

Shape of Despair "Woundheir"

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Wound was the heir, the ruler within fire.
Closed my page, as hatred reigned higher.
I did notice a knife and hills covered with blood,
was i the one who's life is most precious to this new
"god".

Indeed i must be loved, for i killed many.
Thousands i opened with highest fashion, pain didn't
spare any of these pitiful humans,
that the whole earth is covered with tempest and storm
of urbans.
Lay bleeding and kissing my beloved feet.
Shall i not wait for the greatest hour
when this god sees the bloody shower.

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