

Psycroptic "Condemned By Discontent"

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Centuries ago in an ancient city,
a rich young man dwindled in his own pity
no-one cared- for what he said, inherited riches-
when his father died no-one respected him-
he knew this, they all despised his father's deeds,
buying children- for his own use, slavery- and paid
abuse,
children he hired- for sex or toil, purchased them- from
the poor.

He stopped the business, with his father dead,
no-one could forgive him, just hate him instead,
now he yearned for power, what could he do
he went searching for an answer, to the Wizard's lair
he had to leave- the stone carved city
enter the forest- of the wise and the lost,
seeking the castle- of the almighty wizard
willing to pay- whatever the cost.

He sees something- amongst the trees in the forest
a huge castle- with three darkened towers,
runs to the gates- he's eager to enter- suddenly feels-
very alive, the doors open- (a) voice calls him inside,
lamps lead the man- to a marble staircase,
seems the right way- so ascend he does,
there is a doorway- he enters a room.

The-wizard-stands-there-with-something-in-his-hands,
it's a mask made of silver.

"I-know-what-you-want"-he-says-"I've watched-you-
when-

I have been dreaming.

Here is what you need to gain the respect-
of those ignorant people, wear this and it will give you
power-

you have never before dreamed of.

The man stood surprised as he listened to the wizard-
he gave him ten pieces of gold in return,
he ran to the city- with the mask in hand,
he left the forest- into familiar land,
he couldn't wait to try it- put it on as soon as he was
there,

burning anticipation- for so long he waited,
he entered- the roads of his town,
put on- the mask- excitedly looked around,

it felt- strange once- it was on his face,
as if- a transition was taking place,
then in- an instant- something had changed,
people- passing by- were not treating him the same,
some were- even- falling to their knees,
as if- he were- some kind of higher being.
Suddenly he realised, there was something wrong,
he then desired, to take off the mask,
but then to his horror, it stuck to the face,
now it was his new skin, he could never change.
Then he knew, that the wizard had tricked him, he had
traded,
hatred for fear, now he would pay, for his selfish
biddings,
all he wanted, was people to care.
He would have traded all his riches just to be liked.
Now he will be ignored and feared for the rest of his
life.

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