

The Starving Litany

Ashent

In time of need the egos stretch
the roots to tear the water from the dust
and generate the former see of hate.
The hunger slowly rapes the flesh,
compels the souls to have no rest.
A moan in silence shouts the wish
to reach the stars of our universe.

The consequence of father's faults
shamefully blemished the children's spawn.
A retribution, a persecution,
a nation subdued by its own faith.
The consequence of mother's love
leads only the glance to distinguish
the light from the dark.

Preach for freedom.
Use your reason.

Avoid the veil of despise,
stretch your arms towards.
Who's roaming in the land
of despair and pain.
Looking for peace and rebirth,
can you quench the thirst of this earth,
feed its hope?

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