What Sleeps Within

Primordial

My Faith is written in my blood
And my gods within my Image
I stand within the Sun unblinking
And Rise within it's RaysIt is not enough to kindle the Fire
One must be the Fire
It is not enough to Face Tomorrow
When there is Time enough TodaySo long this savage beast has been
Slumbered (too long)
Shackled and bound no longer
For I am both Sacrifice and SolutionHas the world made you?
Have you made the world?
There are strange times I ask you...
Generations of Messiahs
As Grist to the MillAll with the world to sell
And a world to win
Yet looking no further
Then yesterday Dictator
Or yesterdays Traitor[Our rage insurmountable, out thirst and desire unquenchable, about seizing the day, the moment, the very fire behind the eyes, within the veins, to conquer sterility, stagnation, burn away the veils of falsehood. A natural equilibrium is restored...]

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