

Woundheir

Shape of Despair

Wound was the heir, the ruler within fire
closed my page, as hatred reigned higher I
did notice a knife and hills covered with
blood, was I the one who's life is most pre-
cious to this new "god"

Indeed I must be loved, for I killed many
thousands I opened with highest fashion,
pain didn't spare any of these pitiful hu-
mans, that the wholeearth is covered with
tempest and storm of urbans lay bleeding
and kissing my beloved feet

shall I not wait for the greatest hour when
this god sees the bloody shower