

Zavorash, An Oath To My Kind

Mesmerizing Whirling Fires In The Night
Through Which Visions Of Splendid Nature Is Brought To Sight
A World Of Foul Worms Crumbling In Their Filth
Burning Themselves Blindly To The Final Hilt
I Will Always Remember The Time I Understood
That They In Ignorance Spit On Me Would
For As Long As I Still Held On To Myself
Till Death For I Shall Not Break For Anything Else

Feeling The Weakness From Which They Flee
Knowing Their Fears I Know All Their Dreams
A Child Not Grasping The Meaning Of Mortality
Every Being Of Flesh Turns Out To Be
Ruled By Ignorantly Ethical Primates
My Struggle Will Forever Be A Stillmate
Without Pride In A World Not Knowing The Meaning Of The Word
I Am Forever The Bringer Of A Simple Truth Unheard

Mezmerising Stars Eternities Away
Listening To The Silent Symphonies Of The Night
Standing Alone Yet Never Lonely
Longing For Death Still Celebrating Life
Dark I Am In The Eyes Of Others
How Does The Blind Make Differance
Talking Monkeys Scorning All Truth In Fear
I Could Join Them But I Will Never Be Near

Borned And Taught By My Kind
I Learned Their Aims And Goals
Now To Be Scorned And Looked Down On
For Their Lies I Disobeyed
Disrupting Their Garded Patterns
They Fear I Will Break Their Circles
And Disseminate Clearness
The Weak Fear My Mind

So Then Hear My Oath Thou Of My Kind
Of Hatred Scorn And Disrespect
Behold My Affront To Thy Hierarchies
Be Certain I Shall Betray Thee
I Abdicate All Unity
With The Rulers Of This World
For Better Is The Animal
Than My Kind And Its Word