

December, The Sleeping Throne

A shadow of control that penetrates so deeply secretly
No glimmer of life in your sullen eyes unchanging condemning
Fixated upon the falling wish naively thrown skyward
A crown upon the head that's resting infinitely
Created the birth fear death and disease
Philosophize the truth away and then in kind this fear can still exist
Sleeping under control of the new abomination
The pawns all placed in seclusion motionless stalemated
A valiant effort your failure resigned to stagnation
Opposition-less thoughts over thrown
A king has fallen shame takes it's form
All the while curses return ten fold
The king left broken crown left in servitude serenity will not be found
Philosophize the truth away and then in kind this fear can still exist
Sleeping under control of the new abomination
Shame takes form
All eyes turn away in horror
I can see it still
Patience patience the sleeping throne will awake
Patience or suffer this alone it's your funeral
All the reverence unwanted still born
A crown upon the head that's resting infinitely
Created the birth fear death and disease
Serenity will not be found
The new abomination that plants the seed of atrocity
Every eye will bow under this quickening