

# December Moon, An Empty Gesture

I'm greeting my disciples, with a promise by my side,  
To raise this bloody kingdom,  
From beneath it's crimson tide...  
My Suffolk blood doth boil,  
To notions that hath been redeemed,  
For it is time to claim back,  
What was once this kingdom's dream...

The glory of wealth remains sold,  
The code of wisdom depends how it's told,  
For nature largely she receives, nor so is satisfied  
In solitude, at the ruins of a shrine,  
The weak served the strong yet the blind led the blind,  
Where the will for penance is fulfilled...

I bid sentence welcome in it's paramount decree  
For it is more deserving than the fleeting whim of dreams  
That rest unnamed among the chronicles of kings,  
But the skirmish of repugnance carries on...

Subordinate knights of bone and blood,  
Of fear and cursed rule...  
Who dares to view this foul regime,  
My throne, my mothers womb...  
Behold the ways of mother earth,  
That burdens servile tasks  
My destiny does hunt me as my throne becomes my tomb...

Like a false lord who hath received,  
And renders nothing back.

From fallaceness, from vain perplexity,  
Unprofitably I travel toward the grave...