

Creed Of Tyrants

Winds of Plague

Wretched villains rise from the settled dust.
Creed of tyrants form from loss and tragedy.
Code of men stripped with no loyalty.
We sat on the fence-line and hunted down angels.
With all hope lost, far and gone.
Fill the void of angst with whatever pieces fit.
Failure invites doubt into our eyes.
Strip the mind until thoughts run blank.
Rape the soul of ideals held close.
Life slips like sand between your finger tips.
Follow the henchmen upon a pale horse.
To lead into eternal truth.
One man mounted of wings rises to power.
Seven heads separate.
Forms the beast of revelation.
Kingdoms divided are brought to desolation.