

Republic of Heaven

Fall Of Efrafa

We wane in remembrance, drained by our scorn.
The flocks of the patriarch throttled, forlorn.
We gasp with epiphany, perception unmasked.
Ranks of black muslin litter out path. Empyrian empties on our woeful malaise,
Engulfs and entwines our impious parade.
These are the embers, the fetid ideal,
The end of our chastity allow us to feel.
Nerves remain tender to touch makes us cry.
We see through these windows now become eyes. Our burden is heavy as we ascend.
Like blemished flesh the earth seems to rent.
Pustules of faces, mouths like crevasse,
Our weathered coherence lost to morass. Empyrian empties on our woeful malaise,
Engulfs and entwines our impious parade.
These are the embers, the fetid ideal,
The end of our chastity allow us to feel.
Nerves remain tender to touch makes us cry.
We see through these windows now become eyes. Our debts are paid to this epoch,
Sanctimonious, no remorse.
The king is dead!
We bound his face! Cut off his head!
We spit at thee, we curse at thee.
The king is dead!
Brothers and sisters, the king is dead!
Cut him down, flay his skin, the king is dead!
Our god is dead! Courtisans! Compatriots! Lend me your ears,
We slayed this demagogue dragged it to its knees.
We cut all the sycophants deafened their call,
We gave back the willing to better us all.
We will not go quiet, we will not be restrained,
We will not be slaves to an impotent regime.
Mark this in remembrance, the turning of tides.
Our nascent republic born of [his] demise. The nativity!
Our elegy!
To this reform! Empyrian empties on our woeful malaise,
Engulfs and entwines our impious parade.
These are the embers, the fetid ideal,
The end of our chastity allow us to feel.
Nerves remain tender to touch makes us cry.
We see through these windows now become eyes.

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