

Ulcerate "Praise And Negation"

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Blame tarred with cursed ivory brush
Halos to sever heads of those below
Two millennia with faded words to burn
Fall to your knees or immolate your soul

Lungs filled with black
Cough of the wretched
I can taste the soot on my tongue
Deny the idle threats of those empty smiles
For deceit and dreams often are one

This skewed reality, dizzying and sweet
Open hands to trap the moth
Corrupt veins pump soured blood
The trap is set, poison awash

Heads to turn for the promises betray
Chisel to stone with the world to pay

With the eyes to the sky, faith beget misery
With eyes to the sky, the world shall burn away

I rise, for I can stand alone

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