

Adversarial "Thralls"

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The chapel spire reluctant to fade stands against the
fall of the sun
Built on the ashes of the dawn of man rising erect on
the worlds funeral
The earth all around drenched and blackened by blood
Turning the planet into a graveyard
It's angelic halo consumed by the dark for it's not but a
glow of embers so bright
It will all fade away with the coming of night!

And the weeping and moaning of them "saved" by the
light is carried by bitter winds into dusk
(A wind) of sighs and regrets, of inhibitions and sins;
tearing and vicious as it howls with scorn
To all who has wilfully stood in it's way: disciples to a
burden of penance and shame
When the ground underneath them is taken away they
sway to the chant of these merciless winds
... their true burden is not knowing what they are at all!

THRALLS!

Scarcely hidden stories, behind - many names and
masks
A murmur of prayers - to - man's fucking fairy tales
Creation and life twisted - to preferences and creeds
For with all of the masks and faces of gods
The suns rises and sets
To the fleeting glazed views of men

THRALLS!

Altars and pedestals built on - on loneliness and defeat
Grow on a heaving soil of - of humans clawing at their
feet
Holding up icons representing their utter decay
Obscene vanity and fucking greed on display

Shame rings inside the hearts of man...
... Overlooking from the throne of a god among insects

And held high in the midst of it all, the maze of

Deception

Teeming and endless corridors flaunt the echoed
moans

The labyrinth of mirrors, whose walls reflect (all)
sorrows and fears

Entrapping every victim, the promised land revealed!

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