

Fading Glory

The Famine

Their name is murder. Seeing all through the eyes of a god. Voices so breathless. What are you waiting for? End it all. Strap it on and set it off. This world is ripe for a slaying. Truth, justice, the mortal way. This war commenced to breeding. The relentless pursuit of a hallowed life. The price is in blood so take it. Loveless, wasted life, any glimpse of hope eludes them. War-fed, piss and greed, crowns of hate in the making. Throne lust, clandestine, the wheels of vengeance are turning. Reflection opposition, to the depths of hell we'll lead them. Through flames, the walking dead cast shadows. Judgement calls but all they hear are themselves. Blindly they're all left to follow. One by one they march into oblivion.