

The Filth of Our Underlings

Byzantine

The filth of our underlings
Shall never nourish me completely Our knowledge is bending our brainwaves congealing
Force feed the piety that humans are bleeding
Silk purse from a sows ear is what I'm knitting
Nourishing off the fat of our rendering Hail to our underlings
Our destinies embraced
Surrender unto abysmal weight
Hail to our underlings
Toiling away
Collapsing into a servile state Mouth of komodo shall harbour our healing
Poisons the serum as our sores are revealing
Hang nerves out to dry to dampen the feeling
Rendering for self-symbiotic feeding Hail to our underlings
Who knows not to fight
Peel back the scabs to blind them all with light The filth of our underlings
Shall never nourish me completely

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