

Axis Of Advance, Veiled Last Of Judgement

It comes to me these nights
In half-conscious-state visions
Staring at the lens the one ever staring at me
It can matter not to them
When toilers fall in the night
One less wretch to watch I am a stress reliever to them

Even in rebellion, I am still a slave
They do not come because they do not care
Vision is Knowledge and Knowledge is Power
The God-Eye sees all and does nothing

A rogue with unwashable bloody hands
Destruction staving off the serene
Exhaustion returns with no sleep again
Madness taking hold
Never knowing when they'll come
Or what discipline they will deal
Frustration carving up my thoughts
Madness takes hold

Impossible to evade the lens
I hate this world more than myself
Before I fall, others must suffer
Can the other side be seen?

If it can, I must be the witness
To spy on the spies with my own eyes
Starting to hear voices
Quiet commands, Unveiling, Unraveling, Plotting Extinction