

# 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)

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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