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Savage Messiah "The Mask Of Anarchy"

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Waging wars of liberty, under a veil of secrecy In procession it arrived, one by one and side by side To stamp out the sense of will, dead earth upon dead earth we till Until in union we praise, thou art god and king and grace

On a white horse it arrived Expressionless like one deprived He is anarchy no less And on his brow the shadow rests Trampling over English land Blood of the commoner on hand And in the blood swept deluge claim The right to govern in its name

What is slavery you could tell? To tast freedom and taste well

Yet when its very name has grown a mere echo of its own

And forced upon this forgery, this life blood of society A measure of what you believe, no more value than you see

It is to be a slave in soul and to hold no strong control Over your own wills but be all that others make you see And so accept the consequence behind the walls of our defence

Afraid to see beyond the mask in the final blood stained task

In the hour of the dark, a cornered hunter bares his mark

Cast into the abyss, screaming whirlwinds cry sadness

I cannot see, I cannot feel, only anger rising Like a cancer spreading now, lonely life subsiding

I am frozen emotion gone in the pandemonium All is lost all is spent, lost inside and hiding

Rise like lions after slumber

In un vanquish able number Shake your chains to earth like dew Which in sleep had fallen on you You are many they are few You are many they are few

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