

# The Mask of Anarchy

## Savage Messiah

Waging wars of liberty, under a veil of secrecy  
In procession it arrived, one by one and side by side  
To stamp out the sense of will, dead earth upon dead earth we till  
Until in union we praise, thou art god and king and grace  
On a white horse it arrived  
Expressionless like one deprived  
He is anarchy no less  
And on his brow the shadow rests  
Trampling over English land  
Blood of the commoner on hand  
And in the blood swept deluge claim  
The right to govern in its name  
What is slavery you could tell? To taste freedom and taste well  
Yet when its very name has grown a mere echo of its own  
And forced upon this forgery, this life blood of society  
A measure of what you believe, no more value than you see  
It is to be a slave in soul and to hold no strong  
control  
Over your own wills but be all that others make you see  
And so accept the consequence behind the walls of our defence  
Afraid to see beyond the mask in the final blood stained task  
In the hour of the dark, a cornered hunter bares his  
mark  
Cast into the abyss, screaming whirlwinds cry sadness  
I cannot see, I cannot feel, only anger rising  
Like a cancer spreading now, lonely life subsiding  
I am frozen emotion gone in the pandemonium  
All is lost all is spent, lost inside and hiding  
Rise like lions after slumber  
In unvanquishable number  
Shake your chains to earth like dew  
Which in sleep had fallen on you  
You are many they are few  
You are many they are few

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