

Elysion Fields

"The Forerunner"

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What a lifeless being you've become, with words of
hate that cut to the quick,
You spineless cutthroat you'll spit us all out and let our
bodies bleed dry.
And let our bodies bleed dry, just a tool for a massacre
you've developed into
Your thirst for blood will forever be unquenched
Until you've sucked the life out of every one you know.
I'm sick of this cycle and I want it to stop.
Before I have been warned of your kind, but I've been
too naïve to accept that it's true.
I wish I didn't ignore the warnings of what you would
become.
Those poor lost souls scream murder,
The one's you've left drenched in their tears of regret.
Just a tool for a massacre you've developed into.

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