

Ragged Tooth

Protest the Hero

What unknown face now breaks the silence?
What tipping force disturbs the balance?
Swift and sober, comes a voice, offering a bitter choice
Take up a crime and serve the sentence, offer up a final penance
Or dismantle colossus from deep inside, conspirators,
and those allied
Gifts of bronze, iron, obsidian, from nave to chop,
plunged and hidden
Deep in the chests of those who cry, the songs of gods untrue
The prayers to start or end the coup, forever silenced

Like sulfur set to fire, blue flame is born
To rip through homes and cleanse the town
A new world rendered, an old world mourned
The old world left to drown
It draws closer with every step, push off with both feet
Fall into the chasm, which will consume all
March not to the drum, but off the beat
Burst into the evening, cool air burns the lungs
Fear not the turning heads, the darting glances, the lashing tongues

The glowing eyes that burn like embers, fall painful on the skin
Seething with hatred, and writhing in pain, they cast a ghastly grin
Yet among the faces shrouded in horror, one truth prevails
All who've ever come this far exclusively have failed
Reach for the hand whose grasp is firm,
Whose blistered palms can confirm,
A kinship in a spiteful place,
with tender touch a warm embrace
Though nights turn long and cold, and the warmth of the day escapes
The long dark shadows growing old, form familiar shapes