

## Veiled Last Of Judgement

Axis of Advance

It comes to me these nights  
In half-conscious-state visions  
Staring at the lens the one ever staring at me  
It can matter not to them  
When toilers fall in the night  
One less wretch to watch I am a stress reliever to them

Even in rebellion, I am still a slave  
They do not come because they do not care  
Vision is Knowledge and Knowledge is Power  
The God-Eye sees all and does nothing

A rogue with unwashable bloody hands  
Destruction staving off the serene  
Exhaustion returns with no sleep again  
Madness taking hold  
Never knowing when they'll come  
Or what discipline they will deal  
Frustration carving up my thoughts  
Madness takes hold

Impossible to evade the lens  
I hate this world more than myself  
Before I fall, others must suffer  
Can the other side be seen?

If it can, I must be the witness  
To spy on the spies with my own eyes  
Starting to hear voices  
Quiet commands, Unveiling, Unraveling, Plotting Extinction