

The Human Abstract, A Violent Strike

and out of the great beyond came a pitch black multitude,
here to choose the weakest of our race..
hellhounds with the Devil's own face.
Confused a violent strike with something finally here to guide the way,
our faith in order was a mistake.
Fearful and divine, and devoid of grace,
they try to run, but there's no escape.
The light decayed on that final day, fear crept up inside,
night became more than a trade, a weakness we all can share.
I watched as a spiral took shape across the sky.
It was like a call from the other side.
What will you do now? The fires of hell are raining down.
Deep inside you're starting to shake, and are slowly losing ground.
Everyone is dead. Your bravery is useless.
I watched as a spiral took shape across the sky.
It was like a call from the other side, and there I cried,
out of control and paralyzed, as everything I once was died.
No way I'd be dying honorably, if they came and took my life now.
Regrets in tow, didn't even stand a chance..
Hear me, the final lines have been drawn,
to build again, to fall again, its worn me down to the last straw.
I held on so long to my home, until a tempest came,
she came in and swept it away..
Where's your bravery? What will bravery do for you now?