

Your Own Demise

Tad Morose

Bleeders, bow to me
Worthless, useless
Undivine, on your knees
Grasp your weakness

Benevolence misdirected
To attain selfish needs
All else neglected
As long it is not you who bleed

The architect for the situation
The so called good one...

Succumb to my greatness
Realise my eminence
Inferior and mindless
You bring about your end

The architect for the situation
The so called good one...

The time has come to realise
You bring about your own demise

You put your trust in gods
A confusing void within you
Sheltered by the unknown
You're sure the lie is true

Once I was the bringer of light
Loved by all
Except the "good one"

The time has come to realise
You bring about your own demise

The world is ending, rest assured!