

Trap Them "Garlic Breakfast"

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Align your devotion
Decide on your weapon of choice
Whether it be earth, water, wind or fire
Bleed true nature forever, however you desire
The filters are clogged, nails all rusted over
Miles upon miles of deliverance scenarios
With everything taken for firewood enemies
Luck starved and shooting
Agree on distinction
With dissention amongst the ranks of commanding
sugar coated generals
Who crumble and melt away
Always infinitely
Who will battle the beast?
Lay waste to the clear cutters?
Crush you
Destroy you
Deface you
Debase you
Your weapons will
But, your weapons won't answer the smell of the frail

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