

Enslaved, Entroper

I am the creator of true will

Long have I suffered
Long have I been forced
Blinded by their faith
Laughter resounds no more

I am the son of the ancient breed
I do not pity life
I follow not pathetic order
I am the realm of absurdity
Resistant to their conscience
Free of their constant pain
I was born in the flames

Long did they hope
That my logic would save them at last
Long did I know
That I would watch them die

While harvesting their fruits
of their impotent threats
They forgot the potency
of the old independency
Claiming my death would
Change the way of existence
Who, but me handled them?
The weapons of hope

They turned safely into non-existence

I will break the chains
I will slay the betrayers
One last time
The laughter shall resound