

Dekadent

"A Cry Of Revolt"

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Now, do you hear me
Can you touch my shade
Can you taste the bitterness
Of tears frozen in despair
Now, will you strike upon me
Will you boast of imprecation
There is no cross for me to bear
There is no temple I would step in

Hear me!
This is no retreat,
But a clamor of war!
A cry of unrest and utter revolt
A portent of profanity to be
An eternal irreverence
For the king I had never seen

Be gone!

One moment an era
One graze to kill
One step to candor
This war to win
To the raider of life
To this weakling sanctified
I cry these words of hate
The anthem of denied

Feeble earthlings brought down to the ground
Their dreams shattered
Their hopes extinct
Now isn't it strange to see them begging
Broken down with souls defeated
Craven and woebegone they die

There is no hope
There is no gate out
There is no vision
Or eyes to see the truth
That awaits beyond their lies

A new moment for me to see their fall

At very time that raven calls
With the breath of ny father
Come Deliverance of the Fall

... Such anger to see further
From the lies and deception
For the cost of this pure soul's demise...

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