

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 graceOn 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 nameWhat is slavery you could tell? To tast 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 seeIt 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 taskIn the hour of the dark, a cornered hunter bares his
mark
Cast into the abyss, screaming whirlwinds cry sadnessI cannot see, I cannot feel, only anger rising
Like a cancer spreading now, lonely life subsidingI am frozen emotion gone in the pandemonium
All is lost all is spent, lost inside and hidingRise like lions after slumber
In un vanquish able 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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