

Roadrunner United, Dawn Of A Golden Age

Moon childe
Spawned of rage
Soon childe...
The dawning of a golden age

Four and twenty acts have passed
Since the pact was signed in blood
Now this fifth lustrum will surely grasp
The children of the holy
With music wracked like final gasps
From hearts that broken, flood
Whilst ruby-wedding talons clasp
This silver anniversary

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Vermillion rivers slither past
Racing roads to Shangri-La
Where a million souls aquiver ask
Small mercies of the holy
Like flowers plucked from crimson tar
On florid banks, the priests
Waft their scent through horrid bars
To incense the greater beast

Bereft of their seas of sweet dreams
He brings tidings of pain
War songs in the key of death
Sharpened through famine and plague

The knife at the throat of all murder
He wrote whilst in chains

"And there was given to him a mouth
Speaking great things and blasphemies
And power was given unto him
To blaspheme against God
And them that dwell in heaven
And it was given unto him to make war with the saints
And to overcome them..."

And risen from imprisonment
With so many nations to tame
Past Caesars and Tsars are but lesions and scars
To the backs of beyond he reclaims
For what is not told nor writ bold to his face
Is now whispered to the torturer's cheek
And with the rapport whores and sorcerers make
His kingdom embraces both the Pope and the State

The suck and the f**k of the wait and
A glut and a covetous Satan
The suck and the f**k of the wait and
Come what may
A glut and a covetous Satan
Pre-ordained

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