

# After The Burial, Berzerker

On your guard as you lurk along the sand  
A paper face won't mask your fear  
Unrelenting consequences for this inquisition  
Venture forth and give yourself away with the scent of unfamiliarity  
For razor teeth love their human silk, they long to savor unexpected flesh  
To drink a carcass dry is to taste the Sunderban  
Mighty one, never forget, never forget why your skin is thick  
Die defending that which your heart keeps closest  
The taste of vengeance is so much sweeter on the blackest of lips  
The wind whispers trespass, a call for an end  
Take up your arms set your sights  
Never fear there's always more blood  
Retaliate! At ease mighty one this war is not one of your own  
The king returns to claim his throne  
A humble crown adorns his noble brow  
As the killing season comes to a close, take what's left and start again  
As you strive to regain all aspects of your grief ridden life  
Living each day with strength found in your heart.