

Arghoslent, Fall Of The Melanic Breeds

The cloaked loyalists launch a raid
To stem the tides of the uncontrollable plagues
The righteous and holy, detest our objectives
The guillotine's blade left them headless

Hooded knights emerge from the ossuary
To curse the lonely who permit our denigration
Retro-procreation, a blatant disgrace
To the majestic pool of pristine genes

What thoughts flow among the ranks of the forsaken populace?
A zenith will bloom from the odor of melanin's riddance...

Technology destroyed the creatures' purpose on earth
Global winds promulgate their discomfort and grief
They label us oppressors, a typical scapegoat
For their lives of rot and decay

Two dimensional minds in a three dimensional sphere
The trans-Saharan trade birthed a ninth-century delight
The pathetic melanin bred repeatedly fall
Like a northern storm on Ghana in his throne