

Woe Of Tyrants

"Break The Fangs Of The Wicked"

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The darkness will not subside.
Hands are reaching at the footsteps stumbling in the
night.
The stars can light the way, countless eyes ablaze.
A lamp shining truth.
In a corner roaches claim the kingdom, they scatter in
the light.
With cloak of dark words, they wage this fight.
Across the room is justice, the love for which we stand.
It will break the fangs of wicked men, and crush in it's
hand.
One truth remains in mind: This place is not our home,
with every shout we waste, with every new disgrace,
this land will rot and turn to sand.
But are we of mind to receive a salutation?
The knock on the door, the cell decays away into a swirl
of scarlet disarray, a moment to catch our breath, and
begin to fly away far, fly free.
Amazed eyes approved this.
Embarrassed, nobles turned away.
Victims, young men screaming, for it's for this in which
we've prayed: For those who can't fight, for those who
won't fight, find strength within through the love of
One.
Bonded in chains, which spark as they're broken,
sanctified will march.
The night is quiet.
Dew laden branches extend lies of a verdict brewing
within.
Hearts go out to the tortured ones, seeking out the sun.
Hold on through the darkened times.
Reviving as heroes do rise, overtop the kings,
screaming alive, set fire to the night.
Beyond this great escape, where the darkness cannot
go.
They've preyed on those who can't fight.
On those who won't fight.
Amazed eyes approved this.
Embarrassed, nobles turned away.
Victims, young men screaming, for it's for this in which
we've prayed for light on this.

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