Impending Dominance

Ingested

Born on life support, I can see my glory shining in the distanc
e.
They finally rest, all my bravest and best, when I drag my imma
culate flesh to the summit.

What more can be done? Laid waste to my every rival.
Oh so tough when you huff the stench of survival.
When will all this end? Just admit I am your idol.
Will I cease this? 30 pieces? Upon my revival?

No fucking way,
Cut out our tongues and we still won't obey.
Ask the betrayed,
If your life's in my hand I can clench it away.
All will pay.
Course you know that routine, reputation demeaned, bought yours
elf some esteem.
Gold and green.
A plebeian smokescreen, as you prance and you preen, nothing's
stopping this oil-less machine.

Should I just fade into legend before I'm revered?
I guess that's what they want when your name invokes fear.

Lynch made coffin birth, I was spat into the dirt.
Everything I've earned, was exactly what it's worth.
My actions concur with the deafening words,
Expected to swallow the bullshit you serve.

What more can be done? Laid waste to my every rival.
Oh so tough when you huff the stench of survival.
When will all this end? Just admit I am your idol.
Will I cease this? 30 pieces? Upon my revival?

Impending.
Dominance.
Infamous.
Prominence.

As I walk on the friends and the foes I have slain, I finally a
scend to my throne.
Middle digit on the hand of God, the final letter in Man's tomb
stone.

Cut out our tongues and we still won't obey.
This world's in my hand I can clench it away.

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