  
That have accumulated through the ages  
I hope you'll never share a table  
With bastards of Babylonian whores devouring  
The flesh of murdered gods  
(And drink from holly chalices the wine of their blood)

To rule them you will need  
To hone your words to razor sharpness  
To purge your kingdom of the vice and heresy  
Harrowing the soil with the plow of hatred  
Forsaking weakness, mercy and regrets

The orb of divine warrior  
Adorns your youthful head  
In which the rage of gods will soon awaken  
And Avel's spirit by your sword will dispense revenge

This is the way you have to be  
To reach the throne that sits atop a heap  
Of skulls and skeletons of the tomorrow's dead  
Of scum and villains who are feasting at my table at  
this time of plague  
(So let this throne should not be turned for thee to  
cross upon Golgotha)

I'm afraid  
You are not destined to delight  
Perfection of your reign  
As you were dealt the fate of  
Gladiator  
(In arena where all your deeds will be accomplished by  
your sword)

So brace yourself to reign in a dominion  
That's like neglected garden is overgrown with weeds  
Whose paths are covered in decaying leaves  
Flanked by the lifeless tree stumps  
That never will produce a seed or fruit

Upon the ruins of Pantheon which once was home  
To living gods now dead, you must erect your own  
shrine  
From the debris create new form by force of your belief  
From chaos forge new harmony  
In Discordance new form of harmony you'll find

This is my demise  
For which I'll raise my goblet  
For the last time at the fest of Baltazar  
I'll drink before my mind is lost to imminent dementia  
I'll drink to the doom of decadent epoch  
To the angels horn to herald it  
To the coming of Zoroaster clothed in celestial gold  
To the cleansing flame  
(To rebirth of new epoch of glory)

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