

# Vicarious Wrath

## Burning the Masses

Lash out.  
The vines of sin and fire strangle the newborns first  
breath.  
Night falls like eyelids; The sun devoid in two.  
A mass parade of stone and earth shamble the uprising of  
the crown.  
Silence; The future king is raised above the layers of  
fog and disgust.  
Rise; Vines of sin recoil.  
Rise; The nocturnal sun is alive.

The new path for a vicarious immortality conjoins with  
the head of a hound.  
The new path for rapture breaks off morality of the past.  
A new breed for the subculture of genetics rebounds this  
kingdoms gold.  
Earth is reborn.  
A ray of hope, shadowed by lie.  
The new path for a vicarious immortality conjoins with  
the head of a hound.  
The new path for rapture breaks off from morality of the  
past.

Red tinted; Eyes reflected.  
Is that of a counterfeit armistice.  
Night reforms like stillborns; The sun is a hole.

Rise; Vines of sin recoil.  
Rise; The nocturnal sun is alive.