

Woe Of Tyrants

"Venom Eye"

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An open eye, awakened cold on a path of
Ruin that once was gold.
Black mountains blocking the sun.
Enveloped in decay what's devoid of life,
The land is barren stone.
Tonight, the shadows are screaming discourse.
But you can see it in the eyes, the onyx stones.
I cannot fail, and embrace the world I aimed to change.
A garden looms ahead of rocky soil,
With spirits swirling in a dance.
There is inherent mystery in a stone unturned.
Serpents feign their sleeping, covered.
The sound of weeping grants relief from the sting,
A method ringing. Hesitation in engaging pursuit.
The eye glows red, the action ensues.
Coated in mold, lungs resonate the sounds of the mire.
Behold the transformation alive behind these eyes.
In the moment there's a time for reflection,
To bathe in the pressing instants conviction.
I've come to terms with the very real change
Within the tombs, the climate anew.
Coated in mold, lungs resonate the sounds of the mire.
Behold the transformation alive behind these eyes.
There's ash within the rain, falling with autumn tears.
The lanterns of the night burning sulfur eyes,
Halting glaciers freeze.
The embers dance the stars, fusing of worlds...
Worlds once apart. An open eye,
Awakened cold on a path of ruin that once was gold.
Black mountains blocking the sun.
Enveloped in decay what's devoid of life,
The land is barren stone.
Tonight, the shadows are screaming discourse.
But you can see it in the eyes, the onyx stones.
I cannot fail, and embrace the world
I aimed to change.
A garden looms ahead of rocky soil,
With spirits swirling in a dance.
There is inherent mystery in a stone unturned.
Serpents feign their sleeping, covered.
In the somber dusk revealed is the shadow's scheme,

Silencing reason.

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