

Fear Itself

Ares Kingdom

I bleed as a wound ripped in my flesh
Slash destiny into each arm...
With blood, with fire
Dead blood flows from my veins
(My blood feeds the firestorm)
And withstands the spreading blaze

Before the harvest of souls
Death whets his gleaming scythe
The sound of stone on steel
And sparks as lightning across the sky
Fear not you righteous ones
Though Death is always the winner
He is also easily appeased...
Never fear the night
Never fear the darkness

My breath scorches like desert winds
Far above the reek and stench
Time will come to pay - hell won't be enough
Desire feeds the leaping flames

Firestorm - smoke rises to the sky
Entrenched bodies - frozen, charred stumps
Screaming in silence as echoes fade
The light of peace glows dying red

The civilized veneer is drawn like a curtain
Drawn for the next act of blasphemy
And falls when the course is crimson drenched