

Illusions Of Grandeur

Evocation

I hit the wal and ram it down
reload and then decide
to drown in fire after life and slowly
then from flames I will arise

I puppet, march for war
wit no lines, it faceless made my game

in bended time, in darkened mind
and most in blood enrolled
my march for death I will return as king
frown crowded fields that I burnt

the airless that I breathe
this fiction I force myself to see
the pointless in my belief
and how my lust for life went gone

I crush my cage and rage for cause
to find what splits my world
death is real and life is hard
and I found what pain was for