Counterweight

Fontanelle

Unrelenting, their endeavor to rule lives
Teaching you an artificial truth, that you will grieve no more,
that you will die no more
Narrow minded mercenaries, slave traders, soul collectors
Send a promise of destruction to those who will not kneel
Derision of the upright ones; as fear devours all doubtsBut there are so many things I hold beyond their reach
The doom you promised me may come, I'm not afraid
You cannot save me
I am the counterweight
No need to save me; for I'm the counterweightAnd I will grieve no more, I will die no more

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