

Resurrection of the Beast

A Plea for Purging

This night brings with it glory,
these hearts a victory song,
these eyes the flames of passion.

Watching now, the skies are splitting,
drying now the ocean's parch.
Cracking now, these lands are barren.

Trying are these times and seasons,
the rising sun shall bring the brave.
Raising fists and shout in glory,
the innocent shall soon be saved.

Tears were shed as hearts were shattered,
walked upon as broken glass.
Left to die, were those who gathered,
children first and women last.

Tears were shed.

Black flags raised,
as they were slayen.
Black flags rasied,
blood red will burn these embers.

Scribes to your scrolls,
marching drums alert the towers,
to tell the tale as kingdoms fall,
as we sing our victory song.

Though in the end, these walls may crumble.
Though in the end, I too may fall.
I live to hear those trumpets sounding,
victory in their final call