From flesh to steel...

I fortify this easily splintered bone
Into a stronghold of will,
As the balance of man lay beaten
In the wake of its own frailty.

Hollow words will burn. Hollow men will burn.

A horde eager to accept deceit,
And more so to speak it.
Words will sear the throats
Of those who freely beguile.
The truth burns through my veins,
And in my black heart.
Breathe the flame that will overwhelm you
Flaw ignites swiftly.

A product of conceit so absorbed and vain
That he thinks himself divine.
He is sure to die.
And man must truly be god,
For he has tried so hard to create me in his imageA formless shadow deprived of life.
I am the wayward son of man.
My fathers have darkened what was
That warmest heart the world would have ever known.
Relish in what you have created.

How can flesh be arrogant
When it's easily charred?
A lesson need be learned.
These blistered hands will come to be the iron fist
That bestows true and proper perspective.
Set your body ablaze.
Hallow words will burn.
And hollow men will burn.