

Spurn the Outstretched Hand

Revocation

I contend with isolation
I demand glorification
Crumbling weak, I sink and splinter
When my need's denied

Those who deprive me will be punished
Those who extol me, played and used
No one is worthy of my kindness
No one spared my abuse

Thieving, my words conniving
What's yours is mine
I spurn the outstretched hand
Feasting as my brothers' dying
Their lives are mine
Let them choke on my refuse

Sociopathic self-obsession
Skulking, hissing spineless worm
Desperate to retain possession
Deceit lurks at every turn

I can't relinquish my hunger for power
I cannot respite my vigilant eye
My kingdom I'd forfeit if I faltered
To treacherous traitors awaiting with knives

Thieving, my words conniving
What's yours is mine
I spurn the outstretched hand
Feasting as my brothers' dying
Their lives are mine
Let them choke on my refuse

Your lies invite me
The most exquisite vice
Your spite entices me
To infect your life

Thieving, my words conniving
What's yours is mine
I spurn the outstretched hand (I spurn the outstretched hand!)
Feasting as my brothers' dying
Their lives are mine
Let them choke on my refuse