

## From Scribe To Ashes

Psycroptic

The pen is mightier than the sword  
Yet we burnt the paper that we needed  
The flames alluring... high on destruction  
Writings and teachings turned to ashes

Irony, foolish  
Left to write with only a blade  
Etchings were created

Carved for aeons within man  
Amazed by its elegance  
It easily seduced us  
To submission

In our beds we had our throats slit  
A collective massacre of will and reason

Outsmarted by the stupid  
The enlightened blinded by light  
Were part of the cult  
Forever lambs to the slaughter  
Elements of old remain  
But polluted by the new  
Continuing to taint the truth

The few who strive are scorned  
The scorned who believe are condemned  
An appalling state of man