

# Revolution Decimation

Axis of Advance

X marks this day in the darkness, but within its view  
The blood from my boot lace garotte comes clean in a gutter was  
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Middle aged wretched whore  
Faceless, nameless, penniless  
Lying down, rictus twisted  
Extinguished from a long misery

Sleep comes easy this night  
As a gear in life shifts  
They will emerge from the metal caves  
Punishment's mystery revealed

The day of XX waiting they come not  
Choose they, to ignore? Or does it not know?

Fear turns to anger... Turns to hate  
Revolution Decimation  
Something is furious... It's in us... It fears us

Feeling the blood, oh, the blood  
A useless, nameless old man's blood

As he drops, I stand waiting they do not come  
Like a stone, does it not see? It makes me hate it even more

XXX the will to kill reality the final decamp  
Winds of variance; Rising force blood lust for invincibility

A garotte turned to a poniard and now a gun  
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