

Mythopoeia

"New False Prophet"

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I survived time and death to meet you, to be sure you'll forget but, me, I didn't.
You buried me too fast but here I am and guess who is here tonight.
From his bloody mouth, he spits a venomous hate.
He's a broken doll, his eyes are blackened holes.
He is the puppet of the night that cuts the strings of your life.
Drugs shine in his eyes, he's not afraid to die.
He is the toxic living dead woken up to lead you to your end.
A new false prophet has risen from the infinite space.
He's standing proud and alone though the darkest times,
Like a morbid toy he's poisoning your children's soul.
He is the one that you admire though his burning zombie breath.
He is a black entity of alcohol and death.
He is an ancient king calling the masses to follow the contagion.
His fingers are claws, it's the last thing you'll know.
Sickness too far driven has breed the spawn, a new false prophet rises at dawn.
His nails are black and broken, the new false prophet.
So you see what evil you breed making my life a hell,
It will be the last thing you know.
My feeble shell has died and you'll soon see what profit I can get from it.
The new false prophet.
I survived time and death to meet you, to be sure you'll forget but, me, I didn't.
He has the stench of death, smelling like sickness.
All life will blacken and rot, his art is a plot.
Covered with mud and rags, no one knows his age.
Wrapped in an angel cadaver, he is the masses leader.
He is the toxic living dead woken up to lead you to your end.
A new false prophet has risen from the infinite space.

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