

Monarch

Soen

When the eyes of war
Set their sight on the dissident land
When the meek turn clamorous
And the sheep are the lions
As the curtain falls
And devotion is measured in blood
Hear the monarch call
For the lost and the bitter

Unending blazes light the sky, so bright (so bright)
And thundering choirs pierce the air with cries (with cries)

Into the fire I am
Leading the slain
Steering the fallen to the end
Into the pyre I reign
Drowning in flames
Raising empires on remains

I'm a walking corpse
Who abandoned humanity's cause
To become the god of harm
To divide and devour
Seek among the bones
For the ones who confronted my hate
Artisan of gore
Steaming smothering venom

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And thundering choirs pierce the air with cries (with cries)

Into the fire I am
Leading the slain
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You could be someone who loves
You could be a dearest friend
But compassion isn't strength
And you were raised to be a man
And sometimes when you're alone
You despise who you became
And I see the next in line
Just hoping to become the same

Who are the ones we are sending to die?
Starry-eyed youth in disguise (the same)
Carry a banner of misleading pride
They are the ghosts of our time
Who are the ones we are sending to die?
They are the ghosts of our time