

# Axamenta, Prophet Set To Witness

(03/28/1879 A.D. 4.50 AM, London, England)

I opened my eyes and I saw everything  
The blueprints of the greater design  
The curse of knowing  
And being set to witness is mine

All my words they burn with revelations  
Jagged sulphur dissolving the unknown  
But they fall all upon deafened ears  
Smothered on London's cold cobblestones

The deadweight of my knowledge  
Deprives me from sanity  
Twist my words to mirrorspeech  
For I fail to make them see

No choice is left to those  
Burdened with the darkest of secrets  
Thus from the pulpit I  
Scream to the pavement's soul of stone.

I will be the last shackle  
In this EVER-ARCH-I-TECH-TURE  
For it is too much to bare, to hold  
The chainreaction is terminated

Yet so many revelations  
of one clear image to see  
they all paint one scene:  
&quot;A world covered in graves&quot;

&quot;I am set to witness&quot;

No choice is left to those  
Burdened with the darkest of secrets  
Thus from the pulpit I  
Scream to the cellwalls's cushioned souls of stone