Panem Et Circenses

Ihsahn

Awake, O' serpent of my heart
It is time
The sun stands high
And unfaithful crowds await Thee
Redemption in their eyes
And stone at hand
The arena hungers for your venom
Let the games begin.Bring in the lions
Bring in the beasts
It is time
To confront the masses
With their fears,
A sober moment
A shred of truth
To gaze into an honest mirror
A disturbance of their sleep.
Violent teeth and claws
Untamed and fierce
Reaches far and cut deep
Into the empty eye.
It is time
To let the bitter venom flow
Trough this embodiment
Of emptiness.And the blood shall run free
Like words
And the bones shall form stairs
To the future
Now, unfaithful spectator
Are you satisfied?
Did you come close enough
To feel the lion's breath?
On day soon
Your shall be the sacrifice
A nameless grave
Of the past.Protagonist
Your time is now.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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