

Saint, Time's End

He wakes in darkness
The stench of burnt flesh fills the air
His chewed up body
The rats are crawling everywhere
He looks around him to his horror
Dead bodies rotting all around
There is no memory in his mind
There is no answer to be found
The sound of metal clanging makes him hide
He sees the mutant people walk in stride
Hot crimson lasers glaring from their gaze
Dark shadow killers walk out from the haze
Sonar detectors working underground
These wicked men of metal know no bounds
He climbs the ladder up into his fright
Leaving the sewer city late at night
Roaming the streets he hears the people cry
There are the beastly banners flying high
Mass execution stage a bloody feast
Won't take the mark or bow down to the beast
Back to the sewer
The only place that feels right
Groping the tune is his search for help leads
him to a fight
The mutant people's deadly rays
Aims for a slaughter killing all
The realization in a flash
He walks among them those that fall