

Beware The Golden Tide

From Ashes Rise

We awake to the dawn of a new vicious age,
sweating from the nightmares of a thousand hours past.
Restitution paid, seams neatly mended,
our hearts beat for them with wires attached.

We have yet to see the gold that gives truth to their cries,
and the golden tide of wealth throws sand in our eyes.
Beware.