

Against the Modern World

Sol Invictus

So this is the West, a land we're meant to defend
Of happy slaves, who will babble to the end
Beneath the towers, where financiers roost
But above them the sun
That sings out an ancient truth
Against, the modern world
On a hill that leads down to the sea
The last battalions of those who wait to see
The northern lights and the midnight sun
They await their sunrise
That they know will surely come
Against the modern world