

Wayward Verities

Crimfall

For dark was the night
And full of banes
Dawns thrive in light
Spring reeks of change
Boil blood of reform
Throats finding voice
Red taste of freedom
Where once was no choice

Reign free

It is the new dawn
Truth to be the last
Call no man free
Until he falls for higher belief
More pure than virgin's grief

Harness the order
Truth overwhelmed
Rotten are the branches
On hollow tree of realm

Barkskin of unrest
We flay from this elm
On nothing he dances
Tyrant condemned

Reign free

Quiescent mind belying reason

Attire me on scarred licit mask
My throne of clay and funeral wax