

# 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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