

Red Descending "Century"

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Forgive, forget the weak
If my ideas are too absurd
Just watch me rule the land

Out with the old and in with your soul
A picture inside a border that cries
Strong were the words and weak were the lies
That were practised and mastered through time.

The centuries of wasted lives
Worthless, since the dawn of time
Programmed in rhymes they taught themselves
Eternal grief with a selfish moral

I blame you...

Destroy, dissect the filth.
The grey that splatters the sky
And the millions that questioned why

Steady the tortured hand began to work
Slicing before stabbing cultures and colours
Ripping to pieces a trial and new start
Leaving lost hope to pick up the past
Senseless battles with unworthy kings
Bloodied baths and a severed limb
Ripping to pieces a trial and new start
Leaving lost hope to pick up the past

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