

The Broken Result

"Mending The Dead Army Part Ii: Pyres Of Perception"

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Upon the torpid pile, the inert now arise
An army ineffectual, sprightly in the skies
Upwards... Onwards
From corpse to the cloud to claim their accolade

A reinterpretation of the mindset,
By volition, or weapon free persuasions
One selection leaving sentience in this wake
By the power of dying incandescence, the gates begin
to break
Like the bones that line their backs, the gates begin to
break

A tirade of humanities, in your beliefs reflected
The caliber of a faith, in brutality now tested
From the burning home that holds a dying hope
Will come the bleeding hands that help you choke

Upon the threshold of this domicile, the egress,
In desperation to reform
Cries escape this abode in vein, but
Non-protracted shall they remain... intoned
Spluttering, their throat absent from it's abyss
Muted by my grandest mutilations

Now hopeless and in despair, their lives equate to
nothing
But still the army marches onwards...

Onwards to the bitter end of beings and beliefs
From man to mans made up mysticism
And faith instilled in fears
But now you've seen how dark the demons' eyes can
reflect
That the truth of trust and humanity is not what we
expect
The blood that beats for charity, in reality
Bleeds for the dilapidation of all chastity

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