

Publicerad 2010-06-07 16:56 av Banehallow

*Ljusets lackejer håller inget räddande svar i sina bedjande händer. Bara sin egen undergång.*

### **Besiege the Illusion**

Flames and bones crackle and spread across the field  
As our enemies are shattered by the weapons we wield

Smoke fill the darkened skies  
Many screams rise with it as countless dies

This war is waged for neither land nor for treasure  
Not even for capitalistic dominion or rich mens leisure

This day we clash banners to banners  
Killing all within range of our scanners

An enemy within grasp, I tear open his throat  
Cybernetic limbs carry me over the moat

The barrage begins, howling like hungry demons  
In vain were all their hollow prayers and sermons

Ideals and honour drives us, compels us  
The Last Prophet leads us and thus  
An empire is built for war, risen from streets and lairs  
To save a planet we from its oppressors clutches tears

Survival is our most treasured prize

Men of Darkness! Arise!

---

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Banehallow med Poeter.se id #12850 innehar upphovsrätten