

Fear Before The March Of Flames, Ten Seconds

How he knows every wretch's death
and none of them are crystal believers.
They all shiver under fate's icy breath,
but turn their face to the seeming deceiver.

Alarm!!

to all the foul aberrations

(parasites...)

who feed off the disgust of the masses,
all joined together to make a scrap of a living.

The eye sees all. The eye says so.

Like the foul, gasping breath of those who are paying.

He sees all. He says so.

Behold!!

Their defective bodies in wonder,
the creeps and whores, the wicked and deformed.

Amazement paints the faces in the rickety bleachers,
they scream for more of the modern horror:

Such monsters steal the eyes of the healthy,
and bind their souls away in the limelight.

(only one knows their awful end)

A justified torturous completion
of all their wrong doings and black sins

forcasted in crystal visions,

slouched over the clear Seeing Eye.

He marks down each death and he quivers...

How he knows every wretch's death
and none of them crystal believers.