

Burst, Conquest : Writhe

Shifting eyes turn with shade
Slave, a false entity
I saw their hearts flood with ashen dusk
Liars, scorn of foul delight
Forgive me father, for I am sin
I rejoiced triumphantly
As goodness turned away and shut
It's bleak and weary eyes
This manifest of fundamentals
I trusted you to see
Buried stark and tepid will
Come to life, oh fill with empathy
Smiteful bearer of hypocrisy
You shall crush beneath the sky
Damn your frantic bigotry
Remorseless, we shall win
You shall see