

## The Kings To Come

Alghazanth

Like puny insects without a destination  
in the mud of Malkuth these bodies crawl  
but our eyes are fixed beyond the horizon  
where our sidereal thrones are towering tall

Silent is the call to splendour in man  
felt by billions yet indulged by few  
inertia and ruin walk hand in hand  
in a world that idleness has consumed

Equality is the ruthless slayer of liberty  
when those are beheaded that rise above  
seemingly desirable it leads to constraint  
and all such deception we must renounce

Just as beasts become men so shall kings turn into gods  
life by life to slowly ascend towards the sanctum of stars

Ekpyrosis, you may soon swallow us all  
but we shall not atone in your fatal flames  
for our fate is certain and will so strong  
that from your grasp we shall escape

Like puny insects without a destination  
in the mud of Malkuth these bodies crawl  
but our minds are freed beyond the horizon  
where sacred words sound through cosmic halls

That which we yearn with force we're to take  
for anything worthy is never handed down  
it is the heart and not will that must cave  
if you wish to touch the heavens unbound

Only in the abyss true godhood is forged  
through sacrifice and pain our passage goes  
thus the road to glory remains uncrowded  
as the price for this is too great for most

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