

Burn The Priest, Ruiner

How light could be our darkest hour?

None will be left when they come
to collect their blood debts.

All accounts will run dry,
a binary vessel full of nothing but dust.

A vicious lust for control has turned us
into faceless pawns for faceless kings,
shedding rivers of blood turned the color of lucre greed.

Fiscal commandments impel and we will obey blindly.

The fury of the sun has passed into the hands of men
whose hands were already too full of abused strength
and anger, of abused strength and power.

Bio-economics killing again and again.