

Bring Forth The Bedlam

Visceral Bleeding

I rule them all, still no one gives me praise
I dominate them all, still no one gives me awe
I control them all, still no one bends their knee
I dictate them all, still no one will succumb

Obedience and full surrender is what I demand
From those I chose to let live
Yield to my awesome strength
I am an overwhelming force

Weak, pathetic, wretched ones
Still makes pitiful attempts to struggle

Their weak resistance will be useless, my powers go beyond
Time to right what's wrong and punish those who won't obey
Full confrontation now seems certain, chaos will be wrought
Slaughter will be brought upon those who stand in my path

I'm in a manic state, with a hollow gaze
Hatred boils, and needs to be set free
Weak ones are cast down at my will
Surrender or be conquered

As a flock of sheep, I preside over their souls
I shall see that in their hearts nothing but fear will reside

I will be bringer of mayhem
I will be bringer of disorder
I will be bringer of chaos
Bring forth the bedlam

Your time is out
The march towards oblivion begins
I will lead your way
Whipped towards extinction

As my judgement upon the world is about to be carried out
A splinter in my mind stops my final ruling
What is right, what is wrong? Everything. Nothing.
A subconsciousness I thought repressed starts to rise

I will be bringer of mayhem
I will be bringer of disorder
Bring forth the bedlam

Once again the existential thoughts runs through my mind
A distant part still dwells inside me, feeding me it's doubts
Been disconnected from this world, what have I become?
Bi-polar needs through satisfaction of mind detachment