

Geometric Power

The Secret

Ten. Hundred. Thousand. Days of sorrow
By now revenge is planned precise as death
Nothing will be as it was before
No scapegoat might save the enemy
Failure is not accepted
We'll take the present before the future is gone
Destruction
No one will be saved
Some of us will fall
With broken bones and burned skin
Our blood will be spilled to fill their graves
And white flags will burn above us
The hand will hit with a geometric power
The hand will hit
Rising
Rise