I Hunt for the Weak

Xerath

You are subordinate to life
And I shall seek you for as long as you breathe
I will extract you from the time line of existenceAlways all things will come back to be
The weak of mind, the weak of voice won't return
No longer will, no longer will we suffer their tearsNo longer will we suffer their tears
They will be removed from the time line of existenceSubservient to all
You are to be afforded no clemency
The state humanity
For which you hold your head high
Shall be removed
I will... the message of blood hungry
Tyrant's treachry
I hunt
I'm hunting for the weak
I will only seek those whose treachery grows
Always all things will come back to be
The weak of mind, the weak of voice won't returnWe might have want to spread the shame
We force on those who want the same
Sat on a demigods pedestal

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