Suffering the Tyrants

Satyricon

Crawling down the road of life
another hopeless epoch
Gruesome soul numbness
People stare, do they known
a firm fist of miseryI am suffering the tyrants
Every gesture is a malicious attack
But it shall not coincide
with the Lion's downfallThere are no tears
Nowhere to channel the anger
No feeling of guilt
How can they feast upon the Lion without knowing?Nowhere to leave the pain
...He will eventually rise againHunt him down (when He is at his weakest)
Tempt him down (on His knees if you can)Stronger than all (so it's futile)
All there is left (right now) is personal pride
Enough to return with rays of light

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