

High Treason

Enforcer

He's been scorned to the brink of madness, To swear to return in revenge.

In his quest with but one intention, To unleash his final deploy.

Running a gauntlet to freedom, In the haunted hours before dawn

To express his unholy rage! To the quest of eternity's sins!

Lights born in the sky, like you and I, so we've been told. The memories of lust, which came and left, have now put me in vain.

Circles and rhymes bring me no sign of what and what has been. He writhes, he screams, and he swears, Trampled and staggered, only to learn.

Take the valley to the coven's web!

He screams, and he swears, to never forget!

For only the future goes on with a reason,

Only to be staggered and trampled and hung for High Treason!