

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.