

The Filth of Our Underlings

Byzantine

The filth of our underlings

Shall never nourish me completelyOur 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 renderingHail to our underlings

Our destinies embraced

Surrender unto abysmal weight

Hail to our underlings

Toiling away

Collapsing into a servile stateMouth 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 feedingHail to our underlings

Who knows not to fight

Peel back the scabs to blind them all with lightThe filth of our underlings

Shall never nourish me completely

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