

Psycroptic, Immortal Army Of One

Waging a battle where there can be no victor
An immortal army of one... Myself
The enemy... A truth that cannot be faced
Controller of fate? I'm its feeble servant!
Free to chose anything that my will desires
Yet no alternatives exist
I do not want this

What defines a 'God'?
The ability to create?... Or Destroy?
I am in possession of both
Not of my will, nor discretion
A mere passenger of chance
Unlucky to be the chosen one

Undesirable omnipotence
A god confused serves no purpose
Denial is a powerful ally
And my only confidant
If all is burned, will I be caught in flames?
Or stand alone in the ashes of the void?

Timeless and ageless in a self-created abyss,
I know the answer
Yet to it I cannot concede
I am above all
Yet, still I'm a Slave