

Woe Of Tyrants "Pearls Before Swine"

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But my, the pearls still shine; ignited by the fiery eyes.
My God, I can't bare it, let me roll amidst this mud, so
far I've found the answer in this pen, don't take it away!
I think it's right, it feels right, just let me stay content.
I can't see the truth, it's just too bright.
I'll grant the anarchy is raging in this sty I call my
home, and the flies that squeal around me direct which
way I'll go but this is not enough to cause me to stop
and think of the world.
All of the creatures.
Outside the walls, running so free and clear, with no
cage to keep them in check.
The food which they eat is growing from seeds, which
come from the branches just overhead.
The trees which are showered with light and rain,
abundantly from above.
I'll consume almost anything I see, while avoiding the
pearls as they're way too shiny to eat.
I'll stick to the mud where I can stand, for as long as I
can.
The storm is rising, my feats are dying in a whirlwind of
empty, filthy lies.
Lies!
Day is gone, the moon is not giving me enough to see.
I wander aimlessly across the soil, until the light hits
my feet.
And the creatures running free with pearls around their
neck they see...
It's in the darkest part of life, that I can recognize the
need for the light of the night to be in me.

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