

## Psycore

### "The Sword Of Uncreation"

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The winds they chill me, flowing from beyond the woods,  
Darkness approaches, moonlight will guide me.  
I take my cruellest weapons, for the fear of death,  
My journey will take me  
Beyond the realms of, humane society,  
To the village of Sodom!  
They will kill me- I am enemy  
I am their foe- they fear what they know  
I carry with me- something they seek  
An ancient sword- Revered by all  
In my journey- I have seen  
Many a creature- many a freak  
But the sword- has remained with me  
My mission- (deliver the sword)  
To my evil master, the hilt contains what he needs  
Stones from another time, constructed by the hands of  
a demon.  
It was a thousand years ago, when the sword was  
created,  
A plan a thousand years old. All for the one known as-  
Satan!...  
I travel on into the night, no rest for I don't want to die.  
My destination only a day away. The castle of the  
demon is-  
Waiting for me  
The future of mankind is in my hands,  
I carry the forces of the Armageddon,  
I will destroy the world in one foul swoop-  
It is- it was- me  
I am- Now I- Cant  
See what- I was o-r am  
I know- it is- time  
For me- to enter the realm  
It lies just ahead of me  
On the- path I follow  
In the earth's blood I will-  
WALLOW!  
And now I enter the masters lair, he calls me to his  
side,  
His skin has a certain coldness,

His touch makes me churn inside,  
I hand the sword over to him, he accepts with a gleam  
in his eye,  
He thrusts the sword into my heart,  
I die a willing sacrifice.

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