

# The Locust Years

## Hammers of Misfortune

Please hold your applause, though you may pause for genuflection  
As so deftly we're directing your attention  
To this hand my left or is it right, no need to analyze  
the sentiment and scope of our correctness

Please remain seated as the spectacle repeats itself  
ad nauseum (that's latin for "relentless")  
Don't you lose your focus as we orchestrate these locust years  
My dears, the show is bound to leave you breathless

You paid admission, now the ride's begun, guaranteed to  
leave you groping for the gears in this mad machine of tears

Now that we're unchained  
we'll reign, insane  
and drown the world in flames  
and blood, and pain  
Our legion eyes and ears  
will amplify your fears  
in a wilderness of mirrors  
in these new Locust Years

Our timeline spins unbroken  
Like the webs that we have woven  
As the show unfolds like clockwork on command

Are those horsemen knocking?  
Or the ticking and the tocking of the Watch?  
We are the face, we are the hands

Sirens bay like mares at night, Sirens howl like wolves  
But it's all right for the show has just begun

Now that we're unchained  
we'll reign, insane  
and drown the world in flames  
and blood, and pain  
Our legion eyes and ears  
will amplify your fears  
in a wilderness of mirrors  
in these new Locust Years

Now that we're unchained  
we'll reign, insane  
The pain will flow like wine  
in time to find  
us drunk upon your tears  
and feasting on your fears  
sharpening our spears  
in these new Locust Years