Cessation

Ulcerate

Hallow guise of the betrayer of man
Lead us blind
Immersed in contempt for all
Embodied; consumed by their dogma

The doctrine of nothingness

We have reached a dead end
The idle are no longer ignorant

Pull us through the path of dirt
To be admonished
Drag us under the current
To a slow death

Embrace the resentment
Withdraw from the mind
Be cast above the masses
Command on high

Worship
Emanate
Control
Infect

This end long written
Under thin skin of the self-serving

See through the enduring
Denounced from beneath the burden
Owed not another word

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